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## MEMORIES OF SPAIN.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

IT is not given to every one to cross the Pyrenees in a royal train. We did not seek the honor; it was thrust upon us.

"The sleeping car is reserved for Her Majesty and suite," said the agent at Bordeaux. We must choose between a delay of twenty-four hours and a day and night in a compartment of the Paris-Madrid Express. The decision is soon made. Our seven pieces of luggage carefully counted are stowed in the racks of an empty carriage where we settle ourselves for the long journey. The morning sun is cheering, night is far away, and we do not take our misfortune to heart. Are we not in search of experience and adventure? What more romantic than to have the Spanish queen for a fellow-traveler! It is fitting that American and European sovereigns should be upon good terms. We are not envious of our continental friend. She belongs to a company of a few hundred royal personages, while of us there are sixty millions. No wonder that she is valued above us. The laws of political economy take no account of sentiment.

"Do you suppose she has the baby king with her?" asks one of us. We decide that Alfonso XIII. and his nurses must be occupying our places.

"It's just as well," says our cynic, "for very likely His Majesty would squall in the night."

The carriage door opens suddenly; a struggling woman floats in on a tidal wave of bags, bundles, rugs, and umbrellas; the door bangs; the guard's shrill whistle sounds through the station; the engine gives an antiphonal

toot, and we are off for the Spanish border.

"Just fancy!" exclaims the newcomer as she sinks into a seat, "that disreputable old Isabella whom the Spaniards drove out twenty years ago must have the whole *wagon-lit* to herself. Such royal airs! An ex-queen at that!"

We look at each other sheepishly. Instead of having yielded gracefully to the young Queen Regent Christina and her son, we have been rudely excluded by a fat old Spanish Bourbon, whose very name brings up the unsavory scandals of mid-century Europe. Our national pride is offended. Are we not as good as Isabella? Let us devoutly hope so.

Our eyes soon turned from the flat landscape of southwestern France to the guidebooks in whose ruts this conventional age contentedly goes its journeys. Although Baedeker had not yet included the peninsula in his minute reports on the scenic, artistic, and gastronomic condition of Europe, ready-made Spanish impressions of the best English brand were to be had for a few shillings. Thus were we prepared to admire the chivalrous courtesy of the Castilian caballeros, and the dazzling beauty of the Spanish señoritas; our attentive ears seemed to catch already the faint twanging of guitars, the lively rattle of castanets, and the soft whispers of Andalusian lovers. We determined to conceal our rough Anglo-Saxon breeding and in Spain to do as the punctilious natives do. Rather than offend our Christian brothers we would bow before the high altars in the cathedrals; with Spanish travelers we would share our lunches; and swarming beggars we would

gently repulse with the talismanic: "For God's sake, excuse me, brother." Admitted to the exclusive society of Madrid or Seville we would content ourselves with no cold northern phrases. "At your feet, señora," "I kiss your hand, señor," would roll off our tongues in the purest Castilian that we could

a French frontier town; then crossing a narrow stream we drew up on Spanish soil.

We found ourselves in an atmosphere of calm dignity and peaceful indolence. Our compact luggage was carried into the custom house, examined with leisurely minuteness, and put into a compartment of the Madrid



Puerta del Sol, Madrid.

command. But our dreams of Spain were rudely disturbed by her of the many bundles, an Englishwoman of great independence and of emphatic speech:

"So you're goin' to Spain? Oh, it's a horrid country. The money is all counterfeited, the people are thieves and beggars, the food is awfully nasty, and the custom houses! Whatever I'm to do with seven boxes, I don't know. To be sure I've packed everything I could in the middle. They feel down the sides and ends, you know, but sometimes they turn everything out. Just fancy! and seven boxes! Very likely they'll be robbed in the luggage van, too. They're no better than banditti, these customs officers and railway guards!"

With much talk like this we journeyed to Bayonne, where our animated gazetteer went into another compartment to be alone with her luggage and her conscience. Gliding past Biarritz, once the favorite resort of Empress Eugénie, and now visited occasionally by Mr. Gladstone, we approached the spurs of the Pyrenees beyond which, the French say, "Africa begins." We lunched at Hendaye,

train, to which the royal sleeping car had been attached. It was our privilege to see Isabella waddle up and down the station platform. Her face was heavy and coarse; her figure had come to naught, almost perfect rotundity.

After a delay which quite exhausted our patience, we were politely asked to take our places; the usual exchange of signals between station-master, guard, and engineer was effected and we set off at a deliberate pace for the Spanish capital.

Two swarthy gentlemen had entered our compartment with low bows and pleasant sounding phrases. One of them soon produced meat, bread, and a bottle of wine, which he politely offered to share with us. Fortunately for him we declined. He knew we would. He was going through a form none the less graceful because it was a mere convention. Not to be outdone we proffered a basket of fruit to which our Spanish friends helped themselves generously. We sat wrapped in thought for a time; finally it dawned upon us that the rules of Spanish etiquette would bear close study by foreign barbarians.



Their lunch finished, the caballeros deftly rolled each a cigarette and calmly puffed in our faces. Our idols were tottering. Could it be a part of Spanish chivalry to smoke in a carriage before ladies without so much as asking leave? Perish the thought! Just as Chinese devotees burn incense before their divinities so these worshipers of woman offered fragrant odors at her shrine.

But we ceased to ponder the customs of the country as the scenes from the carriage windows challenged our notice. We halted for a half hour at San Sebastian, the Newport of Spain. Here it was in 1868 that our fellow-traveler Isabella, returning from her plunge in the surf, met the delegation who announced that her services as sovereign would no longer be required.

Beyond San Sebastian the engine began to puff in that labored fashion which tells of heavy grades. The foot-hills grew rapidly into mountains that rose massive and bleak on either hand. The prospect was wild and stern. Small white villages nestled here and there near the railway line. People were at work on small farms in narrow valleys and ravines. Across one field three men, side by side, backed slowly, turning with spading-forks a long sod which three girls advancing broke into pieces with odd little hoes. The bright costumes and regular, almost rhythmic, movements gave the work the look of some dignified, rustic minuet.

The early twilight of November fell rapidly. In the gorges through which we sometimes passed, darkness already reigned. From these depths we could catch glimpses of rocky summits bathed in golden light; once or twice we emerged from the shadows for a few minutes, but at last we bade the sun good night and turned to the wretched, discouraged little lamp which had been let down through the roof of our carriage. Now we were indignant at Isabella and her suite, whom we pictured luxuriously lounging in the International sleeping car, *wagon-lit*, *Schlafwagon*, *wagon-cama*, or whatever else it is called in the course of one journey through polyglot Europe.

We passed the night in futile efforts to assume comfortable attitudes and to avoid drafts of air. Through the gray dawn which came at last we peered out over the desolate table-lands of central Spain. There were a few stunted trees here and there, but little else broke the monotony of the dreary, undula-

ting country. As the sun rose we descried snow-capped sierras in the distance, but the stronger light only intensified the uninteresting and lonesome character of the landscape.

At last we reached Madrid, that capital which, tantalized by the waterless Manzanares and swept by breezes alternately oppressive and chilling, stands a monument to royal caprice. Charles V. found that the penetrating winds gave relief to his asthma, and he decreed that here a new capital should rise. To such purpose did he and his son Philip build that their successors tried in vain to restore Valladolid, Toledo, and Seville to their former rank.

A hotel omnibus carried us up a steep street, past the huge white Royal Palace and through a narrow thoroughfare into the main plaza of Madrid, the *Puerta del Sol*, or Gate of the Sun, so named from the eastern city gate which once stood on the site. The place at that morning hour was filled with an idle, chattering crowd. The cries of newsboys, match venders, water sellers, and scores of other petty merchants blended into a din like that which rises from the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. But alas! these men looked like Parisians or Londoners. Where were the traditional sombreros and the mysterious Spanish cloaks? A few wore the long black *capa* with a brilliant facing of yellow or crimson turned outward and thrown over the shoulder, but for the most part the round hat and conventional overcoat prevailed. Paris may be France, but Madrid is not Spain. The houses along the boulevards are of the conventional European type; the ladies in the carriages on the *Prado*, the promenade of Madrid, are dressed after the Parisian fashion. The mantilla has, except in rare cases and among the peasantry, given place to the bonnet of the hour. One must go farther southward for the Spain of his imagination.

We saw the sights of Madrid with that conscientious thoroughness which comes of a desire to "improve opportunities" and to overlook nothing that some kind friend may afterwards declare to be "alone worth the entire trip." The Americans take their pleasures dutifully and systematically.

The picture gallery would have been delightful but for the dread lest without the guidebook we fancy the wrong thing; the royal armory fairly rivaled the Tower of

London for our admiration; the king's stables with their two hundred horses, one hundred and fifty carriages, and one hundred men made us think that after all there might be hope for Humpty Dumpty. We drove in the *Prado* and the park and watched the crowds of vivacious promenaders who between four and six each afternoon thronged the shady walks or rolled along in their carriages. Nowhere are there finer horses or more graceful riders than on the boulevards of Madrid.

One day when we were returning from the spectacle of changing guard near the palace, where there had been gay uniforms, prancing horses, and good music, a crowd in the palace yard aroused our curiosity. As we joined the group a great major-domo in full livery and carrying a silver-headed staff opened the door of the royal entrance, summoned one of three carriages that stood in waiting and ushered into it a lady and gentleman who had followed him down the staircase. The duke and duchess of Montpensier drove out of the *patio* bowing pleasantly to the bystanders, who raised their hats respectfully. To see the youngest son of Louis Philippe and the sister of Isabella, a royal pair whose marriage forty years before endangered the peace of Europe, was an experience sure to compensate for the possible omission of something set down in the guidebook. But for whom were the other carriages intended? Again the major-domo appeared, and beckoned to the coachman of a neat brougham, into which he assisted our old friend, "Isabella, the Innocent," and the queen-regent, Christina, a sweet-faced, gentle-looking woman dressed in mourning for her late husband. The third carriage, drawn by four mules, the royal animals of Spain, drove quickly to the *porte-cochère* to receive His Royal Highness Alfonso, thirteenth of the name, aged one year. We caught a glimpse of a round-faced, ruddy-cheeked infant dressed in white, in the arms of a nurse who wore the bright costume of a Spanish peasant. We stood with uncovered heads while the carriage passed, eager to render homage to a sovereign whose rule is law to democrat and monarchist alike, a sweet, innocent babe.

Before we set out for the South in search of ideal Spain we resolved to witness the national sport, an institution which we regarded

. . . "A monster of such frightful mien  
As to be hated needs but to be seen,"

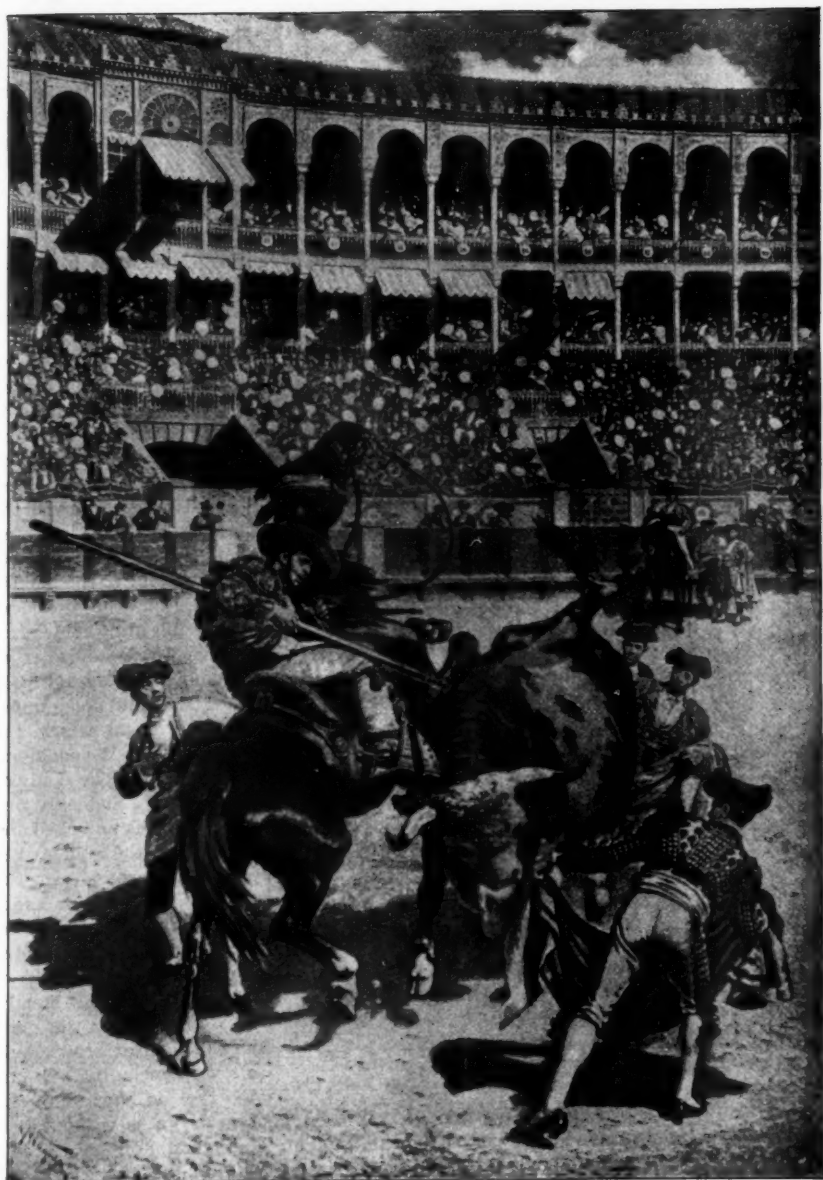
but our plausible guide explained away our prejudices. According to him, the bullfight is a much maligned institution. In reality the Spanish *toradors*\* are philanthropists. The money which they earn goes to the support of asylums, hospitals, and homes for the aged. He therefore who would abolish bullfighting would take bread from the mouths of widows and orphans. We shrank from the very thought of this possible destitution and we resolved to help on so far as we could the grand work. As we had already determined to visit the bull-ring the discovery of this high motive was a very grateful surprise. On the day of the fight the *Puerta del Sol* is jammed with every sort of vehicle. Donkey carts, drays, omnibuses, street cars, carriages, and coaches rub hubs sociably and solicit passengers for the *Plaza de Toros*. One afternoon we climbed into a landau at the curb before our hotel, but the driver refused to start until at what seemed a preconcerted signal the whole caravan stampeded wildly for the narrow street which leads from the square to the boulevards. It was an exciting moment. Drivers shouted and cracked their whips; horses galloped, mules ambled, and donkeys trotted; wheels crashed together ominously; Ben-Hur would have been in his element at that corner. Somehow we managed to avoid disaster and sped on through a suburb to the new bull-ring, which, circular and of red brick, has quite the look of an American railway roundhouse.

We were soon standing in the midst of the arena, a circular inclosure of hard sand two hundred feet in diameter. A heavy plank stockade six feet high defines the limits of the ring. Beyond rise tiers of stone benches, above which are two rows of covered boxes. The prices of these seats range from twenty cents to two dollars. In the winter places on the "sunny side" are the more expensive, while in summer the "shady side" brings higher prices.

After a glance at the rapidly filling amphitheater, which gave us the point of view of Christian martyrs in the Roman coliseum, we were conducted to the bullfighters' quarters, an inclosure connected with the ring by a large gate of solid timber.

On one side a row of sorry horses equipped

\* The generic term for bullfighters.



Charging the Picador, Madrid Bull-Ring.

with odd high-backed saddles stood in dejected repose. These poor brutes, worn out in the street car service of Madrid, were the successors of those Arabian steeds which Spanish nobles used to ride in the bullfights of old. The *toreadors* themselves, however, who displayed their rich costumes and spoke words of wisdom to groups of admiring friends, were magnificent specimens of physical development. Their close-fitting trousers, silk stockings, and short jackets heavy with gilt braid and ornaments, showed their

tion for possible mishaps had been made; and moreover should the worst happen, here was a priest in waiting to administer extreme unction. What more could a reasonable man desire?

The sound of lively martial music summoned us quickly to our box, which we reached just in time to see the grand procession enter the ring. First came two mounted heralds in black velvet, with huge white feathers in their hats, then on foot six *espadas*, or chief swordsmen, who were followed by a dozen

*capadores* (cape-men), with gorgeous mantles of varied hues; next rode six *picadores* (spearsmen) on the best of the battered horses; a group of red-coated *chulos* (hostlers) and a team of gaily caparisoned mules completed the cortège. Twice this company amid hearty applause made the circuit of the ring; then all save two *picadores* and the cape-men left the inclosure and the heavy gate was barred. Meanwhile one of the heralds received from the president of the bullfighting company a key, which was handed to an attendant. All eyes turned toward two solid doors under the platform on which the musicians sat. We could not help asking: "The Lady or the Tiger?" Suddenly one of the doors is unlocked and swings open; the band strikes up a wild barbaric air; the *capadores*, cloaks in hand, stand in attitudes of alert expectancy, the *picadores* withdraw to the further side of the arena, the crowd is breathless. Look! from the dark doorway a great brown bull trots with swinging gait out into the brilliant sunlight.



An Aisle in the Mosque at Cordova.

fine forms to great advantage. Sporting Spaniards crowded about these heroes just as in less civilized lands men and boys are attracted by famous ball-players and athletes. Had a doubt about the humane character of bullfighting remained in our minds it would have disappeared when we were ushered into a clean, airy hospital where every prepara-

He has been kept in darkness without food for forty-eight hours and now he is completely dazed. He does not paw the sand; his nostrils breathe no fire; he looks about in a bewildered fashion. "Is he a fighter or a coward?" is the eager question that goes round the benches. The nearest *capador* gracefully flings his bright cloak in fanlike

folds before the bull. Like a flash the animal dashes toward the flaunting cloth. A mighty shout goes up from the crowd. The contest has begun.

The theory of the bullfight requires that the bull shall be systematically enraged by a series of attacks, which demand increasing nerve and agility on the part of his opponents. When the animal has reached the highest pitch of fury and is in his most dangerous mood a *toreador* of the first rank is sent against him single-handed. Judged from a dramatic standpoint the bullfight, as regards incident and climax, leaves nothing to be desired.

The bull dashes now at one *capador*, now at another. Again he will pursue some impudent *chulo* and, to the vast amusement of the spectators, force him to vault incontinently over the stockade. Ten minutes of this exercise warms the blood of the beast, makes his sides heave with rapid breathing, and shows in his red nostrils. Thus the first act ends. Now one of the *picadores* rides to the center of the ring. The *capadores* lure the bull toward the horseman, whose poor brute blindfolded tremblingly awaits attack. No sooner does the *toro* catch sight of a new enemy than he makes a mad dash in his direction. The *picador* puts his short spear in rest and prepares for the onset. With lowered head the furious beast rushes to the encounter, receives a long cruel gash in his sleek back from the spear, buries a horn deep in the belly of the wretched horse, tears the hide and viscera with sickening sound—then plunges off after a *capador* who has deftly displayed a cloak. Sometimes the horse falls in his tracks, while the rider, with legs firmly encased in iron, rolls helplessly on the sand; again the

wretched animal terribly lacerated will make a wild circuit of the ring and leave a hideous trail of copious blood; or, when the bull's horn is withdrawn without tearing the hide, a hostler will run up with a handful of tow and fill the wound as one might calk a leaky boat. Thus repaired the ill-starred creature



A Private Palace in Seville.

makes a second stand against the maddened foe. The people seem to take especial delight in this, the most revolting feature of the spectacle, and if the bull gives evidence of unusual prowess, they sometimes demand the slaughter of six or eight horses. Fancy the second act coming to a close with the carcasses of two or more horses lying on the sand, which is darkened with many a pool of blood.

Enter the bearers of the *banderilla*, light rods ending in barbed points and decorated with cut paper, flowers, or ribbons. Six of these spears must be hand-thrust, two at a time, into the neck of the bull with such force that they shall lodge there. By this time the enemy is in no peaceful mood. His blood is heated, the *picador's* cuts have maddened, not weakened him; he plunges now this way, now that. The *capadores* grow wary and often leap the stockade just in time to escape the swift pursuer.

Henceforth the baited animal must deal with men alone. A *toreador* holding the *banderilla* before him advances calmly toward



the bull while the other fighters withdraw to the edge of the ring ready to render aid in case of need. The hunted and angry beast pauses for a moment, gazing in surprise at the new foe; then head down he dashes straight at him. The man stands his ground with steady glance. The bull is upon him; surely he is lost; like a flash the *banderilla* sink deep into the tawny shoulders; the man leaps aside, the bull rushes on with the spears dangling on either flank; the spectators go wild with enthusiasm. A second and a third pair of *banderilla* are skillfully put in place, and the third act closes. The bull, in addition to his wounds from the *picadores*, now carries in his flesh six barbed rods, which with his every movement cause maddening pain. The supreme moment has arrived; enter amid deafening shouts and applause the *espada*, or chief swordsman, whose fame extends over all the peninsula and perhaps even to Spanish America. Bearing in his right hand a two-edged Toledo sword and a small red flag, he approaches the president's box and asks permission to slay the bull. It is granted.

The *espada* tosses his hat aside and exclaims, "I go to kill this bull for the honor of Madrid and the glory of Spain." Who shall say that patriotism is a lost art? The red flag is shifted to the left hand and the sword grasped firmly in the right. The bull must be lured to such an approach as shall give opportunity to plunge the blade suddenly into his shoulder and sever the main artery. Warily the *espada* begins his delicate task. Failure is fatal. The bullfighter rarely has a chance to blunder seriously twice. Once, twice, thrice, the bull rushes on but at the final moment the swordsman, not quite satisfied, leaps aside. The crowd grows impatient; a discontented murmur can be heard—but it is suddenly hushed to perfect silence as again the baffled beast returns to the encounter. The *espada* swings the flag gently to and fro; on comes the bull with great bounding strides; see, his horns almost touch the flag; with the speed of light the blade flashes aloft and plunges to the hilt in the bull's shoulder; the *espada* jumps to one side. The bull staggers on a few paces, then his legs tremble and melt away beneath him, and his body rolls lifeless on the sand. Such plaudits, such showers of cigars, such avalanches of hats! The *chulos* collect the cigars and toss back the hats while the great man smiling and bowing makes the circuit of the

ring and retires to his quarters. The mule team is driven in and to the sound of gay music drags out the carcasses of the horses and bull, while attendants cover with sand the bloody traces of the recent fight. Soon the ring is restored to its original order and another bull is granted that liberty which is also death. Six, sometimes eight, bulls and often twenty horses are butchered to make a Spanish half-holiday. The men are not very often killed. Sometimes the spectacle is peculiarly brutal when, for example, a cowardly bull is hamstrung with a sickle-shaped pruning hook and in cold blood dispatched with poniards. Again an unskillful *espada* may be unable to kill the bull until it has suffered prolonged agony. But in general the fight is that which has been described. The moral effect of this benevolent institution need not be dwelt upon. One feels grateful that he is not a Spanish orphan or widow.

It was early dawn when we made our way from the station through the narrow streets of Cordova to the cathedral that was once a mosque. In the gray light we saw shadowy square houses with overhanging grated windows and heavily barred doorways. Now and then through one of these entrances came the odors of flowers and the sound of plashing fountains. No one was astir. We seemed to walk the streets of an ruined Pompeii. Suddenly we heard the tinkle of a bell and soon after the quick patter of small hoofs. A donkey with large wicker panniers turned into the thoroughfare. Far back upon his spine perched a small boy, who guided his steed to a house gate and pulled the dangling bell chain. A servant maid came clattering over the pavement, opened the iron door, and took the bread and rolls for which the boy had dived into one of his baskets. With a word of greeting and farewell the baker's lad trotted comfortably off to his next customer.

We found our way to the cathedral guided by the tower, which is visible from almost every quarter of the city. The sun had just peeped above the horizon as we entered the court of the mosque with its luxuriant foliage and its great marble basins overflowing with crystal water. The birds were greeting the dawn from their perches in the palm and orange trees, or were twittering on the margins of the fountains. No other sounds broke the morning stillness. At last we were in Spain. The mosque of Cordova is statis-

tically described in the guidebooks but figures are lifeless things. We saw from without a low, flat-roofed, factorylike structure; we entered a marble forest. Hundreds of pillars brought by the caliphs from almost every shore of the Mediterranean stand here in long vistas, while from capital to capital leap graceful arches which form a bewildering superstructure. The gorgeous rugs, the myriad lamps, the carved roof, the incrustated and gilded decorations of those days when Cordova was the capital of the Western Saracens, have disappeared, but even now the mosque of Abderrahman is a marvel of oriental architecture which even the hideous Roman choir built in its midst in the time of Charles V. cannot do more than mar. The historian who delights to contrast former splendor with present decay gloats over Cordova. A few centuries ago the center of power and culture, the resort of knights and students, a city of

One can grow enthusiastic over Seville. To be sure the fabled Guadalquivir is a narrow and withal muddy stream, much of the Spanish lace is made in Nottingham, the national dances are sorely disappointing, yet nevertheless the "marvelous city" is a delightfully romantic place. Here one sees bright costumes and genuine mantillas; the foot passenger along the narrow streets, in which sidewalks are unknown, must often take refuge in a doorway when a carriage or wide-loaded donkey monopolizes the thoroughfare. The houses are severely plain without and show to the world blank walls with a few heavily barred windows and occasional upper balconies, but the *patios*, or inner courts, are filled with palms and flowers, a fountain bubbles in the center, and in the shadow of the cloistered portico are rugs, divans, and easy chairs. The various apartments open from this *patio*, which is the center of the family



Gardens of the Alcazar, Seville.

fairylike palaces, the home of a million people, Cordova is now only a stopping-place, with an indifferent inn, on the way from Madrid to Seville; but the memory of the mosque and its court is well worth the trouble of breaking the journey.

life. Some of the private palaces are very large and have *patios* that quite deserve the name of courtyards. In Seville as in Madrid the night watchmen shout the hours and announce the state of the weather, which in Spain is so generally "fair" that these peri-

patetic weathercocks are called *serenos*. Such at least is the popular etymology.

Of the sights of Seville the great cathedral and its tall *giralda* easily rank first, but this article is not a systematic guide to the peninsula. It deals not with what the writer ought to have admired and remembered, but it describes in a fragmentary way some of the most distinct impressions he received. The so-called "House of Pilate" was to us a curiosity. It is a beautiful palace built by a credulous Spanish gentleman on his return from Jerusalem, where his guide had shown him the original palace of Pontius Pilate. This building is alleged to be a reproduction of that in Jerusalem. Behind a lattice on the stairway one can view a painting of the cock that crew thrice, and in the *patio* see the spot where the faithless Peter sat.

The Alcazar, once the palace of Moslem princes, now one of the royal residences of Spain, gives the tourist his first idea of Moorish architecture in anything like a complete form. The old palace has of late been care-

fully restored so that the ravages of time and war are scarcely to be discerned. The coloring has been renewed almost, it seems, to the point of gaudiness, but the learned in these things assure us that the tints are no more pronounced than those of the original decorators. The Alcazar is built after the usual type about an ample court. On the first floor are suites of state apartments, reception rooms, banquet halls, throne room, and other chambers. The character of the decoration is rich in the extreme. A wainscot of glazed tile arranged in a conventional design rises to a height of four or five feet; the main wall is covered with a bewildering, intricate, yet symmetrical pattern, molded in an adamant cement and picked out with colors and gilding. The frieze is usually embellished with large Arabic characters, which to the untutored westerner seem scarcely different from the tracery of the walls, yet they represent passages from the Koran. The ceilings are either of wood supported by beams or are domelike structures studded with gilded cubes, which give the effect of a honeycomb

or, in some cases, that of a vaulted cavern with glistening stalactites. The rooms are seldom large and never deserve the epithet vast, which slips so naturally into descriptions of royal halls. Truth to say, though we admired these apartments we were more interested in the upper story where preparations were on foot for the reception of Isabella. Under the same roof we could contrast the taste of the Moors with that of their conquerors. The floors were hideous with old English carpets of large and gaudy patterns; the walls were covered with cheap and ugly papers; among much handsome and rare bric-a-brac were scattered tawdry articles, little walnut brackets, plaster statuettes, an American alarm clock in a tin case, paper flowers, and other things which belong to the barber shop rather than to the palace. We felt sure, however, that Isabella would be satisfied.

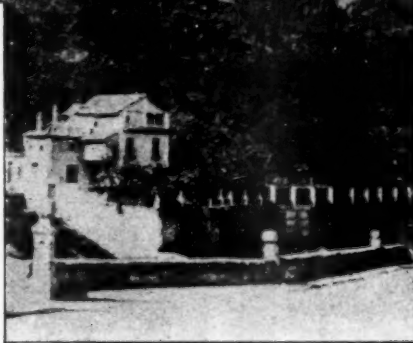


The Gate of Justice, Alhambra.



From the upper windows of the Alcazar we looked down into the palace gardens with their promenades, cropped hedges, palms, gateways, kiosks, grottoes, and fountains. A high wall surrounds the inclosure and effectually shuts out the world. We gained a faint notion at least of what pleasure gardens used to be in the old days of Moslem rule. Here the women of the harem walked and lounged and idly passed the hours, while vigilant guards kept watch upon the walls; then came the Christian supremacy when these grounds were gay with ladies and knights, courtiers and pages. Dom Pedro the Cruel has left evidence of his heartlessness which arouses feminine wrath to this very day. This surly monarch disapproved the extravagant fashion in which the ladies of his court bedecked themselves. He resolved to discomfit them. One of the broad walks of this garden was perforated with hundreds of tiny holes, each of which was connected by a lead pipe with the water main of the palace. The stop-cock controlling this system was placed in a private room of the king which overlooked the garden. One evening when the ladies of Seville, bidden to a *fête* at the Alcazar, were promenading in all their finery up and down this deceitful pavement, suddenly hundreds of fountains sprang from the ground. The scene completes itself in the reader's fancy. To this day the waterworks are kept in perfect order. In vain we besought the ladies of our party to join us in a great historic tableau. We would play the part of Peter—but oddly enough the feminine imagination seemed at the time to lose its vigor, and the scene was not reproduced.

It is meager gleaning, after Washington



The Alhambra (from the Valley).

Irving. To describe Granada and the Alhambra is to invite crushing comparisons. Yet one cannot conclude a paper on Spain, be it never so desultory and incomplete, without some mention of a palace and stronghold famous in the annals of art and history.

It was dark when we trundled in a rickety railway carriage across the plain of Granada. The hotel omnibus with its three mules carried us laboriously to the music of running water up a steep hill through a leafy tunnel. As became good Americans we put up at the hotel "Washington Irving," and slept the sleep of the contented. We had reached Granada, and the Alhambra was just over the way.

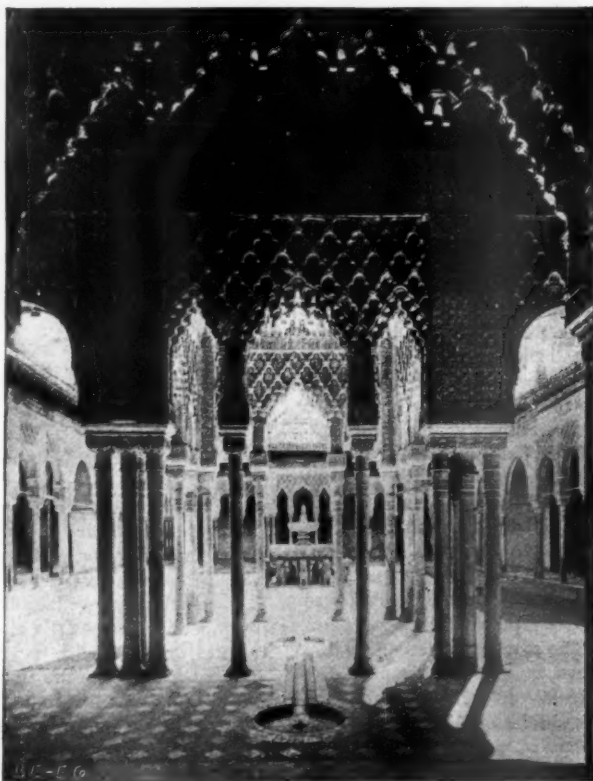
We entered the inclosure of the Alhambra by the Gate of Justice, where in olden times an officer sat in judgment upon petty cases that arose among the people. The gate, a massive square structure of stone and brick from which in many places the stucco has fallen, is pierced by a high outer door which leads through a short vestibule to a smaller entrance. Inside the second gate the passage turns sharply at a right an-

gle. This plan of construction made it difficult for an invading band to force an entrance.

Once inside the walls we looked about for the Alhambra. "All this is the Alhambra," said our guide.

We stood in a large undulating inclosure on the brow of a hill which jutted out from a mountain range behind and above us. Below, a fertile plain stretched far away to the snow-capped mountain walls which hemmed it in. Nestling under the hill lay the white city of

mer houses and ruined towers peeped out, but near at hand there was little verdure. We were in the midst of a fortified inclosure whose limits were marked by massive dilapidated walls and several towers half destroyed. On the side overlooking the deep valley we saw a group of low buildings over which one great square tower stood guard. The aspect of the smaller structures was mean and insignificant. Near by stood a circular stone building without roof or floors.



The Court of Lions, Alhambra.

Granada, from which a faint hum of voices and traffic rose in the morning stillness. To the right a deep valley separated the hill on which we stood from another that pushed out in similar fashion toward the plain. Two mountain streams, one through this valley and another from the left, tumbled rapidly to a confluence above the city and together ran under its streets out into the plain. From the leafy terraces on the hills behind us sum-

The walls were elaborately carved but the general effect was that of a substantial, punctured bandbox.

"Now we go to the palace," said our guide, a son of him who served Washington Irving. All the Alhambra guides, by the way, are offspring of that important person.

The unfinished building turned out to be a work of Charles V., who tore down much of the Moorish palace to make room for it. We



paused before a small door in the rough wall of a low factory, as it seemed to us; we paid a fee, and entered the Alhambra, the last home of the Moorish kings. To pass from the outside to the inside of this palace is to break the rough geode and disclose its crystal lining. The rooms seemed small and cramped at first; we could not reconcile their dimensions with our conception of regal magnificence. But as we examined the grace of structure and the exquisite taste of the decorations, we gained a new ideal of elegance. The builders of this fairyland scorned simple vastness and lavished a wealth of art and genius on these grottoes of stone and plaster. The Alcazar of Seville seemed crude in comparison. The colors of the Alhambra are faded by time into delicate hues which conform more closely to present standards than the bright tints which authorities tell us were originally laid on by the Moors. We wandered through a labyrinth of halls, courts, boudoirs, baths, and other apartments, all richly incrustated with tile and twining arabesques; in general, like the decorations of the Sevillian Alcazar, but in many cases much more intricate and beautiful. The Hall of the Ambassadors, which with its vaulted dome of gilded stalactites filled the great tower, was one of the features of the palace until a recent fire which did great damage. The Court of Lions, with its peristyle of slender alabaster columns and its fountain upheld by rudely carved lions, probably the work of a Christian prisoner, is perhaps the best known of the Alhambra's halls. We spent many hours at different times in exploring every corner of the palace;

we looked from its windows out over the plain where Moors and Christians once did valiant deeds; we visited the place by moonlight, which, in a different way, does quite as much for the Alhambra as for Melrose; I dare say we reflected sentimentally upon the romantic history and historical romance connected with the spot, but we spared each other an expression of our thoughts. I shall be equally merciful to the reader.

The last night of our stay at Granada, the "Washington Irving" was invaded by a band of Spanish gypsies, who sat chatting in the hall. It transpired that they were to give a private exhibition in one of the guest-rooms above. We pinned to attend and besought the proprietor to gain admission for us. A dapper courier came to say that his employer would admit us if we would bear half the expense. The offer was accepted gladly and soon we found ourselves, in company with a quiet gentleman and two ladies, facing a row of gypsy girls and men. The entertainment included very spirited and skillful guitar playing by the "king of the gypsies," and the usual national dances, the *fandango* and the *bolero*, the first a graceful pantomime, the second a series of strange writhings and contortions that would put disciples of Delsarte to the blush. When we paid our share to the courier we asked who our partner in the enterprise had been.

"Baron Rothschild, of Paris," was the answer.

We put our money into the courier's palm, happy in the thought that we had been able to assist a fellow voyager on his way through this vale of tears.

## THE NEW SOUTH.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, A.M., M.D.

ABOUT a hundred years ago, Prince de Ligne, the "Austrian Xenophon," as Walter Scott called him, published a treatise on "the location of the earthly Paradise," and after comparing the various traditions of antiquity, comes to the conclusion that "the happiest nations of the world lived along the northern boundary line of perpetual summer, where snow may fall, but will not stay long on the ground."

In Asia that line would pass through Cash-

mere and southern Persia; in Europe through Greece, Italy, and Spain; in America it would extend from the valley of the Red River to the neighborhood of Charleston, South Carolina, and skirt the foothills of the southern Alleghenies. In the valleys of the states grouped along that isotherm, winter lasts just long enough to give the early spring the charm of a yearly surprise, and the "American Italy" has the rare advantage of combining a genial climate with an abun-

dant supply of moisture, thanks to the forests which still clothe its mountains to their highest summits and interpose a broad belt of vegetation between the deserts of the arid West and the garden lands of the East-American coast-plain. That the attractiveness of that Eden should so long have been eclipsed by treeless snow-wastes, will sorely puzzle the future historians of our continent; but the home-seekers of our own nation have at last recognized their mistake, and since 1870 the great stream of the westward exodus has been more and more undeniably deflected in a southward direction.

Those twenty years have wrought a considerable change in the social and industrial life of the Sunny South. Sleepy old country-towns have been roused by the scream of the locomotive, bustling cities have sprung up in the haunts of the backwoods hunter, the rocks of the Blue Ridge have begun to echo the crash of the steam hammer. Uncle Tom utilizes his eloquence in the rôle of a hotel-runner, and 'Squire Legree advocates the establishment of industrial training schools. Since 1870 the amount of the capital invested in textile and iron-working industries has increased nearly six hundred per cent. Manufacturers have learned by experience that cotton can be spun where it grows, and that the association of iron ore with inexhaustible supplies of coal, timber, and cheap country produce gives the rolling mills of the southern Alleghenies a decided advantage over their northern rivals. A yearly export trade of 480,000 tons of steel rails is not a bad record for sparsely settled states like Tennessee and Alabama.

In the meantime, however, the warmth of a semitropical sun, too, has wrought its effects on the descendants of North-European emigrants, and the sociology of the New South is an interesting study of race tendencies modified by climatic influences.

"Life in the woods, *à la* Henry Thoreau, is a failure in this wilderness," writes a facetious friend of mine, after passing a summer in the highlands of western North Carolina, "a sad failure, if prompted by the hope of privacy. If a new Mohammed should come to — County and take up his abode in the mountain to commune with the Spirit of Truth, a dozen able-bodied natives would crawl under the porch of his tabernacle every night to look for a secret distillery. You try to finish your treatise on the moral influence

of mountain air and a gang of grangers strolls in to inform you that Tom Skipper broke jail in Wildcat Hollow last night. You take up a volume of Spinoza's Ethics and Squatter Joe peeps in, to inquire, with well-feigned anxiety, if you have seen anything of his yellow sow. Tow-headed mountain boys acknowledge the merits of your study in water colors, but modify your gratitude by asking you for a chew of tobacco."

The frequency of such visits, I think, admits of a more charitable explanation. The British Anglo-Saxon, with all his public spirit, is a solitary biped, delighting in domestic comfort more than in the French small talk of crowded pleasure resorts; in Sweden, too, the snow blockades of a seven months' winter have taught the inland settler to extol the value of independence. But the sun of the South melts away the ice of that cold self-reliance. Sunlight, bird songs, and the music of unfrozen brooks tune the human heart to communicative moods, for, after all, joy, much more than misery, loves company. Laughter and merriness are infectious, and after their conquest of Italy the taciturn Longobards became as jovial as their Florentine neighbors, while the French emigrants, since their transfer to western Canada, have become as thoughtful as Napoleon's soldier in Moscow; the songs of the South fall silent in a climate where a man's beard freezes to his bedpost and birds drop dead from the trees, where trees burst wide open and dogs wear out their teeth in trying to masticate a chunk of frozen beef. The natives of the hospitable South may appreciate Mohammed's kindness in coming to their mountains, but they take it for granted that he must feel wretchedly lonesome and consider it an obligation of mere humanity to help him while away his time the best way they can.

Our southern friends have, indeed, become gregarious to a degree that would astonish a North Briton. There is a story of a Texas horse thief who opened a "Summer School of Philosophy" and debated the unreality of material possessions, while his accomplices galloped away a drove of horses; but the natives of Dixie really would consent to assemble for the discussion of Alcott's metaphysics, rather than not assemble at all. They seize upon every pretext for picnics and social reunions; adults attend school festivals; Democrats (as in East Tennessee) par-

ticipate in the junkets of their Republican rivals. All the way from Maryland to Florida excursion trains are in great request, and only in Dixie a first-class circus can venture to pitch its tent in towns of less than ten thousand inhabitants.

The worship of beauty, another characteristic of southland nations, has likewise begun to assert itself in manifold ways. The statues of the "City of Monuments" are rivaled by the garden gods and fountain Tritons of many southern towns, and in prosperous cities like Birmingham, Ala., and Charlotte, N.C., the northern visitor is struck by the variety of architectural ornaments,—plastic extravaganzas some of them, but mostly in good taste and harmonized by clever painting and the charm of luxuriant evergreens. The flower grove of Daphne, where "turtles and cicadas made their perennial home," cannot have much surpassed some gardens of the New South. "Botanic gardens have no business north of the Alps," said the naturalist Bonpland, and travelers might agree with him after comparing the finest New England conservatories with the parks of Florida and South Carolina.

In the golden age predicted by Fitz-Greene Halleck, when "we shall export our poetry and wine," the best musical composers and the most successful troubadours will come from the South. In the meantime well-to-do southern families are the most generous patrons of our piano manufacturers, and among the poorer classes singing schools have become strangely popular; care-worn farmers will interrupt their field work in harvest time, hairy "moonshiners" will descend from their highland strongholds to attend a musical matinee in a shanty where a corn-fed Jenny Lind leads the antiphonies preluded by the strains of a squeaking hand organ—selections from Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" and Fisher's Hornpipe, turn about, with the cosmopolitan tolerance of true art love.

The same instinct reveals itself in the improved euphony of topographical names, as compared with the reckless barbarisms of the earlier nomenclature. Imagine a Tennessee Manfred invoking the genius of the "Great Hogback Mountain"! What sensitive man would not go ten miles out of his way for his mail, rather than have his letters addressed to "Greasy Ridge" (not to mention such *neplus-ultras* as "Hanging Dog," Cherokee C-Aug.

Co., N. C.), "Goose Neck," "Goose Nest," "Sheep's Head," and "Mare Wallow." A great change has come over the spirit of those nightmares; witness the following list of new villages along the line of the Cincinnati Southern—*alias* the "Queen and Crescent" railway: Richwood, Corinth, Science Hill, Norwood, Upland, Winfield, Oneida, Helenwood, Oakdale, Glen Alice, Rhea Springs, Glen Mary, Deer Lodge, and Sunbright.

The author of "Changes in the Climate of North America" demonstrated that the gradual disappearance of our primeval woodlands has made the winters milder, but spring floods more destructive and the summers warmer and dryer. A similar effect has certainly followed the same cause in many parts of the eastern continent. According to the accounts of Pliny and Columella the climate of ancient Numidia (the modern Algeria and Morocco) seems to have resembled that of our southern gulf coast. Snowstorms and severe frosts were no exceptional phenomena in southern Italy, and Xenophon describes Socrates walking "barefoot through the deepest snow," to reprove the effeminacy of the younger soldiers who "would hardly leave their tents all day." In Germany experiments with grape culture at first succeeded only in sheltered valleys of the southern Rhineland, but have now proved remunerative as far northeast as Silesia. Gardens and opulent cities undoubtedly flourished in many parts of Asia Minor where rain falls now only once or twice a year.

Droughts seem, indeed, to have become more frequent in western Texas, but from Mobile to northern Virginia a possible increase in the temperature of the midsummer season will, for centuries to come, be mitigated by the climatic influence of the almost ubiquitous hills. Extensive prairies of the Kansas type do not exist in East America, this side of the Isthmus. Even eastern Texas has sun-tempering forest hills at the headwaters of the Trinity River, and in the neighborhood of Austin and Palestine. Louisiana rises into fair hillocks along its northwestern border, and Florida east and north of Tallahassee. In Georgia mountains extend to the thirty-fourth parallel, and there are hills near Columbus and Dalton, all densely wooded and nourishing the fountains of perennial streams. The sanitary value of these highlands has been as fully recognized

as in ancient Italy, where a villa remained for centuries a synonym of a hilltop residence. The climate of elevated plateaus differs from that of the neighboring coast plain in summer much more than in winter; snow is often less disagreeable than sleet, and in the dog days the advantages of a breezy mountain resort are so undeniable that they have begun to overcome the hereditary Saxon aversion to mountain climbing. Tennessee and western North Carolina especially abound with those climatic pleasure resorts. Asheville has become the Meran of the New World. Marion and Highlands attract a steadily increasing number of summer guests. Before the war White Cliff Springs in East Tennessee was a general summer rendezvous for the merchants and planters of the neighborhood, but its fame is now rivaled by Montvale, Mount Nebo, Oliver Springs, and Rugby, where Tom Hughes realized his ideal of a free and easy vacation resort. Near Chattanooga a whole town, with boarding houses, livery stables, photograph galleries, and post offices, has sprung up on the summit level of Lookout Mountain, nearly eight hundred feet above the bottom lands of the Tennessee valley. Those bottom lands are a little malarious in midsummer, but fevers and gnats are unknown in the mountain suburb, where many business men of the city pass every warm night of the year, in homelike hotels, unless they should have a hill residence of their own. Ten years ago the round trip from the Read House involved a journey of five hours; now the tourist has his choice between five different modes of ascension: afoot, on horseback, by stage, by inclined plane cars, and by cable cars—the latter connecting with a valley railroad and whirling the traveler in twenty-five minutes from the principal business street of the city to the tip-top hotel of the lofty mountain.

A still bolder attempt at highland colonization has succeeded in Carter County, where General Wilder of Johnson City has founded a hotel on the very summit of the Roan Range at an elevation of six thousand three hundred feet, nearly three thousand feet above the esplanade of the Catskill House. "Cloudland Hotel," as the proprietor has appropriately named his supramundane hostelry, cannot yet boast an inclined plane, but a narrow gauge railway leads to the foot of the mountain, and the wagon road to the top

is a marvel of engineering skill, winding along dizzy gorges, through pine jungles and chaotic rocks, but maintaining the same even and almost imperceptible grade of ascent. The managers warrant the safe delivery of baggage, but have never yet recorded the arrival of an unbroken case of hay fever. The microbes of that mysterious disorder do not seem to flourish in the haunts of the rock eagle, and ague patients from the coast plain can be equally certain of experiencing what doctors call a "conclusive change," before they have reached the summit of the cloud-capped ridge. The panorama from the eastern brink of the Roan Range is bounded only by the curvature of the globe; one feels like promenading on the roof of East America, and few visitors of the European Alps can breathe purer or more bracing air; even in August the thermometer rarely rises above 70° Fahrenheit. Frosts are liable to occur in any night of the year, but heavy dews are unknown; they have what they call a dew line in the Unaka Mountains, and above an elevation of four thousand feet the moss floor of the pine woods remains as dry as a Brussels carpet. Game still abounds in those uplands. Bears are shot every year, and even wolves have a stronghold in the laurel jungles of the mountain streams, near the headwaters of the Tallico River, some thirty miles southwest of Knoxville, Tenn. Altogether the visitors of Cloudland must be dudes, indeed, to complain of the *ennui* brooding like mist over the long summer days of many semifashionable health resorts.

Alabama has a similar sanitarium on the ridge of Monte Sano, formerly known by the less attractive name of "Coal Mountain," a conspicuous summit of the Cumberland Range, a few miles north of Huntsville, the American Vacluse. That range is the westernmost of the three main chains of the Appalachian mountain system, and has the—in some respects important—advantage of a drier atmosphere, a happy medium between the frequent rains of the eastern Alleghenies and the withering droughts of the western Sierras. The trailing cactus finds here the farthest northeastern limit of its habitat, but the Rocky Mountain locust, that dread harbinger of the desert, has been seen only once, and protracted droughts are too rare to imperil the beauty of the highland gardens. The winters are very short. In November, and sometimes as late as the week before



Christmas, butterflies are still seen in sheltered valleys, and before the middle of March the spring concerts of the wood thrush are heard on all mountains. Evergreen cedar groves, with their clusters of dark blue berries, give the hill country the appearance of a perpetual summerland, and the pine forests of the higher mountains fill the air with the fragrance of their resinous odors. A climate of that sort is specially propitious to the cure of lung diseases, and Huntsville bids fair to rival Los Angeles as a favorite winter resort of consumptives.

As if to atone for their political conservatism, the citizens of the South pride themselves on their practical versatility and their freedom from social prejudices, at least in their transactions with the nations of the Caucasian race. In southern Florida hundreds of Cuban refugees have found a hospitable welcome. The merchants of Key West and St. Augustine employ them whenever they can; private families engage the exiled *hidalgos* as teachers, and find their illiterate countrymen a job at gardening or the manufacture of shell caskets. On the Rio Grande that international tolerance was at one time carried to the length of permitting the brigand Cortina to open a "recruiting office" on the Texas side of the river and barter droves of stolen cattle for American rifles. Citizens of the United States look with surprise upon the religious self-tortures of the New Mexican half-breeds, but forbear to meddle, and in out-of-the-way pueblos connive even at an occasional bullfight. With the same *bonhomie* the Protestant and Catholic clergy of Louisiana have compromised their differences and exchange visits and good-natured anecdotes on their experience with their negro converts.

"Since we are quite alone, will you frankly tell me if you pay darkies a premium for attending mass?" asks Dean Miller.

"Honor bright, we don't," says Father Dubois, "but I won't mind giving you a friendly business hint: you can never compete with us in getting black converts till you establish at least forty new holidays."

In northern Alabama, in the very center of the southern Baptist districts, a German Catholic community has been tolerated for the last twenty years; their free Sabbaths, offset by numerous church festivals, were readily condoned; nay, to accommodate the strangers the natives consented to the es-

tablishment of a new county—Cullman—with a county seat of the same name, besides a cluster of outlandish settlements—Rosenberg, Bremen, Joppa, Etha, Carl, etc.—amenities which the colonists repay by treating the autochthons with the utmost cordiality and frequently giving them a casting vote in matters of local jurisdiction. If a chronicle of Pullman County could be translated into Greek it would be a good missionary enterprise to distribute a few thousand free copies, without comment, in Athens, where a mob of howling fanatics a few weeks ago fell upon a little Protestant church and attacked the strangers with slung-shots and knives.

The natives of the cotton states have ceased to rely on the one-crop plan. Besides the old staple they raise large crops of wheat and sorghum, and in central Georgia several planters have even tried their luck with opium poppies and tea plants. The manufacturing industries center in the upland districts, as in old Spain, where the Catalonian mountaineers are credited with a talent for turning stones into bread, but there are a good many cotton factories as far south as Mobile and Jacksonville. The conquest of the Florida swamp wilderness has on the whole been the most severe test of Anglo-American pluck; but the task has been practically accomplished; some fifteen different railroads cross the rank woods in every direction; substantial bridges, trestles, causeways, warehouses, and hotels have been built in jungles three hundred miles farther south than Cairo, Egypt.

A Pensacola paper not long ago republished the letter of an old-time wisacre who predicted that the proposed colonization of the peninsula would be baffled by the ubiquity and voracity of alligators, whose increase, he informed his readers, would be greatly stimulated by an additional supply of food,—multiplied even beyond its present annual average of sixty eggs per pair of adults. An almost equally preposterous prediction was, a few years ago, founded upon the circumstance that in certain parishes of Louisiana and southern Mississippi the negroes had multiplied faster than the whites. At the present rate of their increase, the dismal prophet warned us, the country would in fifty years from now be practically in the hands of the blacks. In defiance of Hufeland and Malthus they would fill the land with a



multitude of eaters disproportioned to its means of subsistence, but by the new system of counting voters that very recklessness would give them a fatal advantage over their white neighbors; colored mobs with big stomachs and the audacity to fill them, would control the polls and help themselves to the best offices and good things in general, employing the logic of brute force to suppress protests, and finally reducing the whites to a state of tributary serfs. With all their bestial besottedness they would be quick to see their chance and use it without mercy, and, in order to fortify their vantage ground they would not scruple to resort to the expedient of importing additional hordes of savages from darkest Africa.

The prophet omitted to inform us if the people of the North, too, would fortify their vantage ground by standing by and witnessing the degradation of their southern brethren, but even if the South should be left to work out its own destiny the believers in the possibility of that millennium of brute rule must ignore a lesson of history, repeated in all countries of mixed races since the earliest dawn of civilization, viz.: the experience that the intellectual and moral superiority even of a numerically inferior race will ultimately prevail against all incidental disadvantages. The superior gift of organization alone thus enabled the Chinese to hold their own against myriads of physically superior enemies, raised Rome to the throne of the ancient world and the Saxon race to the hegemony of three different continents. The inferiority in pluck of the Semites to their Caucasian rivals is so small that it might be expressed by the proportion of 9 to 10; yet that small difference at last always turned the scale in the countless wars of the Persians against the Syrians, of Rome against Carthage, and of the Spanish Visigoths against the Spanish Moors. Can we doubt that the infinitely greater difference between the descendants of Ethiopian slaves and the master tribes of the Caucasian race will continue to assert itself? A war of races would settle the question in a month, but it is equally sure to settle itself by a slow process of supersession; before the stream of Caucasian immigration the sons of Ham will melt away like the Maoris and the natives of the Transvaal Republic.

Besides, the last census has revealed the fact that the very premises of the lurid prediction were founded upon a mistake: the

fecundity of the southern negroes is more than offset by their improvidence and their liability to the attacks of climatic diseases, and the comparison of the population returns for the last ten years shows Caucasian gains in every important county, even of the states most congenial to African colonists.

And moreover, the southern tribes of the Caucasian race have become acclimatized to every district of our national territory, the Florida Everglades and the mosquito Hades of eastern Arkansas perhaps alone excepted. The French creoles are quite at home on river plantations as sultry as any part of the Nile valley. Italian laborers work steadily on railroads crossing the arid plains of the great Southwest, and in Florida many descendants of the old Spanish colonists have become practically fever-proof. In the West Indian Islands that immunity was generally attained by the third generation of creoles, and it is an open secret that the reconquest of San Domingo is prevented by international jealousies, rather than by the martial prowess of the blacks; nay, that the large plurality of those blacks are anxious for annexation, and that the propositions of their delegates have repeatedly gone begging. What would be the chances of a Dixie negro state, indulging in civil butcher wars and inviting destruction by raids on the border settlements of irascible Caucasian neighbors? All things considered, the alligator prophecy is the less extravagantly absurd of the two.

Our California friends would, indeed, be glad if they were not confronted by a more serious danger. Their Chinese problem—which, by the way, is fast becoming an East-American problem, as well—is far from having been solved by the Phelan immigration law; the wily Mongols have become adepts in the home manufacture of passports and have discovered methods for reaching the promised land by roundabout routes, not easy to control. One of their "underground railways," as the ante-bellum planters would call it, runs from Guaymas on the west coast of Mexico to Ojo Caliente and on to El Paso, Texas, where nocturnal phantoms may often be seen flitting about the ferry, like the shades of the Visigoths about the river tomb of King Alaric. A few of the blockade runners stay in Texas, but the plurality push on to Atlanta and New Orleans, or even venture to board a westbound train of the Southern Pacific railway. It has been doubted that the

vigilance of the frontier guards could be circumvented in that manner, but the extent of Asiatic talent for enterprises of that sort was demonstrated by a recent discovery on the Canadian border, where United States soldiers—soldiers of the regular army—were caught in the act of ferrying almond-eyed travelers across the Niagara River and smuggling them to the railway depot at Lockport, N. Y., for five dollars apiece. Most of these nocturnal tourists could not speak a word of English, but had Mongolian escorts who could, and who seemed prepared to bribe their way to any desired point between Halifax and Cape Horn.

In western Texas many descendants of emigrants from ever-dripping Britain flourish in regions where one rain shower per year is considered a fair average; but the natives of East Tennessee have proved a still more remarkable ability for adapting themselves to a new moral climate. In Cumberland County, some eighty miles north of Chattanooga and surrounded by the moonshiners of the Cumberland Mountains, there are communities as "dry" in the local option sense of the term, as any country town of western Maine; yet these strongholds of total abstinence have not only prospered, but become popular, so much so, indeed, that their cause has become that of the South, their constitution having been accepted as the model of projected prohibition towns all over the native land of Petroleum Nasby.

But, after all, that apparent paradox only furnishes an additional illustration of the predominance of climatic influences over hereditary habits. The South is the natural home of temperance. The bibulous Goths, the Longobards, the Vandals, became temperate after their transfer to the summer climate of the Mediterranean coast lands, like the Moguls after their conquest of Hindostan. Low morals are often supposed to be a concomitant of low latitudes, but the indulgence of the alcohol habit in its grosser forms is clearly incompatible with a winterless climate. A Hindoo would be killed outright by a quantum of brandy that would scarcely affect the mental equilibrium of a Kamchatka hunter; many so-called moderate drinkers of St. Petersburg would be considered drunkards in Madrid and pay the natural, as well as the social, penalty of their vice. The Greeks and Romans mixed water with their wine; northern nations invented a way to

concentrate alcohol by a process of distillation. Frost is an antidote. Its influence does not wholly remit, but certainly postpones, the penalties of the alcohol habit, just as it counteracts the effects of that dietetic intemperance called gluttony. Southern toppers are thus confronted with the physical necessity of lowering the quantum of their potations, unless they should choose the expedient of transferring their homes to a higher latitude. A good many victims of the stimulant habit have preferred the latter alternative, and here we find the explanation of that strange phenomenon which a friend of mine calls the "Siberia Mystery," viz., the northward exodus of modern civilization.

"Suppose," he says, "the natives of Cashmere and sunny Persia or of the paradise of the southern Caucasus should voluntarily abandon their homes and expose themselves and their helpless families to the horrors of the Siberian snow deserts. Yet a freak of that sort could not be stranger than the actual experience of the Caucasian nations. Year after year we see thousands of South German families remove their household gods to Brandenburg and the shores of the Baltic; natives of sunny France to Canada; trainloads of Georgia and South Carolina emigrants to Oklahoma and Dakota. Lack of room in the South cannot be supposed to explain the marvel; land is cheaper on the Rhine than on the Oder, cheaper in the southern Alleghenies than in the Black Hills."

But the stimulant vice is dearer. Hard winters counteract the effects of intemperance in all its forms, the stimulus of necessity rouses exhausted energies of body and mind, and a sort of instinct impels thousands to avail themselves of that specific. In the course of the last fourteen centuries the centers of political power have been removed a thousand miles farther north; the sins against the health laws of nature, committed with comparative impunity in the dominions of the czar, would have ruined the empires of southern Europe in twenty years. "Free brandy, hallowed by frost," seems to be the ideal of Moscovite civilization. "Abstinence and Arcadia," would be a better motto.

Our brethren of the South evidently do not propose to forfeit their paradise by further dalliance with the serpent of the still. The antiliquor laws of Harriman, Tenn., and adjoining settlements are enforced against

wine, cider, and medicated quack brandies, as well as against whisky and beer, and one of the principal paragraphs of the constitution adopted by the East Tennessee Land Company, provides that :

"Every contract, deed, or other conveyance or lease of real estate by the company shall contain a proviso forbidding the use of the property, or any building thereon, for the purpose of making, storing, or selling intoxicating beverages."

Yet the stockholders who unanimously voted the adoption of that by-law are not agents of any organized temperance society; they do not pretend to pose as moral reformers. Their resolution was dictated by sound business principles. "Saloons do not enhance property values in their neighborhood," says the prospectus of their secretary, "and therefore this company will not permit the saloon. By reason of this policy Harriman grew in two years to nearly or quite 4,000 population, without any town government, any police, or any organized authority, and without any disorder as well, because of the superior character of its citizenship and the uniform sobriety."

An illustration of the permanent success of an experiment of that sort, under much less favorable auspices, can be found at Colorado Springs, about halfway between Denver and Pueblo, in the southern part of the wild mountain state. There, in the haunts of the trapper and the cowboy, temperance has built up a city of palaces, indescribably charming with its background of blue Sierras and its parks of evergreen pines.

Unlike that opposition center of the thirsty West, Harriman has all along been a pet of the South; the people of Knoxville and Chattanooga arrange excursions to see how the temperance folks are getting along; the mountaineers of the neighborhood put on their best clothes if they "come to town" and "if they bring in a donkey-load of apples they will call their jackass a mule, rather than run the risk of offending the sensitive colonists," as a Chattanooga paper informs us, though at first they seemed rather inclined to indulge in good-humored banter: "You won't knock a person down for taking a chaw of tobacco, Boss, will you?" or "Do you fellows use soap? Maybe you stick to pure water."

It did not take them long to establish a *modus vivendi*, and the prosperity of the new

town has proved a potent argument in encouraging the "silent majorities" of prohibitionists in other places. But in the meantime, the citizens of Harriman do not confine their enterprise to temperance lectures; they are hard at work rolling iron and making coke and have surveyed railroads in all directions, one of them a beeline from Knoxville to Memphis. Besides a number of fine hotels, they have three banks, four churches, assembly halls, and business blocks that would do credit to a city of fifty thousand inhabitants.

North Carolina and the adjoining states were settled by Raleigh's beefeaters, whose carnivorous propensities were at first encouraged by an almost incredible abundance of game. The countless herds of deer and elk which two hundred years ago browsed the pastures of the Alleghenies must have proved a more serious impediment to agricultural enterprise than the easy-gotten wealth of the California 'Forty-niners. The miners of Placer County could not eat their nuggets; somebody had to provide digestible means of subsistence, and the immigrants soon found out that it was easier to plant corn than to import it around Cape Horn or across twenty-five hundred miles of sage-brush desert. But the backwoodsmen of the Dan Boone era had no such stimulus to husbandry. A day's—often an hour's—still-hunt sufficed to provide a man with meat for a week. Meat, at that time, became a synonym for food, as in the expressions, "It's both *meat* and drink to him," "One man's *meat* is another man's poison," etc., etc.

In Polk County, East Tennessee, I once made the acquaintance of an old mountaineer who remembered the time when herds of wild deer could be seen grazing, like cows, on the plateau of the Chillhowee Range. At the approach of a man they would look up and reluctantly retreat a couple of hundred yards, but go to grazing again if the traveler showed no inclination to follow them. "It didn't seem worth a man's while to root out stumps in those days," said the old fellow; "a few strips of hoed ground between the bushes would fetch corn enough to do a family and their chickens, and we didn't hanker after milk when we had all the fat venison we could eat, and more. Old Tom Doe's hounds got so fat, gorging themselves, that they would not hunt; but you could get along without them; I could take my rifle and a

bag and be as sure of getting fifty pounds of deer meat as I am now of getting a load of wood if you give me an ax and a team. We never wasted powder on rabbits or squirrels those days. There were elk, besides deer, and no end of turkeys; in May you could hear them gobble all around you in the mountains, as if all creation had been fenced up for a turkey pen. If I had to go to Benton and started early in the morning I could hear a rattle every half minute, as one flock after another flopped out of the tree tops and knocked down the dry branches. In August the briars were all alive with their chicks, picking berries or jumping up after grasshoppers.

"And if we ever got tired of meat we had fish, more than we needed. There were perch and catfish in Hiawassee River, and such eels! The miller down at the ferry found them in his pond, as long as a man's arm. There was no need of blasting a pond out with dynamite; it took more than one partner to help you eat what you could catch with a hook and worm-bait in a couple of hours. I often had to go alone, but I didn't ask better fun; and the farther I went up the river the more good pools I found; it often made me think a person could live on perch alone, if our powder should give out.

"But we had more things to fall back upon. In June it was a bad day if my girls couldn't fetch home a bushel of wild eggs, as we called them; pheasant and turkey eggs, and such like. If we wanted chestnuts we picked them by horseloads and scorched them to keep the worms out. Our womenfolks dried berries and fox grapes. Many of them wore leather jackets, the same as the men. Chestnut oak bark for tanning hides could be had for the asking, and you may believe we didn't spend much money on calico. Up on Ocoee River there were squatters living full fifty miles from the next store, and they got along about as well as the rest. In Monroe County they had some cleared land, but a fellow wasn't apt to hurt himself plowing if he could get all the meat he wanted, for nothing."

With a code of well-enforced game-laws that lubber-Elysium might have proved a joy forever; but continual hunting at last exhausted the happy hunting grounds. Buffaloes vanished first. In the Georgia highlands there are many old settlers who have not preserved as much as a tradition of the times when the plateau of the Blue Ridge was haunted by vast herds of the American bison; but of that

fact the chronicles of the early colonies leave no doubt whatever. Elk and beaver became so scarce that their pursuit ceased to pay; deer were driven farther and farther up to the rock wilderness of the central Alleghenies, and when turkeys, too, disappeared from the lowlands (the "flat-woods," as the Georgians call them) the carnivorous settlers began to get uneasy, and the clearing of the river levels began in earnest.

Meat had to be bought now, and, like the disciples of Pythagoras, who ascertained to their surprise that "the renunciation of wine is a deliverance rather than a sacrifice," our southern countrymen found by experience that perpetual gorging with flesh food is not conducive to human happiness. Often enough that discovery was the result of accident rather than of deliberate experiment.

"On our last trip from Austin to Fort Richardson," a Texas wagon master told me, "the hogs got at our grub wagon and ate up all our meat, so I took it upon myself to open one of the commissary barrels and issue rations of dried apples. That, with bread and sugar, was all we had, and at first I had my doubts if all of us would be able to pull through; but the truth is that we never had a merrier trip. The boys would sing or crack jokes instead of quarreling; you heard no cursing, hardly; we seemed all of us to have got into a sort of sugared humor, and I have often thought that those hogs did not get the best of us, after all."

Similar accidents, aided by the influence of a semitropical sun, gradually weaned the children of Dixie from the fleshpots of their forefathers, and in the country districts many of the poorer classes have become vegetarians in practice, if not in theory. Corn bread is their staff of life, but all, except the most shiftless, have besides dried fruit and potatoes to tide over the winter season. Pork is used chiefly as a substitute for butter, which in some parts of Dixie is almost as scarce as the olive oil of the Mediterranean nations. Sorghum, on the other hand, has become surprisingly abundant; in the course of the last twenty years the culture of the hardy plant has spread from the Mississippi bottomland to the remotest highland farms of Tennessee and western North Carolina. Not all its cultivators are able to afford the expenses of a "mill"—the machinery required for the manufacture of the syrup; but the proprietors of the desirable apparatus generally find



time for a circuit trip, to work up their neighbors' cane in consideration of a small percentage of the product.

Coffee, too, has become an article of almost universal demand; families whose aggregate earnings do not amount to three dollars a week will rather let their youngsters run barefoot than stint themselves in the use of the popular narcotic. Crossroad groceries that cannot hope to sell a lemon or a pound of raisins in a year, do not venture to outrage public opinion by permitting themselves to run out of coffee and coffee cans (coffee-mills being considered less indispensable).

"If we must have a standing army," says a Cuban patriot, "we might as well manufacture the article at home and save ourselves the expense of importation." For similar reasons the South might as well try to raise its own coffee. The plant would undoubtedly flourish in the uplands of Florida, and probably in many parts of Georgia and Texas. In Cuba they cultivate it on terrace lands at an elevation of 3,000 feet above sea level, and even higher up the hardier varieties, resembling cherry trees, may be seen in small groves.

Fruit culture has made considerable progress in that part of the South known as the "Piedmont Country," i. e., the foothill region of the Alleghenies, all the way from North Carolina to northern Alabama. In the last Vienna Exposition an assortment of apples from the neighborhood of Casher's Valley, N. C., took the first prize for size and variety; but the principal Avalon, or apple-Eden, of the South is now that part of Tennessee crossed by the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia railway, where, e. g., in the valley of the Watauga River, dried apples are often brought to market in such quantities that the price drops to three cents a pound, peaches about four cents. Farther east fruit-culture has been impeded by a peculiar contingency of the southern coast climate, viz., its premature springs, often followed by "cold snaps" in March or April. In the middle of February the fruit trees of the lowlands may occasionally be seen in full bloom, and if the warm weather lasts, the result will be an enormous and early crop of fruit which in the northern markets might be sold at double prices, but only too often that hope is blighted by a single March frost.

The "flat-wood settlers," however, indemnify themselves by the abundance of a less

precarious harvest. In July and the beginning of August long trains of freight cars, loaded with watermelons, may be seen rolling into the great cities of the East and North, some of the cars being subdivided by latticed shelves, to obviate the risk of the riper specimens in the bottom stratum being crushed by the weight of the load. Those trains come from the far south: Florida, Alabama, and South Carolina, but chiefly from southern Georgia, where (as in the neighborhood of Hawkinsville) square miles of rich bottom lands are devoted almost exclusively to melon culture.

In Florida, Prince Orange still reigns supreme, though his monopoly is qualified by the success of banana culture and the discovery that guavas and pineapples can be made to ripen on sunny slopes of the south counties. Olives, too, would do well on the dry uplands. The tree grows slowly and does not become very productive before the fifteenth year, but makes amends by living a couple of centuries. Orange trees begin to bear well only after the sixth year and will by no means thrive in all soils, but the profits of a first-class Florida grove are still enormous, its South California rivals being handicapped by the heavy freight charges of the transcontinental railways.

The New South still imports too much wheat; but the lesson of the last three years is apt to remedy the neglect of cereal culture. The area of fields planted in corn, beans, and sorghum has nearly doubled since 1880, and it was supposed that the surplus of cotton had been reduced sufficiently to keep the staple at fair prices, but in that calculation the southern planters had evidently underrated the enterprise of their East Indian and African competitors. According to a report of the United States Agricultural Department, published March 18, 1892, the cotton markets of the world show an over-supply of 1,500,000 bales; and the average price, which in Liverpool was quoted a year ago at 6½d. has since fallen to 5d. and even 4½d. The proposed remedy, rotation of crops, would besides imply a considerable saving in fertilizers, which in some of the Gulf States have become a necessity sadly curtailing the scant profits of the farmer.

The neglect of grape culture is perhaps not an unqualified evil, judging from the experience of the California vineyard districts where, according to Mr. Charles Nordhoff, scores of



bottle-nosed wretches may be seen hanging about the wine cellars pretending to discuss the merits of the vintage, while they all know very well that in their hearts they would greatly prefer "forty-rod whisky." The idea that the demon of alcohol could be exorcised by the so-called milder stimulants, has, indeed, proved a mischievous fallacy. Beer has not superseded gin in Great Britain, and in France an abundance of "good cheap country wine" has failed to prevent a rapid increase of the absinthe habit.

Not beer or wine, nor an army of revenue officers, but the total prohibition of the liquor traffic would be the right remedy for the lawlessness of the southern "moonshiners." The present system of high license offers a direct premium to lawbreakers, and "moonshining" will continue as long as the dram-shops of the cities are permitted to purchase the privilege of selling poison—charging sixty cents per quart of fluids which in the mountains can be produced for forty cents a gallon. "Wildcat whisky" is often supposed to be at the bottom of the family feuds which for years have terrorized certain border districts of the southern highlands. But that theory, though perhaps justified in special cases, is, on the whole, refuted by the fact that those vendettas are wholly unknown in many parts of the South where the shanties of the poor mountaineers have become almost the synonym of wildcat distilleries. The highlanders of western North Carolina, south-eastern Tennessee, and northern Georgia, where moonshining has proved an irrepressible evil, are in other respects the most law-abiding citizens of the United States; hospitable, neighborly, charitable, and anxiously ready to avoid quarrels by arbitration. The vendetta bullies of Corsica detest drunkards, and no intoxicating drinks are ever sold in the uplands of Mount Atlas where the feuds of the Beni Harrat *vs.* the Beni Belbez have for generations defied the authority of the Algerian police.

Prof. Arnaud's hypothesis seems to come much nearer the truth and is founded on the coexistence of two or more different races in highland districts naturally inclined to clan-nishness and the consequent jealousies of rival leaders.

Romans, Carthaginians, and Saracens owned Corsica by turns, Mount Atlas was for centuries the battle ground of the rival Berbers and Arabs, and it is a suggestive circum-

stance that the Dixie family feuds are chiefly confined to border districts where the almost purely Saxon element of the southern highlands comes in contact with the Celtic settlers of the Middle States, as in the Hatfield-McCoy tragedies of eastern Kentucky.

Open war or well-kept truce, has, however, remained the motto of these mountain bravos, the condition of definite peace being so hard to settle. They do not resort to treachery (except, perhaps, in retaliation of tricks perpetrated by meddling detectives) and as a rule respect the privileges of women and non-belligerents. *Fra Diavolos* are rare, even among the outlaws of the Texas border, where a sparsely settled country, propitious to bivouacs, but subject to famine, has produced its usual crop of brigandage. The Turpins of the Southwest prefer a "clean job"—rapid transactions with a minimum of bloodshed—like that Santa Fé train-robber who took up a "collection" (no searching of pockets) till he was stopped by a cocked revolver and an emphatic refusal of his request. During the ensuing scuffle the pistol went off before it could be wrenched from the grip of its proprietor, but the cavalier of the road contented himself with flinging it out of the window, with a frown of mild reproach: "You ought to know better, partner,—starting a fuss like that on a train with so many ladies on board."

An earlier cause of lawlessness has been thoroughly removed: the Indians are gone. In Blount County, Tennessee, old settlers still point out the "dead line" dividing the Indian hunting grounds from the farming lands of the whites, and a brook where a wedding party had crossed that line in search of a better ford and paid the penalty in the death of the bridegroom and six of his companions. The graves of such victims were decorated with Indian scalps oftener than with flowers; in Lumpkin County, Georgia, a party of gold-seekers were fired upon as they entered the defile of a mountain gulch, but sent for reinforcements and did not resume their treasure hunt till they had spent a bushel of lead in homicide. The redskins at last followed the wild deer to the highlands, but trouble continued till the government cut the Gordian knot by the removal of the irreconcilable bipeds. Some farmers of Polk County still remember the day when the survivors of the doomed race were assembled in Cleveland, Tennessee, where their bundles of household miscellanies

were packed in wagons, and where many of the squaws knelt down to kiss the ground a last farewell, while the "bucks" strutted about jeering and blaspheming.

Some charitable citizens of Chattanooga took pity on the poor exiles and loaded their hunting bags with provisions, or even offered to find them employment and give bond for their good behavior. But they had to go, or all but a few families who were forgotten or charitably overlooked, in the loneliest highlands of North Carolina, in the Unaka Range and near the headwaters of the Nantihala River, where they still survive, eking out a scant subsistence by berry picking and basket weaving. There, descendants of the vanquished aborigines will probably remain undisturbed, like the Basques of the Pyrenees and the Druses of Mount Lebanon. Highlands are the ethnological conservatories of nature and the ethnologists of the future may visit the Unakas to study living specimens of the *homo Americanus* when the Indians of the West have followed the last buffalo to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

The Mexicans of southern Texas have thus far managed to hold their ground, thanks to their frugal habits and their superior knowledge of the somewhat intricate topography of the upland pastures. On the Rio Grande there are mountain ranges where grass and water can be found only at certain seasons of the year, and the rank wilderness of the chaparral here and there incloses an oasis of open meadows and parklike mesquite groves. The aborigines have found the clew of such labyrinths and are naturally loth to relinquish the advantage of that knowledge. Besides, the Spanish-Indian half-breeds of that country are almost famine-proof. They can get fat where an English colonist would starve, and survive where he would die; West Texas droughts have been known to last two years, but it is not easy to "dry out" settlers who can live on locust pods and cactus figs, not to mention their talent for nocturnal raids upon less arid pastures.

Texas has adopted several salutary amendments to its code of school laws, and altogether the educational system of the South has made more progress in the last decade than in the fifty preceding years. The percentage of illiteracy has nearly everywhere decreased, and in the cotton states the race imbroglios have been compromised by separate education, often at the special request of the

negroes themselves. The larger towns have excellent graded schools, and their colleges compare favorably with those of far wealthier cities of southern Europe. The great trouble is with the sparsely settled country districts. The scant appropriations of the public school fund do not always suffice to pay a competent teacher for more than ten or twelve weeks a year and too often that term is made to coincide with the season least propitious to mental labor, viz., the two months from the first of July to the end of August. In winter boys have to cut wood, in spring they have to help plow, in fall all hands are needed in the cotton fields. But in the dog days field work is slack and thousands of barefoot youngsters have to stifle in ill-ventilated cabins while the mercury rises to ninety-eight or a hundred degrees Fahrenheit. An Alabama school teacher of my acquaintance once told me that the afternoons in his Black Hole of Calcutta of a windowless shanty became often so oppressively warm that he found it the best plan to postpone his dinner till night, in order to overcome the otherwise wholly irresistible temptation to go to sleep. "I could swallow an ounce of laudanum," said he, "and stake my last dollar on my ability to keep awake for ten hours after, but the narcotic of that muggy, superheated atmosphere got the best of me, and I did doze off, more than once. 'Go on now, children; where did we leave off? Second Reader, page 6, wasn't it?' and looking up, found myself alone, in the evening twilight."

One of his fellow-martyrs remarked that he could never read the story of the men in the fiery furnace without having to suppress a feeling of regret that the days of miracles were past, and confessed that the timely return from the noon hour recess often seemed a superhuman test of a frail mortal's sense of duty; but at the same time he told me an anecdote about Mr. Bergh, the venerable apostle of the S. P. C. A. One evening, in the presence of the apostle, a chaplain of the U. S. Army related his experience in the far West, where the wife of a superior officer saw her daughter enter a ford of the Arkansas River on mule-back, and disappear in the quicksand, the witnesses of the tragedy being unable to render the least assistance. "Imagine the feelings of the mother," concluded the chaplain. "Yes, and the feelings of the mule," added Mr. Bergh.

And while we pity the southern school

teacher, let us try to imagine the feelings of the southern schoolboy, pent up in a crowded sweat-box poring himself blind over a page of grime-blurred print, while his inner eye is tantalized by visions of airy mountain meadows and huckleberry patches, forest glades and trout brooks—and let us admit that the “*penchant* for truancy,” lamented by some of our southern school commissioners, is not a conclusive proof of total depravity.

There are still fish in the southern highland brooks, a fact which may help to explain the southern youngster's deficiency in that “worship of inanimate nature” which makes his German contemporary go wild over a mountain landscape. Butterfly nets, too, are almost unknown in the Sunny South, while in northwestern Europe (with no sunshine to speak of) they are sold in the neighborhood of every schoolhouse, together with glass-covered receptacles for entomological specimens. There may be a lack of encouragement to such pastimes though a correspondent of a current magazine describes his disappointment in an attempt of that sort.

“Can't you give a fellow a job, Mister?” inquired a flaxen-headed young visitor of his summer camp.

“Let me see—yes; look here, would you like to make a few dimes catching me a few specimens of those fine yellow butterflies with double tails, those large ones you see on every clover field?”

Young Dixie only stared. “Those large yellow butterflies with two tails,” repeated the naturalist; “is it possible that you have never noticed them?”

“Well, I tell you what's a fact, Mister,” said the child of the South, “I don't take no stock in them bugs and I declare I never noticed if they got one tail or two tails.”

Yes, that indifference to entomological studies is not incompatible with a restless passion for woodland sports, berry picking, chestnut gathering, and squirrel-nest hunting, where larger game is scarce.

The “light of general information” has, in the meanwhile, been pretty well disseminated by the labors of the press, and the appreciation of its value is attested by the fact that many southern parents send their children a distance of two, three, in some cases of even more than four miles to the next school till they have mastered at least one of the three R's and can read ordinary print with

tolerable fluency. Where the roads are too rough they circulate petitions for the employment of additional teachers and frequently offer to build a cross-log schoolhouse at their own expense, or as a last expedient induce some more or less competent neighbor to open a little “home-school,” so-called from the fact that the makeshift teacher has generally to receive pupils at his own cabin. Fifty cents a month, per child, is considered a liberal compensation, which too often cannot be collected in cash. Like his haggard brother, the country editor, the home-teacher has to accept turnips and cordwood—in stress of circumstances perhaps even promissory notes or misfit jeans—though the children themselves may have partly liquidated the debt by interact tussels with the woodpile.

“Let me see, Jim: that sum ain't right; you're getting a little muddled again, ain't ye? Go and get an ax and split me an armful of wood in the fresh air to clear the cobwebs off your brain.”

“Is that what you call writing, Jessie? Your fingers must be stiff with cold; go, sit at the fire and help Jane peel that pot of biled potatoes to give you a chance to thaw up a bit.”

In spite of such intermezzos, the main purpose, however, is generally attained before the end of the third term; the young woodcutter learns the principles of addition and subtraction, cons his First Reader till he can spell out the home news of the local weekly, and is dismissed, with one of Aunt Jane's best molasses cakes, as a “pretty fair scholar.”

Scholars of that sort imply a step in the right direction, considering the prevalence of absolute illiteracy only fifty years ago, and, on the whole, it cannot be denied that the New South is progressing intellectually as well as morally and financially. That progress will continue till history shall repeat itself by furnishing another confirmation of Prince de Ligne's theorem: On our side of the Atlantic, too, civilization will develop its fairest flowers near the northern boundary of the perpetual summer zone. The deluge of social cataclysm may submerge that paradise, but the waters will subside and the rainbow of a new covenant will herald an era of lasting prosperity, if the Ark of the South can contrive to avoid two perilous cliffs: forest destruction and the invasion of Mongol immigrants.

## THE POTATO.

ITS HISTORY AND ITS PLACE IN HISTORY.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE potato, sometimes called the Irish potato, is in such general use in America and most parts of Europe that there are comparatively few households in which it is not placed upon the table at least once a day. Indeed in very many families it appears at every meal. It is the universal vegetable and every farmer and gardener in the temperate zone grows it either for market or home consumption.

Yet the history of the potato cultivated for food is brief compared with that of many other vegetables not held in such high esteem. As to the beginning of the history we have so many conflicting accounts, from those upon whom we usually rely with entire confidence, that we shall probably never know definitely at what place it was first found and by whom utilized. We read in our schoolbooks that when Columbus returned to Spain after making his great discovery of a new world among the gifts he took back to his royal patroness, Queen Isabella, were potatoes. And so he did, but what he took was not the common potato but the sweet potato (*Ipomoea Batatas*). This sweet potato had a great vogue in Southern Europe very soon after the discovery of America, and our lack of particular information as to the introduction of the common potato (*solanum tuberosum*) into Europe and its previous discovery on this side of the sea is to an extent due to the fact that writers of that day confounded the two kinds of potatoes and often spoke of them as the same. Indeed the sweet potato must have been that to which Shakespeare alluded in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" when he said: "Let the sky rain potatoes."

The first record of the potato as a distinct variety in England is found in Gerard's Herbal, in which he speaks of the sweet potato as the common potato—it is certainly far from common in England now—and expresses the opinion that as "a foode as also a meate for pleasure equall in goodnesse and wholesomenesse unto the same, being either roasted in the embers or boiled and eaten with oile, vinegar and pepper, or dressed any other

way by the hand of some cunning in cookerie."

Among the English-speaking people the notion prevails that the potato was brought from Virginia, where it was indigenous, to Europe by Sir Walter Raleigh and planted by him on his estate near Cork in Ireland. We used to be almost as fond of attributing great deeds to this bold navigator and gallant courtier as the brave Captain John Smith was of claiming them for himself. But as Sir Walter never was in Virginia he could not have taken the potato thence. He did however probably cause the first plantings to be made in Ireland, but these were from tubers brought from Virginia by Sir John Hawkins in 1563.

Naturalists appear to agree that the potato was not indigenous to Virginia, but that it was taken there from Florida by early Spanish explorers. Professor Asa Gray was of the opinion that it was a native of the elevated tropical valleys of Mexico, Peru, and Chile. Cuvier says, "It is impossible to doubt that it is only original to Peru," while on the other hand Humboldt says positively, "The potato is not indigenous to Peru." A later authority than these, Mr. Baker, who in 1884 in the Journal of the Linnean Society published a review of the tuber-bearing species of *solanum*, is convinced that the potato is not only a native of the Andes of Chile, but also of those of Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Colombia, also of the mountains of Costa Rica, Mexico, and the southwestern United States. Very probably Mr. Baker is right.

Other historians and naturalists maintain that it is to the Spanish that we owe this valuable esculent. These say that the Spaniards met with it in the neighborhood of Quito, where it was cultivated by the natives. Indeed Humboldt says that it was cultivated in all the temperate parts of the southern continent from Chile to New Granada when America was discovered. In the *Cronica de Peru* of Pedro Cieça, published at Seville in 1553, as well as in other Spanish books of



about the same date, the potato is mentioned under the name *battata* or *papa*. According to the authorities who believe that the Spaniards introduced the potato into Europe it is held that a monk, Hieronymus Cardan, first took the tubers from Peru into Spain where they were cultivated and passed into Italy and Belgium. According to the reports of De l' Escluse, who is better known under the Latinized appellation of Clusius, he received the plant in 1588 from Philippe de Sivry, lord of Waldheim and governor of Mons, who in his turn had received it from some member of the suite of the papal legate. This is borne out by Gerard's statement in the Herbal (1597) in which the first description of the potato is given. Gerard calls the plant *Battata Virginiana sine Virginianorum et Pappus*. He says :

"The roote is thicke, fat, and tuberous ; not much differing either in shape, colour, or taste from the common potatoes, saving that the rootes hereof are not so great or long ; some of them as round as a ball, some ovall or egge-fashion, some longer and others shorter ; which knobbie rootes are fastened unto the stalks with an infinite number of threddie strings. . . . It groweth naturally in America where it was first discovered, as reporteth C. Clusius, since which time I have received rootes hereof from Virginia, otherwise called Norembega, which growe and prosper in my garden, as in their own native countrie."

Although the potato was taken from Virginia and planted in Ireland in 1563 it was at that time held in no regard whatever in the American colony and it was more than a hundred years before it was used to any extent in Ireland as human food. In the seventeenth century it was cultivated in the Netherlands, in Burgundy, in Italy, and in England, but it was used in all these places rather as a food for swine and cattle than as a food for man. In 1663, one hundred years after its first planting near Cork, the British Royal Society recommended its general cultivation in Ireland as a safeguard against famines. Before another hundred years had passed away the potato had become the national, staple food of the Irish people. The effect of this food upon the people we will refer to directly.

In New England the potato was not known till the middle of the eighteenth century and then the stories of the virtues of the tubers came from England. About the same time

and on account of the same encouraging reports from abroad the cultivation of the potato was started in the other American colonies including Virginia.

Among the six hundred species of *solanum* very few have this property of the potato of throwing out tubers. Among the species having this property are the common bramble and the Jerusalem artichoke. About twenty of the species have been so classified, but careful examination shows that there are only six distinct species, the others being only trifling variations. As a member of this very large botanical family the potato is allied to such powerful narcotics as tobacco, henbane, and belladonna, and also to such valuable esculents as the tomato, the egg-plant, and capsicum. A trace of the poisonous principle common to the order of plants called *solanaceæ* exists in the potato, the tubers of which in its wild or uncultivated state grow to the surface of the earth and turn green. This greenness gives the tubers an acrid taste which makes them unwholesome and probably made them unpalatable to predatory animals. It is for this reason that potatoes are covered up as they grow, and that they are kept in pits and cellars after being gathered. This poisonous principle is removed by boiling. It is well to remember therefore that water in which potatoes have been cooked should never be used a second time.

The potato in its wild state is small, not more than an inch in diameter, and the number of tubers to a plant are few. As just remarked, the tendency of the tuber is to grow toward the surface where from the action of the light it turns green and is spoiled for food. We have no particulars of how it was first improved by cultivation and made to become larger, but it is very easy to guess at the method. All wild plants are grateful for attention, and none more so than the potato. I have no doubt whatever that by skillful cultivation the tubers of a wild potato plant could be taken now, and if the methods of cultivation now employed by the best farmers were given to them they would in the course of five or six seasons be quite as good as any variety we now have. It is certain that even after the potato had been cultivated for two hundred and seventy-five years, that is, until half a century ago, it was inferior in comparison with what it has now become.

It is likely that during all that time there had been no radical change in the method of



its cultivation. Fifty years ago the potatoes grown even by our best husbandmen were not so large as those we have to-day, nor was the yield so great per acre. The quality was decidedly inferior. The tubers when raw seemed solid enough but when cooked they were watery and almost entirely lacked that grateful mealiness which we now esteem as the potato's chief virtue. It was the custom up to perhaps 1840 to plant potatoes in hills about twelve inches apart and several whole tubers were put in each hill. Then the cultivation was almost entirely by plowing on each side of the rows and covering up the growing sprouts. Here was a most needless waste of seed and a very harmful crowding. The best yield of inferior potatoes at that time was not more than one fourth of an ordinarily good yield of the improved varieties of the present day.

Then came the method of planting the tubers in drills and cutting up the seed so that each piece should have only one or two eyes. This gave a better space to grow and soon there was a vast improvement both in quantity and quality of yield. This improvement encouraged farmers to use more hand labor in freeing potato patches from weeds and nowadays he is but a slovenly cultivator who does not have his growing crop gone over at least twice with a hoe.

Not long after the potato on account of the generalness of its cultivation and consumption had become almost a necessity in America, there appeared the destructive Colorado beetle, or potato bug. This beetle was first described by Thomas Say, who found it on the upper Missouri River in 1824. Not much was heard of it from that time until in 1859 when it began its ravages in what was then the far west. Some years later it began to spread eastward and by 1875 it had taken possession of the whole continent. For several years farmers and scientific agriculturists were at a loss to know how effectually to nullify the ravages of this prolific, voracious pest. Many mechanical appliances were invented.

The writer remembers the efforts of an old gentleman in Kentucky who had made a comfortable fortune in grinding wheat and had a nice taste for invention. He saw the potato crop getting smaller and the prices for the tubers rising. He concluded to show the world how to grow potatoes notwithstanding the bugs. He bought a thousand acres of land, well adapted for potato culture, and made one

field of the whole. He had a little army of men at work the first thing in the spring; he plowed and cross-plowed and harrowed this immense field until he had an almost perfect pulverization of the soil. Then he marked it out in rows and planted his potatoes in drills with a mathematical regularity as to the spacing. The green shoots came up in a little while and the little army of laborers were set to work cleaning out the weeds with hoes. The plants grew famously and in a little while, and after a top dressing of manure had been put on, the first plowing took place. Then the ravenous bugs began to appear and the old miller hailed their coming with delight. In a little while those who were watching the operations saw two dozen machines put in the field. Each machine had a kind of fan which passed over the plant for the purpose of gathering the bugs into a hopper. Up and down the rows the machines were driven time and again. A few bugs were so gathered but not enough to make any appreciable difference and the injury to the growing plants by the action of the fan was greater probably than would have been made by the bugs destroyed. The owner did not gather two thousand bushels of potatoes from the whole field.

Undaunted he tried another experiment the next year. This time he lavishly manured his thousand acres so that the potato plants should be so vigorous that they could withstand the attacks of the pest. They again came up beautifully. Again he had a new device for gathering the bugs by wholesale. But it was the same story—his crop was a complete failure. The sheriff did not permit the old miller to make any further warfare on the potato bug, for the fortune was gone and the balance was on the wrong side of the ledger.

About the time of the culmination of this attempt the agricultural chemist came to the rescue of the baffled potato growers and it was announced that the spraying of the growing plants with a weak solution of Paris green would suppress the beetles sufficiently for the plants to flourish. And now every cultivator of potatoes uses this solution of Paris green.

I have mentioned that the potato was early grown in Ireland and that more than two hundred years ago its general cultivation there was recommended by the British Royal Society. It flourished amazingly and in the course of a short time became the national food of a country which is in very many regards more richly endowed by nature than

any other part of Europe. The potato on account of its lack of nitrogen is not well adapted for the sole diet, but for something like two hundred years it was almost the only food that the laboring classes in Ireland had. It was cheap and it was abundant.

Philosophical students have long agreed that in a country where food is cheap and abundant the rate of wages will fall and at the same time the birth rate will increase. This is abundantly proved by studying the history of those people who in tropical or semitropical countries have lived upon rice or dates or bananas. Some few of these people became very rich and powerful and the others abjectly poor—were slaves in fact. In such countries no enduring civilization has ever grown. Only such has proved possible where man without a cheap abundance has had to contend against the hostile forces of nature which would destroy him unless confronted with a counteracting resistance. In India the poorer people for ages have been content to live on rice; in Egypt on dates, the fruit of the palm tree; and in Mexico and Peru upon bananas. With the ancient progress and modern decadence of civilization in India, Egypt, Mexico, and Peru, every casual student of history is to some extent familiar.

In India the cheapness of the national food had a most debasing effect upon the poor people for there as elsewhere in the world riches brought power and poverty provoked contempt. The great body of the people in India are called Sudras. If a member of this depressed class presumed to occupy the same seat as his superiors he was exiled or suffered a painful and ignominious punishment. By the law "if he spoke of them with contempt his mouth was to be burned; if he actually insulted them his tongue was to be slit; if he molested a Brahmin he was to be put to death; if he sat on the same carpet with a Brahmin, he was to be maimed for life; if, moved by the desire for instruction, he even listened to the reading of the sacred books, burning oil was to be poured into his ears; if, however, he committed them to memory, he was to be killed; if he were guilty of a crime, the punishment for it was greater than inflicted on his superiors; but if he himself were murdered, the penalty was the same as for killing a dog, a cat, or crow. Should he marry his daughter to a Brahmin no retribution that could be exacted in this world was sufficient; it was there-

fore announced that the Brahmin must go to hell, for having suffered contamination from a woman immeasurably his inferior. Indeed, it was ordered that the mere name of a laborer should be expressive of contempt, so that his proper standing might be immediately known. And lest this should not be enough to maintain the subordination of society a law was actually made forbidding any laborer to accumulate wealth; while another clause declared that even though his master should give him freedom he would in reality still be a slave; for, says the lawgiver,—"of a state which is natural to him by whom can he be divested?"

In the other countries mentioned the line separating the classes was not so plainly defined by law but the effect of the great natural law that a cheap and abundant food aggravated the debasement of the poor and the arrogance of the rich was very much the same. For the first time in history the potato furnished, when it became the staple food of Ireland, a cheap and abundant means of sustenance in a northern country. The effect has long ago been seen. It was easy for men to live even without hard or regular work. They married young and reared large families. All went miserably well for many generations and the rate of increase of population in Ireland, without any accessions from immigration, was greater than ever known in any other country of such high latitude. Wages were low and there were no savings by the laboring classes. At length came the potato blight and the Irish peasantry suffered and starved as no other people had ever done in a Christian land. To these misfortunes the potato was the great contributing cause, though I do not for a moment underestimate the effect that the bad and unfair government from Westminster had upon this people.

The congestion of population in Ireland has been greatly relieved by migration and we have seen that wherever Irishmen go—to America or to Australia or wherever—they are industrious and frugal, for they are in these new surroundings relieved from the curse of eating one cheap food all the year round. It is my firm belief that if it had not been for the potato, the natural vigor of the Irish race, trained and hardened in the many fields of labor that should have engaged the people, would have been sufficient to have achieved for that country, if not entire political nationality, a certain and satisfactory independence.

## FROM MY WINDOW.

BY BETTIE GARLAND.

ABOVE the water, from my window shines  
The crescent moon, soft holding in its sway  
A fleecy cloud just left from parting day.  
Round either hornèd side it intertwines,  
And falling, forms in drooping lines  
A bridal veil around the queen of night;  
Within the folds, half hid, the quivering light  
Of stars like jeweled pins in quaint designs  
To catch and hold the veil in place.  
As in the water dips the gauzy trail,  
Wave follows wave in glittering crystals strewn  
And silver rings go widening into space—  
Then lo! 'tis gone, this crescent crown and veil,  
And I am in the darkening world alone.

## LOVERS IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY DAVID H. WHEELER, D.D., LL.D.

President of Allegheny College.

EMERSON tells us that "all mankind love a lover." There is common everyday proof enough that the saying is wise. The greatest of dramatists loved and faithfully pictured lovers and did much to keep them in good heart, not forgetting to chide them gently and to laugh at them as all mankind also do. The plays of Shakespeare contain a throng of lovers, of whom he seems not over fond. He tells us that "all true lovers swear more performance than they are able"; that "a lover may bestride the gossamer that idles in the wanton summer air"; "at lovers' perjuries, they say, Jove laughs"; and, worst jibe of all, that "the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster"; and other such asides, while the eternal business of love-making goes on in his drama very precisely as it goes on in the whole world. He hardly stops to repeat the old jest that "Love is blind and lovers cannot see the pretty follies that they themselves commit," while he goes on with the endless tale of love's fascinations and achievements.

Leaving out these gentle bursts of musical laughter, the most careless reader of Shakespeare must learn that love is treated by him

in a marvelously just measure, and attains in these plays to an exceptional dignity. This is partly because he does not always play on one string, but associates the music of love with other human melody; because he has given us only one Juliet, and only once let us associate with his Cleopatra; because his lovers have always some other strong human interest for us; because in short he does not write what we nowadays call love stories, but does write stories into which love enters as into real life, as a partner with other emotions and interests. Note, for example, how Portia in the "Merchant of Venice" is made much of for other things, and not so very much of as the lover of Antonio's fortune-hunting friend. And compare that other loving Portia, "Cato's daughter, whom Lord Brutus took to wife," with her sound and strong human heart and her intense devotion to her Brutus.

Shakespeare is not less wise in dealing objectively, for the greater part, with his lovers. We are only spectators, even when we listen to the endless monologue or dialogue of the love-smitten. The modern subjective love story is made wearisome by overmuch study of the moral inwards of the lovers. Shake-



From a painting by H. Merle.

Hamlet and Ophelia.

speare did not decline upon the psychologic analysis of human emotions, and therefore we see lovers in his plays as we see them in our own world, and this is the wholesome way of attending this everlasting spectacle. It is no small cause of the dignity love wears in our dramatist that his lovers are not often boys and girls. He has, so to speak, ripened a fruit which is hardly to be enjoyed when it is green. Indeed, he has scarcely given us one pair of lovers about whom we feel that "they are very young"; and most of them present the appearance of mature manliness and womanliness. Of the men, excepting Orlando the beloved of Rosalind, and the boy who runs off with Jessica, Shylock's daughter, we cannot be far wrong in assuming that they have attained to maturity. And to what mind do Imogen, Rosalind, Portia, and Ophelia seem to be in their

early girlhood? There is a comfortable sense of matronliness about all these women, and they are weighted, too, with character, a thing Shakespeare thought highly appropriate in woman.

Of one common condiment in love stories, Shakespeare is very frugal, that is to say, faithlessness. His lovers for the most part are as good as they engage to be, and they do not seem to have discovered those awful mistakes of choice which justify loving another man's wife or eloping with another girl. I think the absence of faithlessness cannot be explained on the ground that we have grown so much more wicked that unfaithfulness enters much more largely into modern life. The prevalence of unfaithfulness in our modern novel is probably due to the fact that pestilent French doctrines and practices have invaded our Anglo-American

world. Remembering what we are suffering from the contemporary literature of love, let us be properly thankful for a goodly company of faithful lovers in our Shakespeare, and let us also take courage to believe that Shakespeare is nearer the right view of the facts than the modern French novelist. He presented the world very exactly as it presented itself to his observation, and we cannot doubt that he would have harped upon unfaithfulness if he had believed it to be the rule of life where lovers play their parts. Probably he saw clear.

There are some critics to whom it is the chiefest wonder of Shakespeare's art that he created a throng of human characters, but has given little description of their outward persons. We can only guess whether his heroines were tall or short, fair or dark. He gives us the souls of his heroines, and leaves



From a painting by F. Piloty.

Ophelia.



us to furnish them with bodies at our will. Now and again a hint is given in a general remark concerning a particular feature, as for example when he writes of Portia:

"And her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

I cannot, however, resist the suspicion that this statement about sunny locks was for the sake of the classical allusion; for one of the gentle and forgivable sins of our Shakespeare is that he too much delights in classic fable. Apart from such hints, the outward persons of Shakespeare's lovers are left to be furnished by the imagination of the reader. There is never any direct effort at clear personal description. The reason for this apparent negligence is close at hand,—the greatest of dramatists left his fair and goodly women to be shown in the playing of the drama. They were to appear on the stage and show there their fair faces and graceful figures. Meaner artists sin by superfluity. Shakespeare could not commit the absurdity of describing the personal appearance of a character who is present on his stage.

But this reticence has made infinite trouble for artists who have attempted to paint Shakespeare's characters; and it puts us, who know Shakespeare by reading only, at considerable disadvantage when we would conceive his characters fully, that is, clothed with flesh and blood. And this difficulty is nowhere else so large as when we are shaping out for ourselves the forms of his lovers; for lovers are the least ghostly and the most thoroughly flesh and blood people in the



Katharine and Petruchio.

From a painting by E. Grützner.

is that by delicate touches of his art he has taken a little of the gross carnality out of Egypt's queen. But she remains the least lovable of all these lovely and beloved women. The starry purity of Imogen, on the other hand, clothes the woman on whose portrait our dramatist has expended most pains. We can safely say she was Shakespeare's ideal of a woman. Her we can also see robed in her gentle and gracious innocence and faithfulness. You will search in vain out of Shakespeare or in Shakespeare for a rival of this fair, sweet, pure womanliness.

As for the efforts of the painters, it may be safely said, I think, that there is just one perfect picture of a pair of Shakespeare's lovers. It is the Hamlet and Ophelia by H. Merle here reproduced. Seldom has so much emotion found voice in a pictured face as the artist has mirrored in the face of Hamlet; and this storm-tossed soul crying out of a human face has its fitting companion in the solemn calm shining in the face of Ophelia. These two, are they really lovers? The artist has overmastered our doubt. But were ever

world. The painters, aided somewhat by stage traditions, help us not a little toward definite conceptions of the personal appearance of these lovers. We are confident that Juliet was small in person; that Imogen was of medium stature; that Rosalind was tall and probably had to stoop to kiss the undersized Orlando. One heroine we know a little better because Cleopatra was in existence before Shakespeare was born. His honor in dealing with her



From a painting by Ad. Schmitz.

Portia and Bassanio.

lovers so sad of face and attitude as these? In Ophelia this sadness is deep and resigned and stately calm. In Hamlet the sadness is terrible with the energy of action. We can hear him say as we look upon his awful face, "Get thee to a nunnery." She on the other hand is at rest in her sorrow; while he is clutched in the storm of his. Sadness is the keynote of the picture; but this sadness has its meaning in a deeper emotion. We have here a pair of lovers, after all, somber

and full of intense grief; but this grief is the sense of the cruel destiny which separates them. This sense is a different experience in each. In him it is the shadow on his whole life; a large perception of the hopelessness of hope itself. In her it is a touching and most pitiful submission to a wholly uncomprehended fate, for she does not know the horrible revelations which have made it impossible for Hamlet ever again to enjoy peace. In neither of these two in the picture

is there a breath of desire toward, or a ripple of content in, the other. And yet an unutterable affection is in each mourning face.

The careless reader of Hamlet is apt to miss the large meaning of Hamlet's attachment to Ophelia. The poor lad is broken with a double grief—his father's murder, his murdered love. And as the action moves on to its horrible climax, the pure affection he has cherished for the fair daughter of Polonius becomes one of the instruments of his doom. All might have gone so differently if he had been fancy free when his father's ghost summoned him to revenge. His love, confessed only to Ophelia herself, delays his action, and then through his killing of her father, her insanity and death, and the enmity of her brother, his affection involves himself in the vengeance he takes on the king.

The old sneer, "Who was the woman?" suggests the wider truth that love and woman are seldom far off from decisive and fateful masculine action. Lady Macbeth is at the very center of Macbeth's conception of the murder; and her love for her paltry lord is her motive for taking the horrible burden of complicity upon her nobler nature. The Brutus of Shakespeare would scarcely be so great in our thought and feeling if the loyal heart of his Portia did not win us to admiration of him whom she loved to the death. In this, Shakespeare is beyond his age, perhaps still in advance of ours. He has touched with his magic brush some frivolous and some wicked female characters; but the women whose souls he has set out in full outline upon his canvas were altogether worthy of the noble men to whom he gave them—sometimes altogether superior to these masculine mates. Even in scenes where love plays no part, as in "King Lear," the woman acts the nobler part. Cordelia, mastered by daughterly affection, is the most sensible person in that gruesome tragedy, and withal a sweet-hearted, womanly woman.

The lovers in Shakespeare's plays are as various in their persons and affections as in their conditions and climates. The warmth and volubility of Juliet's love is thoroughly Italian; and who does not know that Romeo is well matched with her in demonstrative devotion? We turn instinctively to Romeo and Juliet for lovers intensified into passion and counting life useless without each other. It is perhaps the simplest ideal of lovers all the world

over, and yet Shakespeare was content to describe this kind of love just once in perfectly appropriate action and scene. The story would have been out of place in an English atmosphere; though doubtless England affords daily just such examples of ardent lovers. Miranda in her guileless and untutored ways with Ferdinand gives us another phase of intense affection. Our artist has caught her in the act of taking or trying to take out of the arms of Ferdinand the wood he is compelled to carry. The incident is homely but how expressive it is! He, the prince, performs this drudgery for her sake, and she, the lady, would share and relieve the burden. There is not here a bit of the glowing and demonstrative emotion of Juliet, but there is a firm quality of feeling and, I may suggest, an intensity which has more staying power than the other. Perhaps the dramatist had chiefly in mind the inexorable law of love—that is to say, that neither Miranda nor Ferdinand could help it. Their love is an innocent but necessary consequence of their meeting in Prospero's isle.

What a contrast to these deep emotions have we in Beatrice and Benedick! There are few shows and proffers of affection, and such as there are are on his part and not too abundant.



Benedick and Beatrice.

From a painting by H. Merle.



From a painting by F. Piloty.

Romeo and Juliet.

She scarcely gives him one sweet word for his own sake, and he is not prodigal of his protestations of affection. They are lovers who perpetually quarrel, she easily taking the leading part. Our artist seizes the moment when the witty and willful girl surrenders to her love, and yet only half surrenders. The pair are well matched: neither would make a lip engagement to die for the other, and yet either might die for the other in fit season. It is undemonstrative love, or love hiding itself by counter demonstration, and yet there can be demonstration enough in other affections; she for Hero and he for Claudio. A common opinion among critics is that Rosaline in "Love's Labor Lost" is a preliminary study for Beatrice in "Much Ado About

Nothing." But surely these two women are quite distinct persons and no artist would paint them alike. Beatrice is large and fair and not exactly good-looking. Rosaline should be of medium height and slender and rather comely in feature. She is no such wit and does not come anything like so near being a scold as Beatrice does. In our artist's portrait of Beatrice she stands so high that the stalwart Benedick seems fairly mated, and her sensuous and not quite comely mouth is open, as it usually is throughout the play.

A much colder type of lovers is Katharine and Petruchio. Indeed it is so cold that the careless reader has never suspected that there was any love lost or in danger of being lost between these two. Our picture presents Katharine in a state of amazement and rage at the energetic displays of Petruchio's strength and vivacity. We should not be satisfied if the artist had given us a fair young maiden face or figure for "the shrew." Her



From a painting by F. Piloty.

Othello and Desdemona.

womanly maternity is an essential element in the character of a stubborn scold. But have we indeed here a pair of lovers? How far we are from the passionate rhapsodies of Romeo and Juliet! And yet a strong and sound affection is the only possible explanation of Petruchio's victory. Let us say that he loves her as a trophy of his bow and spear, and that she loves him because she finds in him what some women if not all women are glad to find,—a master. Any one a little expert in human nature will understand that lovers like these make few love speeches or none at all, and yet are bound together by a very strong bond of loyal devotion.

We could wish that this our picture of Portia gave us a Portia clothed in the beautiful womanliness of her profession of personal unworthiness rather than in the legal robes of a "Daniel come to judgment." The truth is that in combining two or more stories into this play Shakespeare has created two





From a painting by W. Kaulbach.

Miranda and Ferdinand.

**Portias.** This one of the court scene is altogether too wise for the one who humbly says to her chosen lord :

" But the full sum of me  
Is sum of something ; which, to term in gross,  
Is an unlesioned girl, unschooled, unpracticed ;  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn ; happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;  
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king."

But where else has Shakespeare presented this humility in love so clearly? It marks both these two. Bassanio is equally conscious that he does not deserve his Portia. And this sense of unworthiness is the herald and body-guard of every great affection. What a con-

trast does this self-depreciation present to the self-sufficiency of Petruchio and Katharine ! And yet how human is each pair !

Rosalind and Orlando are cleverly pictured by our artist. This seems to me to be one of the numerous cases in which the he is really not good enough for the she. And if I do not misread him, the artist thought so. Certainly she has in the picture very greatly the advantage over the boy she welcomes as a lover. And she is also a well-defined type of womanhood, a type we have not before encountered in this story. I mean a womanhood which stoops to uplift, stoops under the generous impulse of disinterested affection. If the poor lad had been less unfortunate he had been less loved by this gracious woman. Rosalind is a great favorite of actors, I be-

lieve, and how to present her has provoked some controversy. That she is tall and fair and almost motherly in her devotion—just a shade patronizing, if you will—seems clear enough. Surely Orlando is no match for this gracious woman, but worthier men have been less devotedly loved.

No one would be likely to mistake any one pair of these lovers in Shakespeare for any other pair. They are intensely individualized and yet embody universal humanity and express it in unmistakable ways. Not even Romeo is a lover only: even in Juliet the larger nature is unfolded through her personal passion. Setting Juliet aside, these queens of love seem to me to bear no marks of race, but then they are human, they are men and women. English critics profess to find English womanhood in Katharine, Imogen, Miranda, and Rosalind. Their claim suggests that it is as well to be modest in judgments of this kind, and yet I see not why either of these noble dames might not be German, Scandinavian, American, or even French. If we move on through this throng of Shakespeare's lovers we shall find, I think, the same clearly defined individuality, the same broad humanity. Our lovers here in the United States are just like them, as lovers

in all ages and climates have experienced their emotions. The fair Imogen, that lily-white soul of Cymbeline, has no British traits of character. She is just a perfect woman and a perfect wife. Nationality is very strongly imprinted on the face of the Othello of our artist. Possibly the picture is too intense in this respect. It is true that Shakespeare's Othello is dark by express description, but in conduct he is only humanly human; and who could suspect Desdemona of well-defined race characteristics, or who could have guessed what land fathered her if Shakespeare had not told us?

In this pair Shakespeare presents love in two extremes. One of them is inequality of age and of race; the other is jealousy rising to desperation and crime. Shakespeare's treatment of the theme presented by these extremes deserves careful attention. Desdemona in our picture, asleep in her innocent ignorance, is true to the original in that it stirs no strong sympathy. Shakespeare forbore as our artist has foreborne that we might be withheld from deep feeling for the injured woman. It would be a heart-breaking business for the reader if the dramatist had lavished on her the skill which describes the growth and power of Othello's jealousy. He



From a painting by Wm. Hamilton.

Rosalind and Orlando.

gives us a pure-hearted and loyal wife. We scarcely see her soul except as a perfectly pure piece of womanhood. We are drawn away from her to feel keenly the subtle wickedness of Iago and the fierce passion of the Moor. But the mutual and constant affection of the pair is as definitely known to the reader as any event in the play. The diversities of their age and station have been entirely overcome by their affection; but for him, not for poor wronged Desdemona, these differences are still occasions by which the tempter slays them both. It is a human business, very human, but so sad withal that the highest art did not venture to let us into the secrets and sympathies of Desdemona's soul. The whole of a story of a murdered affection would be too terrible to be sung in human ears.

It is not easy to write about Shakespeare without suggesting that he unconsciously

worked out ideals and types of humanity. It is certain that he did nothing of the sort. For the most part he simply told over again stories which other men had told, some of the stories having been told many times by others in many generations. What he did especially well—inimitably well—and he did it unconsciously—was to picture truly the human heart and human life, but only so far as, one by one, character by character, his scenes and personages passed before him. It is quite possible that types of lovers escaped him, and that his view is therefore incomplete. Any number of defects of wisdom might in this as in other respects be proved against him without at all detracting from the truth of his drawing of Ophelia, Desdemona, Imogen, and the rest; and the result is that his is the best book about lovers yet produced in the world.

## YR EISTEDDFOD.

BY PROF. W. W. DAVIES, PH. D.

Of Ohio Wesleyan University.

THE title of this article, like the institution which it represents, is purely Welsh. The eisteddfod is as much Welsh, yea, more, than the Olympic games were Grecian, the horse-race is English, or baseball American. We must not be misled by the comparison; for the eisteddfod is more elevating than these sports and games and has an entirely different object in view: the cultivation of mind, not muscle, the development of brain, not brawn. The words "yr eisteddfod" mean, the session. Being almost entirely literary in its nature, it has done, and still does, more than any other agency to keep alive the Cymric love for ancient Cambrian lore, and to kindle the flame of patriotism in the Cambrian's breast.

It is the most ancient literary institution of Britain, if not of Europe. Its origin, lost in hoary antiquity, is shrouded in mystery. According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the eisteddfod in its present character appears to have originated in the time of Owain ap Maxen Wledig, about the close of the fourth century of our era. We have historic records of an eisteddfod held in the sixth century under the auspices of Maelgwyn Gwynedd, not far from the ancient town of

Conway. From this time on, Welsh history is replete with references to these ancient gatherings of the bards and Druids. And when Wales was formally annexed to England, Edward I. deemed it politic to sanction the national institution by the famous statute of Rhuddlan.

At the beginning of the present century, after a long period of indifference to Welsh culture, a new era commenced in Wales. We now find a new circle of devoted Welsh scholars, filled with patriotism, delving deep into Celtic archæology and ancient British lore. Of these the Rev. Thomas Price deserves special mention. He labored incessantly for the cultivation of Welsh learning and, seconded by other kindred spirits, was instrumental in bringing the eisteddfod, the chief promoter of Cymric studies, into great favor, especially among the nobility, who for the most part were ashamed of, and had lost all interest in, the language and literature of their native land, and who, like their English neighbors, had learned to look with contempt upon everything Celtic.

Mr. Price's efforts in behalf of the Welsh language may be compared to those of Lessing and his friends in behalf of the language

and literature of Germany, when that strange monarch, Frederick the Great, was showing such prejudice against the language of his people and paying such attention to French. Wales can never repay the debt of gratitude it owes to this patriotic scholar for bringing the eisteddfod into favor not only with the people of Wales generally, but with Englishmen and many distinguished men on the continent.

Mr. Price appreciated everything done for the eisteddfod, as if it were a personal favor to himself. His biographer, speaking of him at the Abergavenny eisteddfod, says: "He saw with pride and pleasure, among the assembled company the diplomatic representatives of Prussia and Turkey." The former was represented by one of the most distinguished men of Europe, Chevalier Bunsen, and the latter by Prince Kalomaki, "a descendant of the glorious ancient Greeks." Henry Hallam and H. A. Layard were also present in the capacity of judges.

From that time every national eisteddfod has attracted men of international reputation. Queen Victoria, then a princess, together with her mother, the duchess of Kent, attended the eisteddfod at Beaumaris in 1832. The duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., honored another with his royal presence. Patti, the queen of song, and Gladstone, the "grand old man," often attend. Prince Jerome Bonaparte, Henri Martin, and Comte de la Villemarqué, the most noted of Breton savants, may be mentioned among others



Hwfa Mon.  
Leading bard of the Old School in Wales.

who have represented France at these annual gatherings. Two years ago, Carmen Sylva, the queen of Roumania, delighted the people of Brecon with her presence. Her Majesty was gratified beyond measure with the music and other features of the bardic congress. Last year Prince Henry of Battenberg was one of the royal visitors.

The national eisteddfod continues four days. It is generally held in an enormous pavilion built especially for the purpose. These structures are very large, some of them having a seating capacity of fifteen thousand. The first meeting is always opened with impressive ceremonies by the bards and elect few at the gorsedd, in the open air not far from the pavilion. The bardic gorsedd is a "circle marked off by stones, more or less huge, at equal distances," around what is called the logan stone. The archbard, standing on this stone, after the trumpet has been sounded, repeats the quaint and beautiful prayer, the very words of which, without doubt, were first uttered by Druid lips. The following is a literal translation, robbed however of its original beauty and rhythm:

Grant, O God, thy protection;  
And in protection, strength;  
And in strength, understanding;  
And in understanding, knowledge;  
And in knowledge, knowledge of the just;  
And in the knowledge of the just, to love it;  
And in that love, the love of all existences;  
And in the love of all existences, the love of  
God: God and all goodness.



Dr. Joseph Parry.  
Wales' leading musician.



At this point, the bard unsheathes his sword and exclaims, "The truth against the world," and after a short pause cries out, "Is there peace?" Those within the circle seize the naked sword and answer in chorus, "Peace." The question having been asked and answered three times, the sword is then withdrawn and replaced in its scabbard; and the bard repeating the last line of the prayer proceeds, saying, "In the face of the sun, the eye of the light, I declare the eisteddfod open."

The people now repair to the monster pavilion, which is often large enough to seat from ten to fifteen thousand. The pavilion last year at Swansea had a seating capacity of more than fifteen thousand; and it is said that no less than eighteen thousand persons crowded some of the sessions.

After some preliminary remarks in Welsh verse from the noted bards, and the singing, to the harp, of national songs, some distinguished man delivers an address. It goes without saying that only such as are accustomed to address large crowds enjoy speaking to an eisteddfod. The most noted failure as an eisteddfodic speaker was Matthew Arnold—by the way an ardent lover of the eisteddfod. His effort in this regard a few years ago was extremely ridiculous.

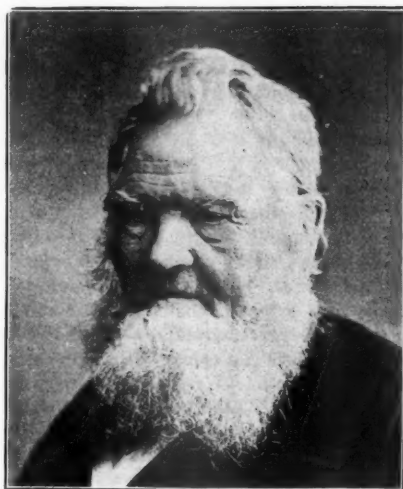
The chairman having delivered the address, the competitions and regular business now begin. Two sessions and a concert in the evening are generally held daily. Every session is opened with a speech, and sometimes with the gorsedd ceremonies.

The chief object of the eisteddfod is the cultivation of the Welsh language and the fostering of patriotism and the spirit of nationality. In order to awaken the love of the people for their language, literature, and music, liberal prizes are awarded to the successful competitors. Most of them are for essays, poems, or music. Prizes are also offered for excellency in oratory, translations, and even in the fine arts, such as painting, drawing, sculpture, carving, modeling in clay, etc. Of late years the more domestic arts, such as sewing, knitting, and embroidering have been recognized. But that the reader may judge of the scope of this archaic and unique institution, and of its ability to adapt itself to modern times, I subjoin a specimen of the prizes which have been offered since 1819 and mostly within the past five or six years:

"The Comparative Merits of the Remains of

Ancient Literature in the Welsh, Irish, and Gaelic Languages," Prize, £87.

"The Influence of Welsh Traditions upon the Literature of Europe," 63 guineas.



Clwydfardd (at the age of 91).  
President of the Druids.

"History of the Language and Literature of Wales," £25.

"The Place of Welsh in the Aryan Family of Languages," £15.

"A Collection of Welsh Folklore in the County of Brecon," £10.

"The Industrial Resources of Wales and the Best Means of Developing Them," £50.

"The Woolen Manufactories of South Wales," £15.

But it must not be imagined that the prizes are limited to literary merit or to subjects exclusively Celtic, for two or three years ago a prize of £50 was awarded for the best translation of Euripides' *Alcestis*, and another of £20 for a translation of "The Death of Hector" (*Iliad*, Book xxii.); another for the best essay on "The Recent Discoveries in Palestine and the Neighboring Countries." The prize given for the best oil painting was £100, and 70 guineas for a model in plaster, illustrative of Cambro-British history.

Instrumental music, the Welsh harp alone excepted, is not in the highest favor with the Cambrians. It is, however, growing more and more popular, and prizes are now annually offered to the best performers, not only on the harp, but also on the piano, har-

monium, violin, violoncello, clarinet, and other instruments. At the Aberdare eisteddfod three years ago a prize of £20 was offered to the best brass band, and of £10 to the second best. At another recent eisteddfod £20 was given to the orchestral band which best rendered Mozart's "Jupiter Symphony." Original music is also encouraged, for liberal prizes are always awarded for both vocal and instrumental compositions.

The number of competitors on the different subjects is sometimes very large. I select the following, at random, from reports of several eisteddfodan. Solos: harp, 3; violin, 51; piano, 52; contralto, 26; baritone, 6; soprano and tenor duets, 12; brass bands, 6; orchestral bands, 2; essays, 3,7,10; translations from Greek to Welsh, 12; englyn (a peculiar Welsh stanza), 16, 26, 68; grand choral contests, 5, 6, and 8.

The reader must not waste his sympathy on the suffering multitudes in the crowded pavilion, for the poetry, essays, and nearly all else are given previous to the eisteddfod, so that the judges can dispose of them in short speeches of a critical nature upon the comparative merits of the competitors; the most of these are merely mentioned, criticism or applause being reserved for the two or three leading ones.

That the judges may be absolutely unbiased in their decision, the correct name of the competitor is not sent in with the essay or whatever the composition may be, but some *nom de plume*. The real name is sent in a sealed envelope to the secretary of the eisteddfod, and is opened only after the decision of the adjudicators has been made public. As for the musicians, with the exception of the large choruses they are subjected to a preliminary test, and only the few of real excellence have the honor of appearing before the entire eisteddfod.

Choral music has made wonderful progress in Wales during the past quarter of a century. Many of those best able to judge claim that Wales has not its equal in this branch of music. Be that as it may, Welsh choirs are not often defeated in their grand choral contests. It is not at all uncommon to have from five to eight choirs of from 150 to 200 compete at the national eisteddfod: thus the beautiful line, "The whole of Wales is a sea of song," is as true as it is poetic.

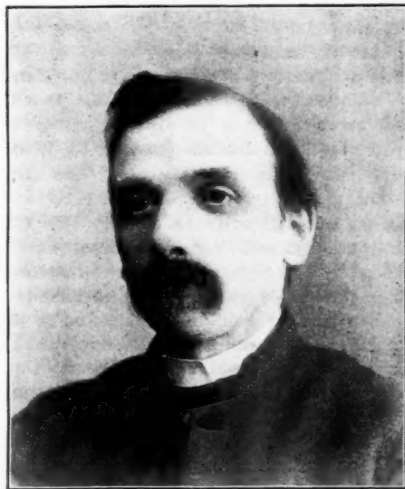
The leading choral competition takes place generally on the last day, often in the pres-

ence of more than 15,000 people. The selections are always from the masters. The following were those at two recent eisteddfodan:

1. "Ye Nations Offer to the Lord." Mendelssohn.
2. "The Lullaby of Life." Leslie.
3. "'Twas then Ye Sons of God." Jenkins.
1. "Hark the Deep, Tremendous Voice." Haydn.
2. "Beloved Lord, Thine Eyes we Close." Spohr.
3. "Vengeance, Arise." Jenkins.

The choirs are allowed to select the Welsh or English words. The prizes offered are never very large, seldom more than about \$1,000, but the glory of success is ample reward to the ambitious Welshman.

A fact worthy of mention is that these large choruses are composed almost exclusively of the workingmen and women of the principality. Few indeed are graduates of the schools or have received professional training. Nevertheless they are trained in the singing and Sunday schools. Besides this, they practice and rehearse for months before the final test. These choirs, divided up into



Dyfed.

Leading bard of the New School in Wales.

sections, may compete for any of the many minor prizes offered to the smaller choruses, quartets, duets, etc., and thus the best singers may realize quite a sum of money.

One who has never attended any of these contests scarcely can conceive of the enthusiasm of the vast audience, spellbound with delight, listening in breathless silence to the waves of melody. The sedate lord and lady join the shepherd boy and coal-digger in their wild applause.

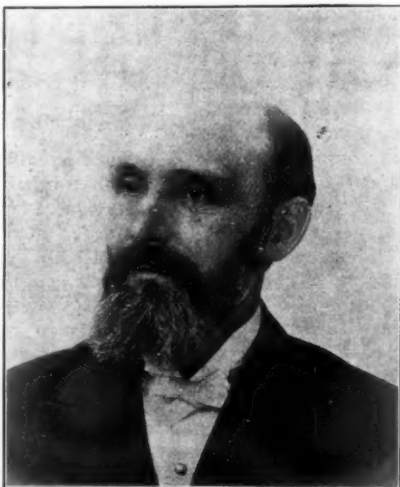
The large choirs of finely trained voices, singing in perfect harmony, keeping perfect time, and changing suddenly with wonderful skill from one key to another and with an expression of perfect intonation fairly electrify the thousands present. American lovers of choral music, sojourning in Wales or England at the time of the national eisteddfod, would do well to attend this musical festival of "Wild Wallia."

Next to these grand choral contests, the "chairing of the bard" attracts the most attention. There is always one prize offered for an ode (*Awdl y Gadair*) of from two to three thousand lines. It must be written according to special rules peculiar to Welsh poetry, which are very intricate. The alliteration must be very prominent. It is useless for inferior poets to compete for this prize, because none except the most highly favored by the muses can hope for success. When the judges read the adjudication, profound silence reigns, and when finally the victor's name is announced the applause becomes deafening, for all are ready to pay their homage to the brilliant bard. The name made known, the band begins to play and the bard is escorted to the platform, where, according to an old Druidic custom, similar to the ceremonies at the *gorsedd* already described, he is chaired and invested with the rights and privileges of the bards of the isle of Britain. A Welsh bard has no higher literary ambition than to be chaired at the national bardic congress of his native country.

One of the greatest poets of Wales—perhaps the greatest—a man thus honored sev-

eral times within the past ten years, is the Rev. E. Rees, better known by his *nom de plume* Dyfed. He is a Calvinistic Methodist minister in Cardiff.

Eisteddfodau on a smaller scale, generally continuing but one day, are held in scores,



Cynonfardd.  
An eminent eisteddfod conductor.

if not hundreds of places annually. It would be difficult to take up a Welsh newspaper, either in Wales or America, which does not contain an advertisement of an eisteddfod. New York City has had one for years, and, judging from the large prizes offered, it must be a great success. Utica, N. Y., Wilkesbarre, Hyde Park, Pittsburg, and many other places in Pennsylvania, Youngstown, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and smaller towns in Ohio, and indeed towns in Tennessee, Illinois, Colorado, and Washington

have had their eisteddfodau. Wherever there is a large colony of Welsh people, there is sure to be an eisteddfod of some kind.

In the eisteddfod held in Pittsburg, Pa., in 1889 the chief prize in choral music was \$1,000, and the second, \$300.

The greatest eisteddfod, considering the amount of money offered in prizes, as might be expected, is the proposed international eisteddfod during the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. The first grand choral contest is for a choir of mixed voices of between 250 and 300. The first prize is \$5,000, and the second, \$1,000, with a gold medal to the two successful conductors. They also offer another prize to a male chorus of between 50 and 60 voices, the first prize \$1,000, and the second, \$500; another of the same value to a chorus of 40 or 50 ladies.

They also propose to make the shores of Lake Michigan famous by a genuine "chairing of the bard," according to the most ancient and orthodox Druidic ceremonies: for a prize of \$500 has been offered for the best alliterative ode, of not less than four thousand

lines. The subject of this ode is "Jesus of Nazareth." The committee, of whom Prof. Ap Madoc of Chicago is secretary, sent a communication to the national eisteddfod of Wales in session last August at Swansea, inviting that body to unite with their transatlantic brothers in America, and hold an international eisteddfod during the World's Fair in Chicago. Wales could not consent, but agreed, however, to send a delegation of bards and others to represent the national eisteddfod and gorsedd.

The benefit to Wales arising from the eisteddfod cannot be easily estimated. Next to the church, it has been the chief promoter of learning and morality in the principality. It co-operates with the church, though in no way connected with it, for the advancement of all that is pure and noble. It has created a taste for literature, poetry, and music among the working classes of Wales, seldom found elsewhere in the same grade of society. Many of the best books, especially those pertaining to Welsh literature and history, can be traced directly to the eisteddfod.

Beyond controversy the eisteddfod has done more than all other agencies combined for choral music in the principality. It is well known that within the past twenty years, the Welsh, more than once, have carried the leading prize in choral music from the contests held in the Crystal Palace, London. It was a great event in the history of Welsh music when a choir of a thousand voices, composed almost entirely of workmen, their wives and children, from the coal mines and iron works of Glamorgan, carried away the laurels, and that, when the best choir in London, largely made up of professional singers, had condescended to enter the lists against them.

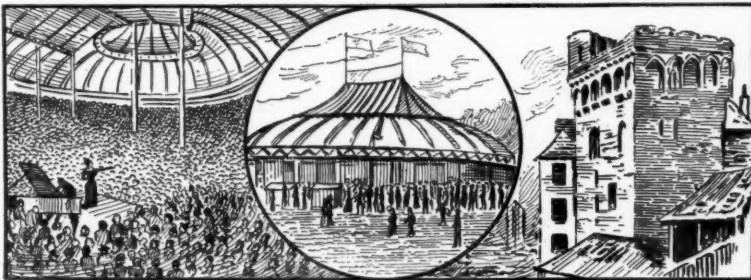
The eisteddfod is the chief promoter of pop-

ular education and its influence upon higher culture has been very great. It has demonstrated to the English that a Welshman can become educated without forgetting his native tongue, a language, by the way, which was gray-haired with age before the Anglo-Saxon was born. During the last twenty years Celtic professorships have been established in many universities. Prof. Rhys, who fills the Celtic chair at Oxford, is a genuine Welshman, and an ardent lover of Cambrian literature and philology. Wales has three well-equipped university colleges; two of these, Cardiff and Bangor, have been founded within the past five years.

Another thing worthy of mention, which fills all Welshmen with hope and encouragement, is the growing tendency of the British government to appoint Welsh judges to preside over the Welsh courts.

Welshmen now, for the first time in many generations, are found in the episcopal office. So great was the prejudice of the English people that even the four dioceses of the national church in Wales had English bishops. To-day three of the four bishops in Wales are pure Welshmen, able to preach in the Welsh language.

It may be too much to claim that the eisteddfod has effected all these changes and reforms; nevertheless, it is certain, that it and the Cymrodorion society have contributed very largely to bring about many radical changes in the educational, judicial, and ecclesiastical affairs of Wales. The eisteddfod has fostered a spirit of nationality in the people, a spirit which unites all classes in one common effort for the elevation of the nation, and it has brought the most discordant elements together on a common platform, free from political and sectarian bias.



Within the pavilion.

The Swansea Eisteddfod.

Adjacent castle wall.



## GLIMPSES OF THE JAPANESE LYRIC DRAMA.

BY MRS. FLORA BEST HARRIS.

MUSIC crystallized in language cannot be translated. Few, therefore, are destined to understand the charm which the student finds in the song of ancient "Yamato." In studying Japan's classical poetry in the original, one is struck by the delicate beauty of fancies embodied in the simplest of versification; but the student who approaches the subject fresh from communion with the master-spirits of western verse, finds a haunting lack of certain qualities, which leaves mental dissatisfaction and a craving for profounder intellectual experiences.

Bayard Taylor's characterization of Japan's islands as the true

"Summer isles of Eden lying  
In dark purple spheres of sea,"

may with greater aptness be applied to the poetic thought of the "Sun-Source Land"; it is a "summer isle" rimmed round with softly flowing waves whose depths, unlike the stormier waters of the Japan seas, are seldom stirred to grand, tempestuous music. One feels the want of an intensely human element among these gentle ripples of song on the shores of fairyland. The melodious voices of nature ring so clear and sweet that the passionate throbs of the human heart are but faintly heard. "Blossom-snow" falls from the trees, nightingales carol among their branches, the deer's—to the Japanese—"plaintive voice" is heard in autumnal woods fringed with fire of maple leaves; silverly the moon touches the white of late-lingering chrysanthemums till it glitters like snow; or dewdrops, jewel-like, weigh down the flowers; moonbeams blend with the flowing river, which sometimes mirrors blossoming branches till ripples seem to rise in tremulous "flower-waves"; but where are the "thoughts that breathe," or in eastern phrase that "cause heaven and earth to tremble"? Even when the poet laments for his dead, the pathos of his singing seldom rises into a passion of agony such as men feel when "the heart beats in the brain."

Whether he is thrilled with grief or joy, love or hate, his song must not grow too in-

tense in its outpourings, nor lose aught of its gentle melody, however rudely the rising tide of feeling may beat upon his soul. His mission is rather to charm the cultured mind of the orient, than to rouse to vivid emotion the heart, which knows neither orient nor occident, in its deepest throbbings.

Among a people whose two centuries and more of peace form only a little span in the history of a warlike race with high ideals of military glory, whose greatest heroes, almost without exception, are warriors, one marvels to find so little of the fire of battle in the notes of its singers. Another thing strikes the western mind strangely; accustomed as we are, not only to idyls of court and king but also to the loves and sorrows of the lowly wrought into song, we wonder that these eastern verse-makers, when they sing of humanity at all, should prefer that type whose smiles and tears are hidden behind the glimmering brocade of palace curtain or beneath the shadow of the "Dragon Throne." Poet, as well as novelist, delights to mingle, even in an imaginary world, in the society of lordly knights and of court ladies with cheeks "the tint of cherry blossoms" and "eyes tender as the waters in autumn."

As one reads some charming rendering of Japanese poetic fancy or listens patiently to some bright-eyed, gray-haired expounder of ancient literature, he grows eager for a new-born singer to arise, prepared to strike a harp of iron, and give to us grand symphonies worthy of the nation and its history, instead of the silver tinklings of a too aristocratic lyre.

Is it too much to hope that the poets of today, drinking from all the fountains of knowledge within their reach, while seeking to preserve intact the beauty of classical Japanese, will create new forms of speech in accord with its genius, and breathe into them the breath of a new life?

Turning from the literature of the earlier centuries, we find the muse of medieval times still under the shadow of the "Dragon Throne"; but a power more potent than that of princes, the "Light of Asia," falls across the page with many-rayed thoughts, for whose

embodiment the poetic culture of older Japan was a preparation.

Buddhism is, indeed, the soul of the lyric drama, whose melodies haunted the Middle Ages; but as the cloister was its source, it is doubtless to the cloister, also, that we may attribute its decay. The philosophy of profound melancholy taught in the Buddhist monastery, could scarcely prove a lasting stimulus to the creative faculty of her poet-priests; even the stranger widely separated in thought from their musings by the barriers of time and race, spite of beautiful descriptive passages, feels the subtle atmosphere of sadness which environs them. As Percival Lowell says of oriental peoples,—"Even now, nirvana has come upon them. Already it has wrapped far-eastern Asia as with a shroud woven of the peaceful, deathlike beauty of the Land of the Day's Beginning, the Land of the Morning Calm." Japan alone has willingly heeded the reveille of modern progress, and joined in the onward march of Christian civilization; for her nirvana yet lingers only amid mountain cloisters or in fair shrines hidden among groves of dark-plumed trees.

Before, however, the spirits of her chief Buddhist poets had found repose upon the lotus flowers of Paradise, they had done a work for the literature of the nation for which, I fear, the "New Japan" is not sufficiently grateful. Spite of monk or hermit dead to the world, and the more unreal presence of Buddhist angel, whose perfume-raining wings float hither and thither, to say nothing of shadowy genii blessed with life's elixir, there is a touch of humanity in the weird old dramas of Buddhism, that enthralles the untutored mind of a western barbarian more than what is termed the purely classical poetry of Japan.

One sometimes wearies, it is true, of the chief thoughts which make the atmosphere of these medieval poems; the evanescence of all things earthly, the unsatisfactory nature of life, the dark Nemesis of past misdeeds, the pilgrim's search for truth ending in the grim lesson, "Life is a dream." These are its favorite themes; but though we may weary of the spirit, the form which embodies it always enchants us.

The Japanese word for lyric drama is, in fact, a word which recalls nothing so much as the quaint Japanese pictures of some ancient court lady in her flowing robes of rich brocade and long veil of falling hair.

E-Aug.

From this vague description the reader may fancy the Japanese lyric muse to be somewhat disheveled; but the reverse is true; for the utmost simplicity is shown in architecture, scenery, or rather, in its absence, and in general surroundings, whenever she calls together true admirers of her art, although she herself floats in rhythmic motion, with voice rippling in sweet cadences untrammelled by restraints of rhyme or measure.

The absence of scenic attractions only emphasizes the literary quality of the drama, which is essentially an entertainment for the learned, the theater proper having been considered, until within recent years, a style of amusement beneath the notice of the more cultivated classes; it must be admitted, however, that while its simplicity appeals to those who love the literature of the olden time, the conventionality of movement and appearance on the part of the performers sometimes seems a drawback to full enjoyment. In rendering one of the most interesting dramas which it has been my fortune to study, the chief character, a lost spirit known when on earth as the "Peerless Jewel-Maiden," wore an impassive face, doubtless a mask, and the splendor of her robes could not atone for the measured monotony of her movements, which seemed out of place, to say the least, on the part of a repentant spirit filled with remorse and craving repose in nirvana. I preferred the rendering given by my enthusiastic "sensei" (revered teacher), without the traditional accessories; and, indeed, in general, it may be said that such is the charm of the poetry, that the student requires but little to aid his imagination in calling up scenes which are "dissolving views" amid a dream-music monotonously sweet.

In the "Rock of Death," the argument may be stated somewhat as follows: It is autumn on the desolate moor of Nasu, with its owl-haunted pines, its wild grasses and frost-fringed chrysanthemums, the home of untamed creatures of the wood; and amid this desolation rises the moss-grown rock which neither man nor beast may touch and hope to live.

"Fierce sweeps the wind of autumn  
O'er Nasu's moorland grim;  
Low burn the fires of sunset,  
And all the world is dim,"

when a pilgrim-friar is seen crossing the lonely waste. Absorbed in spiritual contem-

plation, he gives small heed to the dreary aspect of the waning day, when as he approaches the fatal stone, he is startled by a voice of urgent warning. He questions the unknown, and a phantom in woman's form confesses that for deeds done while on earth, she is doomed to haunt this unhallowed prison. The chorus and the apparition, then, responsively, make known the marvelous beauty of the "Peerless Jewel-Maiden" and her destructive wiles at the palace of Japan's Imperial Lord, and she at length admits that the sinning maiden was none other than herself in human guise. The good priest implores the demon to reveal her true form, and with bitter shame she vows to do so as a penance; whereupon he makes offerings of flowers and incense, performing the solemn rites of Buddhism before the "Life-Destroying Stone." His zealous incantations move the evil genius, as he cries,

"Hence, hence, O haunting spirit foul,  
I bid thee now depart;  
From this day forth reign in thy stead,  
A saint's most holy heart."

The phantom's voice is heard,

"In stones there are spirits,  
There are sounds in the waters,  
Through the wide reach of heaven,  
Rushes the wind!"

The rock is sundered in twain, and amid the glittering flame of mysterious lights, the phantom appears in her true form, that of a fox-enchantress,\* and makes full confession of the ancient woes she had wrought in far India, in great Cathay, and in the Land of the Sun-Rising. She binds herself by solemn oath that though, heretofore, through the dread death-stone, she has doomed men to destruction, henceforth, transformed by sacred words of Buddha's lore, her life shall be unsoiled by sin:

"The bloom of far nirvana,  
Shall guide her to its own;  
For in her ransomed spirit  
The lotus flower † hath blown!"

From the unreal world of phantoms and

\*The witcheries of the fox and the manifold ways in which the animal beguiles men by assuming human or other guise is an old superstition still credited by the ignorant.

†Not only is the sacred lotus the seat of the blessed in Paradise, but the poetic fancy of the east sees also in the heart of the devout Buddhist on earth, a lotus flower, the type of purity.

incantations, we turn to a touching little scene outlined in a drama based on one of the tragedies well known in Japanese history. At the close of the famous Wars of the Red and White Flags—emblems of rival houses—the adherents of the red banner, hopelessly defeated, found a last refuge beneath the impregnable waves; and an unwilling survivor in sanctuary in a mountain shrine, together with the chorus of the drama, is represented as relating the story of the disaster.

"We rose and fell upon the billows of the western deep, and looked in vain for help from ship or sea; gazing upon the waters we did long to drink, and yet, like thirst-tormented demons of the underworld, found no means to satisfy our craving. When turbulent, the mighty waves seemed like to hurl the ship upon the shore, our women raised loud, weeping cries, lamenting even as do the lost, in that dread realm of Hades given up to grievous wailing. . . . So fierce, at length, the storm-winds blew that all our ships refused to face their might, and death seemed near; then brave men of our number, some grasping still their bows, plunged in the deep, and she our royal lady, girding about her form the soft gray robes and silken-white hakama, made ready, saying, 'Though but a woman, I will that never hand of foe shall reach me.' Then clasping the hand of little Antoku, son of Heaven, she hastened sorrowing, to the ship-side.

"Ah, grandmother, whither go we?" asked the little Lord Imperial, in wonder.

"My child," she answered, weeping sorely, 'this is a country poor and mean, beset by rebel-hosts; but down beneath these rolling waves, is a delightful land called Paradise. I will take you thither with me.'

"Why, then, ready am I to go," the little one responded, 'but first, I pray you, let me turn to the east, and bid farewell to the Heaven-Illuming Goddess.'

He worships toward the east, and, facing westward, ten times breathes a prayer to Buddha, the Eternal; then, childlike, sings of that fair capital beneath the seas, of fame unheard before, and all the wonder of the tale, that he in the royal current flowing straight from the great sun-goddess in the skies, should go to reign in realms of ocean. It was his death-song; down plunged the twain, a thousand fathoms in the deep; and I who tell the tale did follow them in search of death, when, woe is me, a knight of hostile Genji's clan upraised me from the clinging waters; and so, ashamed, I live to wring the dew of grief from this my tear-drenched sleeve."

In the suburbs of Tokio, one of the chief

resorts of flower-lovers, is the beautiful avenue of Muko-jima, where clouds of pink and white blossoms, crowning the tall ranks of the flowering-cherry, for more than two miles glorify the bank of the Sumida River, in April or even in March.

The unpretending little temple at the end of this famous avenue has a pathetic history; and the willow outstretching its dark, leafless branches in the grounds comes now more vividly to mind with the winter aspect of the scene, than the spring radiance of the blossoms.

The lyric drama which tells the story is doubtless founded on fact, although nearly ten centuries have passed since it was written; and the temple stands as shrine to bear witness to the simple kindness and piety of "Old Japan," of which the poet sings to us.

One day in that dim past, the people gathered here to join in prayer for a departed soul, when, among the travelers who applied for passage to the ferryman on the opposite bank of the Sumida, there came a demented mother, who had reached the goal of her hopes after long wanderings; for it was to this region remote from her home in the ancient capital, that a cruel slave-merchant had carried her only child. Yet mourning him as lost forever, she sang despairingly,—

"Ah, true the heart of parent  
Is not a moonless night,  
And yet its thoughts are groping  
Without a gleam of light;  
And, like a weary traveler  
Who halts amid the snow  
Of trackless paths bewildered,  
And reck's not where to go,  
This hapless mother questions  
The passers to and fro,—  
'Where is my child? O sorrow!  
My child—dost thou not hear?  
The winds of far-off heaven  
Have voices, and give ear;  
Shall even they be stirred,  
And hast thou not one word?' "

As the boatman conveyed his passengers to the further side of the river, he related to them the plaintive story which had called so many worshipers together. One year before, a boy, apparently of gentle birth, too feeble to drag his tired body longer on the way, had fallen prostrate by the roadside, and, forsaken by the slave-dealer who had brought him to the east country, awoke the tender pity of all the people. He revived sufficiently to tell his

sorrowful tale, saying that he was so sick with longing for his home that he "pined even for the shadow of his mother's hands and feet." Begging that they would make his grave by the wayside and plant beside it a willow as a memorial, the child, after many prayers to the great Buddha, breathed his last. The broken-hearted mother, after minute questioning, knew beyond a doubt that the resting-place of her lost boy was found, and joined the kindly villagers in the memorial masses appointed for the anniversary of his death.

The poet then allows his dreams to blend with fact, and reveals to us how the dead, deaf to the solemn litanies of others, thrills at the voice of his mother as she prays, and rises before her wondering vision; but, when she would clasp him in her arms, vanishes from sight, leaving no trace that he has ever been, save in the long grasses of the moor that wave above his grave. It is said that even to-day the lad Umewaka's memory is held sacred, and, as the time of cherry blossoms draws near, the anniversary of his death is celebrated at the temple of Muko-jima; while the simple country folk declare, when rain falls on the appointed day, that the drops are "the tears of Umewaka."

A specimen of the drama of exquisite beauty, and one which the Japanese delight to have presented before their foreign guests, is called "The Feather Robe." In one form or another its argument has found its way to many western readers interested in oriental poetry; and an enterprising composer is engaged in an attempt to mate the unmusical English of a translation to musical notes.

The scene is the pine groves of Miwo; above their green glooms mingle the lights of dawn and morning moon; beyond the pines freshened by awaking spring and haunted by sweet wind-voices, white waves are seen along the line of shore, but though spring breezes blow, a calm is on the soundless sea.

Soft music fills the air; fragrant flowers rain from the skies and shed sweet odors everywhere; when, amid the beauty of earth and heaven, a fairy, strayed from celestial regions, first learns the meaning of sorrow. Her winged robe, without which she cannot fly heavenward, laid aside for the moment, is found by a fisherman who, at first, refuses to restore the treasure-trove; but at length consents to return it to the immortal on condition that she reveal to him the art of celes-



tial dancing. This she agrees to do and after fulfilling her pledge, and while showers of jewels fall and heavenly blossoms descend from the hands of her sisters in the skies,

"The white clouds touched with silver fire,  
Swift bear her through the moonlit night,  
O'er plains of pine and mountain-height,  
O'er Fuji's climbing crest of snow,  
To where the distant heavens glow;  
Till vanishing from earthly sight,  
Her form immortal veils its light  
In films that blend their pearly mist,  
With yonder plains of amethyst."

One of the finest conceptions of the lyric stage is the story of "Nakamitsu." The scene is laid in temple and palace, and the time is far back in the tenth century; its *dramatis personæ* are a noble lord and his loyal retainer, with their two sons, the abbot of a great monastery, and the usual chorus. Unfortunately I have not seen the original and cannot, therefore, give a literal rendering of the simple pathos breathing through its rhythmic periods; the quotations made are from the poetic translation of this drama, by Basil Hall Chamberlain, the well-known oriental scholar and unrivaled interpreter of Japanese literature.

All that is noblest in the "Yamato-damashii," or ancient spirit of Japan, finds expression in the characterization of the loyal Nakamitsu, who, charged by his lord to slay the son of the house for his disobedience and unruly conduct, substitutes his own well-beloved son. The chosen victim willingly submits, that the letter of the command may be fulfilled; but before the fatal stroke is given, in that supreme moment when a father's love and a retainer's fealty contend for the mastery, the manhood of the young lord himself is aroused, and he begs to die as decreed, while with equal eloquence his youthful playmate pleads that his life may be offered as a vicarious sacrifice.

"Why heed a life my sire himself holds cheap?  
Naught may thy pity do, but sink more deep  
My soul in wretchedness."

Thus cries the doomed lad bravely.  
But proudly the other responds,

"Mistake me not!  
Think not 'tis pity moves me, but a blot  
The martial honor of our house will stain,  
If, when I might have bled, my lord be slain."

The contest between the two young men and between Nakamitsu's paternal tender-

ness and knightly loyalty, speedily ends, and the chorus recites the consummation of the deed.

"But Nakamitsu knows full well that ne'er,  
To save the child his craven heart adored,  
Warrior yet dared lay hands upon his lord.  
'He to the left,' the trembling father cries,  
'Was sure my boy,' nor lifts his tear-stained  
eyes;  
A flash, a moment, the fell saber gleams,  
And sends his infant to the land of dreams."

In the second part of the drama, the reverend abbot of a monastery near Kyoto, still so famed for temple and cloister, seeks the palace of the stern nobleman whose heart has begun to relent since the supposed death of his son and heir. Admitted to an audience, the priest intercedes for the young lord Bijiyo, whose faults have been atoned for by such costly sacrifice.

"Be not agitated, but graciously deign to give me thine attention while I speak. Thou didst indeed command that my lord Bijiyo's head should be struck off. But never might Nakamitsu prevail upon himself to lay hands on one to whom, as his lord, he knew himself bound in reverence through all the changing scenes of the Three Worlds.\* Wherefore he slew his own son, to save my lord Bijiyo's life. And now here I come bringing Bijiyo with me, and would humbly supplicate thee to forgive one who was so loved that a man hath given his own son in exchange for him."

The father's rugged heart melts within him when thus entreated, and the erring one is forgiven.

When the festival in honor of the reconciliation is ended, the young lord again goes forth to duty, accompanied by his priestly mentor; while the faithful retainer escorts his palanquin to breathe some farewell words of counsel in his ear, and, at length, in an agony of desolation takes leave of his dead boy's playmate.

"Forward they're borne; but Nakamitsu stays,  
Watching and watching with heart-broken gaze,  
And, mutely weeping, thinks how ne'er again,  
He'll see his child borne homeward o'er the plain."

In this serious drama, as in others, there occurs a dance by the chief character; but the

\* The worlds of the Past, Present, and Future. He who suffers in this world believes, according to Buddhism, that retribution has overtaken him for evil done in the forgotten life of the Past World.

reader will see nothing incongruous in the fact when it is remembered that posturing is the Japanese mode of dancing, and that a religious dance formed a part of the ceremonies of Japan's primitive faith.

This is a mere outline of these dramatic poems; but in concluding the notes on the subject, the writer ventures to reproduce here a fairly literal translation which appeared years ago in the *Japan Mail*, an experiment which shows, however, that clumsy prose is not the proper vehicle for conveying oriental verse to the western mind.

### THE MAGIC PILLOW OF KANTAN.

#### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ROSEI, A PILGRIM. PALACE NOBLE, bearing  
to Rosei the Elixir of  
COURT MESSENGER. Life.

#### ATTENDANT AND CHORUS.

Scene.—Village of Kantan, So Country, China.

*Rosei sings by the way,—*

Through this fleeting, changeful world,  
Restless, wandering I go,  
Like a dreamer sore perplexed,  
To and fro;

When shall I my dream-way know?

*The same, speaking,*

My name is Rosei, and I come from a district in the Shiyoku country. Though born of mortal race, I cannot yet accept the teachings of Buddha. I am only stupefied and bewildered by them and know not what doctrine to choose. I have heard, however, that in the country of So is a far-famed mountain called Yohizan where dwells a learned and reverend sage, and thither I intend to journey.

*Sings.*—The place where I am wont to dwell I can only see in the dim distance like a cloud-path, and before me rise mountains piled on mountains; but which may be my destined place I know not. I have but this one traveler's robe. Sometimes the sunset hath found me wandering on wild moors, on lonely mountains, or I have slept in wayside hamlet; but, at length, my journeyings draw near their close, for I have, at length, well-nigh reached the village of Kantan of which I know but the name. . . . I have arrived at the village of Kantan, seeking shelter.

*Chorus (representing host of the village inn).*—Rest you here on this magic pillow bestowed by genii in the olden time, and while your meal of boiled millet is preparing, beguile the time with pleasant dreams.

*Rosei.*—This, then, is the pillow of Kantan, well-known to fame, of which so oft I have

heard. This, then, is the gateway to realms of knowledge, and I shall receive in a dream from heaven a vision of my whole life.

*Chorus.*—A gentle shower of rain falls lightly shimmering in the sun, and shelter seemeth welcome although the evening crimson hath not yet vanished; and so the traveler, nothing loth, reposes on the genii's pillow, to view in transient sleep some golden vision.

*Court Messenger.*—Rosei, awake, Rosei awake! I have a matter of weighty import to communicate.

*Rosei, apparently waking.*—What can it be?

*Messenger.*—The reigning emperor of the So Country is about to abdicate the throne in thy favor.

*Rosei.*—Oh, this is indeed something far beyond all my thoughts and expectations, a marvelous thing! Why should I be called to ascend the imperial throne?

*Messenger.*—In truth thou didst, doubtless, never think to reach imperial state, and ride in chariot fair as precious gems.

*Rosei.*—It is even as though I had ascended to heaven!

*Chorus.*—He enters the jewel-like, shining chariot, while in his heart hath bloomed the flower of Buddha's teachings; but knoweth not that all its full-blown joy hath opened in his dream for one brief hour. He marvels that he hath thus become a dweller above the high white clouds of heaven, and deems his estate most blessed and his habitation fair as the luster of clear-orbed moon, and like in splendor to the great Cloud-Dragon Palace, radiant, indeed, as the palace of Abo. Its glory fills the air with light, and, verily, no power of voice or speech can fitly tell its wondrous beauty. Through lofty gates agleam with precious stones, multitudes in brave apparel pass glittering to and fro, and tread the gold and silver sands that strew the palace grounds. How like to the glories of Paradise in its fair capital, built high upon Mount Shumisen,\* and how like to joys of Paradise, the sweetness of my heart's delight. Thus Rosei thinks amid the splendor of his present bliss. Mark how they come and go—the multitudes—bearing thousand, thousand treasures high-piled as tribute-offerings; while thousand, thousand banners float from palace heights and seem to touch the skies, yet with

\* A fabled mountain of the Buddhists, of great height, supposed to be "the axis of every universe"; on it rises the capital of Paradise. This comparison does not reiterate, as it seems to do, the assertion that Rosei was a dweller above the "clouds of heaven," that being merely an idiomatic expression used to denote the high estate of royalty.

their wind-swayed folds sound on the earth like voice of mighty thunderings.

*Rosei.*—To the eastward I rear a silver mountain with shining summit lifted full seven-score feet and more.

*Chorus.*—He causes to the eastward a golden sun to glitter.

*Rosei.*—To the westward I rear a mountain gleaming golden, with summit lifted full seven-score feet and more.

*Chorus.*—He causes to the westward a silver moon's appearing. His palace may well be likened to the Eternal Palace of the Celestial Country. Spring and autumn, rich in blessings, multiply, and youth's glad hours are lengthened. The Gates of Immortal Youth once entered, days and months flit past in long delight. He hath fashioned the sacred precincts of his palace into the semblance of Paradise, and golden eastern sun and white-orbed western moon are symbols of his endless life in palace walls.

*Enter the Palace Noble.*

*Noble.*—As imperial ruler your august reign has endured for the space of fifty years; but I bring hither the Elixir of Life, the gift of immortal genii. Quaff, I beseech you, this magic draft and thus live to reign a thousand years. Behold! Here is heaven's blest gift, Kondzu, and here the jewel-cup, Kongai, that holds the cordial rare.

*Rosei.*—What is heaven's "Kondzu"?

*Noble.*—The name of its ambrosial wine.

*Rosei.*—And what is the goblet "Kongai"?

*Noble.*—The jewel wine-cup of the celestial land.

*Rosei.*—This, then, is Life's Elixir, draft from the dewy wine of chrysanthemum flowers!\*

*Noble.*—If you will deign to drink the potent draft, the zenith of your splendor shall endure ten thousand years.

*Rosei.*—Oh, this is joy-inspiring! Then shall my people live in peace and plenty, crowned with bliss.

*Chorus.*—Yea, verily, yea, verily. Great peace shall compass all the land. Forever and forevermore, its glory shall increase; for seed and source of growing joys is the cup a-brim with chrysanthemum wine! Circle round, O wine-cup rare! As swiftly glides thy current, my flowerlike sleeve that pendent falls from chrysanthemum-gilded robe, clasped first in hand,

waving, turning, ebbing, flowing, glints and glows in rhythmic motion.

*Rosei dances to music, then sings.*—Ah! the white, dewy wine of chrysanthemum flowers in my dwelling. Day by day, increasing more and more, these flowery dew shall thus become a pool of depth profound. This potent gift shall never cease; but is like some ever gushing spring; for though again and again we dip from these ambrosial waters, they do but flow the more; and whoso drinks the wine of the chrysanthemum finds in it sweetness like Kanro, the balmy dew which heaven rains, and his heart grows light within him. He leaps for very joy, and night and day delights attend him. His life is passed in luxury and rapturous bliss beyond which there can be no higher joy.

*Chorus.*—Forevermore, forevermore, from everlasting to everlasting, bubbling brims the spring of pure delight! Through lengthening cycles shall the moon appear to illumine the heavens.

*Attendant.*—Methinks he seems like a dweller in the fair Moon-Palace, whose feathery, cloud-like sleeves wave to the joyous rhythm of his night-long dance and song. With sound of dance and music glides the night away, and now hath the sun arisen clear and fair while yet we deemed it night.

*Attendant.*—The shining dawn appears.

*Chorus.*—We deemed it only day, but lo! the radiant moon appears, and night is come.

*Attendant.*—Yea, verily, the night is come.

*Chorus.*—The flowers have burst in bloom!

*Attendant.*—And now, behold! Crimson tints the autumn leaf.

*Chorus.*—We dreamed the summer sun was shining.

*Attendant.*—But lo! but lo! the snowflake falls.

*Chorus.*—Spring, summer, autumn, winter, flash before our eyes in quick succession. A thousand trees, a thousand plants, appear and blossom in a day. Marvel of marvels! Delight of delights! And thus the time speeds on till fifty years have flown. Verily a glorious vision! But suddenly its splendors dissolve like fleeting drops of dew. Its glory hath flashed upon the magic pillow, then vanished and fled forevermore.

*Rosei, awaking.*—Suddenly have they disappeared—the varying delights of the four seasons circling through these fifty years.

*Rosei*, late absorbed in dream, bewildered rises from his pillow.

*Rosei.*—Ah! Many were the wonders of my vision; but the sweet voices heard within my

\*A wandering peasant once came upon the genii and discovered that from the luxuriant growth of chrysanthemums around them, they procured the wine of immortal life. The phrase "Gates of Eternal Youth" named in a preceding paragraph would seem to render the "wine" superfluous, unless the reader understands it to be an oriental figure.

palace walls were only the low tones of the wind-stirred pine boughs floating through my dreams.

*Chorus.*—The palace with its lofty corridors was but the poor village inn of Kantau.

*Rosei.*—Only a poor and transient resting-place!

*Chorus.*—How long seemed the glory of the vision?

*Rosei.*—Fifty years seemed its duration.

*Chorus.*—How long was the vision in its passage and its flight?

*Rosei.*—While one meal of millet was boiling, it came and vanished away.

*Chorus.*—Wonderful is this beyond all measure!

*Rosei.*—Let us carefully ponder man's estate!

*Chorus.*—Were his life even a century of matchless bliss, yet would it seem but the passing of a transient dream, and how much more the fleeting splendors of but fifty years! It is well! It is well! Man's hope of bliss, his life through fifty years of joy, the majesty of regal splendor, all pass as doth a fleeting vision; yea, all things are like Rosei's dream, which came and went while his meal of millet was boiling.

*Rosei worships.*—*Namu sambo! Namu sambo!* The eyes of my understanding have been opened.

*Chorus.*—If man but rightly consider, to leave the world and seek for Paradise is his best wisdom, and, of a truth, in teaching this, the magic pillow of Kantau hath proved a sage and noble teacher.

Blessed be the pillow of Kantau!

Rosei hath learned that the world and all things in it are naught but the swift flight of a passing dream.

The desire of his heart is attained, and he will return seeking no further.

Thrice worshipping before the genii's pillow, he departs upon his homeward way.

From the pilgrim Rosei's illy compensated search for truth, we turn to the Japan of to-day with its eager quest for all things new.

Religion, the inspiration of the medieval lyric stage, still retains its hold on the hearts of the people; but that form of it known as Buddhism is decaying spite of powerful efforts and apparent revivals. The interest now taken in the drama is almost wholly intellectual, and it is safe to say that few who de-

light in the exquisite word-painting in which the original abounds, ever bow before the altars of Buddha, or make other than esthetic pilgrimages to his shrines.

Japan has been too busy during the past thirty years in assimilating the thought of the western world, to look with vigilance for her future poet of the new era. Doubtless he has thrown away his birthright in the chaos of political life, or is occupied in trying to force the new wine of the present into the olden, poetic forms which sufficed for the past; however that may be, there are still loyal singers who in their modes of song join with "the choir invisible" of Japan in departed ages, and there are young writers of verse bravely essaying to create fresh methods for the gentle muse of the orient.

A literary friend writes me that he has composed a lengthy poem "of a decidedly new style in Japanese poetry," and I await with interest the coming of this new venture in song.

Whether or not the orient must unite in the lament of our occidental prophets over "the decline and fall" of modern poetry, one of the unlearned cannot speak authoritatively; but even a novice may dare to live in the faith that, if all the great poems of the western world have been written, the Sunrise Land, now in the throes of a mighty transition, may yet thrill the world's ear with new melody, when the turbulence of change has subsided. Nature spoke through the Japanese bards of a thousand years ago and more, and their simple ballads touch the heart; the incoming of Chinese learning checked the development of native literature, yet Buddhism, through the lyric drama, made a half atonement for the decay of the old-time music.

May not Christianity now becoming a potent force in her higher development, send such a vital current through the soul of the New Japan, that from a nation passionately nature-loving, some inspired voice may awake the strains of another Thanatopsis—that above the graves, centuries old, of her poet-priests, may arise the singer of an "In Memoriam," or the seer of a "Vision" such as touched "Sir Launfal"?



## RECREATIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

**P**HYSICAL education, or rather exercise, is the subject of the hour. A hundred years of the steam engine and its attendant substitutes for muscular energy have been followed by a reaction in favor of animal manhood, health, joy, and long life.

The eras of religious formation were nearly destitute of machinery; neither Moses, Jesus, nor Mahomet treats in any discourse of mechanics or pneumatics; what wonder that four hundred years of inventions have weakened the theological influences, and that morals should now welcome an athletic revival in the direction of that antique world when the gods, the games, philosophy, and art went hand in hand.

I have looked in vain through the Christian writings for any mention of the gymnasium and the nearest passage I can find is a flat discouragement of exercise.

"Exercise thyself rather unto godliness, for bodily exercise profiteth little," says Paul to Timothy, or "is profitable for a little," as the New Version has it. This was natural advice from a man of one overwhelming idea to a youth set upon his mission in a time and clime of arenas, gladiators, and public games, but, as the wise Moor, Averroes, taught before the day of universities, dogma is the bane of both religion and science, which like two gleaners separately start upon their tasks, each to do an honest day's independent toil.

The Koran, which energized men's bodies for war through their fanaticism, commended chiefly ablutions. The law of Moses, omitting social and athletic amusements, confirmed the Hebrew in his bias for toil and gain and weakened his moral influence while making him commercially eminent and superior.

As civilization advances, the capitalization of life's recompenses through bodily and mental health becomes the earnest desire of those who look back and regret their own defective training in the hope that their posterity will be improved. The knowledge breaking in upon us at the dawn of the twentieth century threatens to wean us from nature's pleasant family to become the dwarfs of the laboratory and the banking house and

make our wealth illustrative of our diseases instead of our manhood and of God's image, which, we are flattered, abides in us. Rather should we, since science has expanded life's compass to more than Methuselah's opportunities, make temples of our bodies where the joys and reason, like graces, may play together and boyhood keep step with man.

To this end I shall sketch the difference between our leaders then and now, in bodily strength and purposeful exercise.

The founder of modern England, William the Norman, was the strongest man in all his host, strongest to pull the bow, cleave with the sword, or swing the mace; the same is related of that other Norman, Robert Bruce; and we may claim the same for Washington, founder of the American empire; according to Lafayette he had the largest hand ever seen on man.

His greatness unquestionably began in his physical superiority. He could leap, throw the bar, run, and ride better than any of his youthful companions, could chastise any man who trespassed upon his rights, spent eight years in the forest and mountains among Indians, and went upon the lands of the French in winter in ice and freshet and there in the forest opened the seven years' war, which involved nearly all the nations and their present fate,—when he was but twenty-three years old. Till he became president he was a fearless hunter and when news was brought to him at fifty-eight of his election, he entertained visitors all day, packed his effects, and rode at evening from Mount Vernon to Fredericksburg, half the night, to bid his mother adieu. Irving relates that this was disciplined strength; that he wrestled and pitched quoits and could throw a stone across the Rappahannock River. He was ardent and frequent in love, rejected, says Bishop Meade, by a half a dozen belles, yet getting the best of women for a wife. He kept, when married, a thoroughbred stud of horses and a pack of hounds and rode in English rig, fox-hunted two or three times a week, shot canvasback ducks as does President Harrison, danced, and attended the Annapolis theater. When he appeared at Cambridge to



take command of his army at the age of forty-three he was so distinguished-looking that Mrs. Adams wrote to John, her husband :

"Mark his majestic fabric ! He's a temple."

Benjamin Franklin told John Adams in London in 1782, "I walk a league every day in my chamber ; I walk quick and for an hour, so that I go a league ; I make a point of religion of it."

To Franklin, then seventy-six years old, Adams replied, "As the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill,' forbids a man to kill himself as well as his neighbor, it is manifestly a breach of the sixth commandment not to exercise."

At the age of sixty-six Franklin wrote to his son from London :

"Exercise to prevent diseases, since the cure of them by physic is so precarious. The *quantum* of each kind of exercise is to be judged by the degree of warmth it produces in the body rather than by time or by distance. . . There is more exercise in one mile's riding on horseback than five in a coach, and more in one mile's walking on foot than in five on horseback ; more in walking one mile up and down stairs than in five on a level floor : this last may be had when one is pinched for time as containing a great quantity of exercise in a handful of minutes. The dumb-bell is another exercise of the latter commendous kind : by the use of it I have in forty swings quickened my pulse from sixty to one hundred beats in a minute, counted by a second watch ; and I suppose the warmth generally increases with quickness of pulse."

Our first chief justice, John Jay, was the son of a merchant who retired to the country when little more than forty years old, and John, being sent to a clergyman bookworm for study, roamed through the woods by New Rochelle and gathered nuts, carrying them home in his stockings, which he stripped off for the purpose ; and when he went to the bar in New York City he asked his father's permission to keep a riding horse.

"His prudent parent hesitated and remarked that horses were seldom eligible companions for young men, adding, 'John, why do you want a horse?' 'That I may have the means, sir, of visiting you frequently,' was the reply ; and it removed every objection. The horse was procured and during the three years of his clerkship Mr. Jay made it a rule to pass one day with his parents at Rye every fortnight."

This testimony of his son is followed by

the information that soon Jay's office work affected his health and his physician advised exercise as indispensable to its recovery. He took lodgings six miles from his office and for a whole season came to town every morning on horseback and returned in the evening. This completely restored his health.

After twenty-seven years of public service Governor Jay retired from public life and business at the age of fifty-six to a sequestered spot which received mail only once a week and that three miles away ; and he lived there to the age of nearly eighty-four, outlasting his admiring and admired friend, Washington, thirty years, and outliving Adams and Jefferson several years. In that spot still reside his descendants, keeping up the name of "country gentlemen."

The country was the joy as well as the affectation of our great ancestors and it is pleasant now as we return to nature for her society and consolations, to see the Frelinghuysens, Blaines, and others raising the new villas which fill the land in the colonial and "continental" styles.

Randall relates that Jefferson's taste for fine horses lasted through his life ; he rode nothing but the Virginia race horse and seldom drove any other, attended races of running horses even when president, and desired powerful, fleet, and tameless horses. His kinsman, Randolph, said, "He rode within three weeks of his death, when from disease, debility, and age he mounted with difficulty ; was fond of solitary rides and never permitted a servant to accompany him ; he died at eighty-three. He often swam his horse through the Rivanna River and went down Monticello's steep notch at a full run." Mr. Randall says that at fifty Jefferson's hair was partly white and he imagined that he had grown old, but adds, "It was but a fancy ; his form was erect and his tread elastic, due to the strict temperance and abstinence which had attended him onward from his youth, and his regularity of exercise in all weather and under all circumstances."

Jefferson wrote himself at seventy-three to Charles Thompson :

"I retain good health, am rather feeble to walk much, but ride with ease, passing two or three hours a day on horseback, and every three or four months take in a carriage a journey of ninety miles to a distant possession where I pass a good deal of my time."

He lived on a mountain and his distant

possession was a lodge near the Peaks of Otter. At three score and thirteen he wrote to John Adams: "Yes, I would live my years over again; it is a good world on the whole." His death was caused by excessive use of sulphur mineral waters.

The American presidents lived in the country till the retirement of Monroe, who, from a long dependence upon salaries and subsidies, went to New York City under a debtor's distraint and died there. The flavor of the country is upon every one of our presidents except Arthur, and he, like Cleveland, was an accomplished fisherman in the northern woods.

In the city of Washington the most eccentric reputation for fifty years as a scholastic athlete was left by John Quincy Adams, from his habit of going into the Potomac to swim. As many fanciful stories are told of him at this diversion I have searched through the many volumes of his Diary to get at the real facts. As he lived to be past eighty-one years of age—his father dying at ninety-one, and Franklin dying at eighty-four—it is well to mention that Mr. Adams had a youth, and thus wrote to his father at ten:

"I love to receive letters very well; much better than I love to write them. I make but a poor figure at composition, my head is much too fickle, my thoughts are running after birds' eggs, play, and trifles till I get vexed with myself."

As life proceeded, Quincy Adams obtained from birds' eggs more joy than from the presidency, as will be seen.

At fifty-eight he was president, made so through the superior increase of the free states, and entered in his Diary:

"*June*.—My rising hour is between four and six. But the bathing season has come and the heat of summer, which renders it necessary to transpose my hours of exercise from the afternoon before dinner, to the morning before breakfast. This I have done for the last three days, taking two morning hours for bathing and swimming in the Potomac. My Diary has been more steadily kept up, yet not without negligent interruption. Incessant and distractingly various occupation continues to fill the space between breakfast and dinner, and most of the evenings are wasted in idleness or at the billiard table, a resource both for exercise and amusement."

The same is the routine now; President Harrison told me that he had never been able

to breathe the morning air out of doors while president unless he could leave the city; the office is like a street letter-box, used night and day, office and residence pitched together like headquarters' tent.

President Adams next enters as follows, two weeks subsequent to the above:

"I attempted to cross the river with Antoine in a small canoe, with a view to swim across it to come back. He took a boat in which we had crossed it last summer without accident. The boat was at the shore near Van Ness' poplars; but in crossing the Tiber to the point, my son John, who was with us, thought the boat dangerous, and instead of going with us, went and undressed at the rock, to swim and meet us in midway of the river, as we should be returning. I thought the boat safe enough, or rather persisted carelessly in going without paying due attention to its condition; gave my watch to my son; made a bundle of my coat and waistcoat to take in the boat with me; put off my shoes and was paddled by Antoine."

In those days, respecting of persons had its free side: here was the most scholarly of our presidents with his clothes in a bundle, like David Copperfield, before a servant who was sleek as an Arab, and a son who was going to contest for the swimming championship with his father.

The incident is thus resumed:

"Before we had got half across the river, the boat had leaked itself half full, and then we found that there was nothing on board to scoop up the water and throw it over. Just at that critical moment a fresh breeze from the northwest blew down the river as from the nose of a bellows.

"In five minutes' time it made a little tempest, and set the boat to dancing till the river came in at the sides. I jumped overboard, and Antoine did the same, and lost hold of the boat, which filled with water and drifted away. We were as near as possible to the middle of the river, and swam to the opposite shore. Antoine, who was naked, reached it with little difficulty. I had much more, and, while struggling for life and gasping for breath, had ample leisure to reflect upon my indiscretion. My principal difficulty was in the loose sleeves of my shirt, which filled with water and hung like two 56-pound weights upon my arms. I had also my hat, which I soon gave, however, to Antoine.

"After reaching the shore, I took off my shirt and pantaloons, wrung them out, and gave them to Antoine to go and look out for our clothes, or for a person to send to the house for others, and

for the carriage to come and fetch me. Soon after he had gone, my son John joined me, having swum wholly across the river, expecting to meet us returning with the boat. Antoine crossed the bridge, sent a man to my house for the carriage, made some search for the drifted boat and bundles, and found his own hat with his shirt and braces in it, and one of my shoes. He also brought over the bridge my son's clothes, with my watch and umbrella, which I had left with him.

"While Antoine was gone, John and I were wading and swimming up and down the other shore, or sitting naked basking on the bank at the margin of the river. John walked over the bridge home. The carriage came and took me and Antoine home, half dressed. I lost an old summer coat, two napkins, two white handkerchiefs, and one shoe. The boat was also lost. Antoine lost his watch, jacket, waistcoat, pantaloons, and shoes. By the mercy of God our lives were spared, and no injury befell our persons. We reached home about a quarter before nine, having been out nearly five hours. I had been about three hours in the water, but suffered no inconvenience from it.

"This incident gave me a humiliating lesson and solemn warning not to trifle with danger. The reasons upon which I justify to myself my daily swimming in the river did not apply to this adventure. It is neither necessary for my health, nor even for pleasure, that I should swim across the river, and, having once swum across it, I could not even want it as an experiment of practicability. Among my motives for swimming, that of showing what I can do must be discarded as spurious and I must strictly confine myself to the purpose of health, exercise, and salutary labor."

This homily is not the least amusing part of this most characteristic description.

But Mr. Adams' records of swimming are continued. He says:

"July 28. I have had for several days a soreness and pain on the right side, the cause of which was dubious; and withal a debility, nervous irritability, and dejection of spirits far beyond anything I had ever experienced, and uncontrollable by reason. I had wished to impute it altogether to the unexampled intensity and continuance of the heat. More than one of my friends ascribe it to my morning baths and swimming. All my experience before has been otherwise; but in the uncertainty of tracing effects to their cause, and the undoubted effect now, my perfect confidence in the salubrity of my practice is somewhat shaken. I swam this

morning nearly an hour, but the pain in my side became so severe and so aggravated by the movement of my arms and shoulder that I determined to intermit both the swimming and the bath for some days.

"29th. As a substitute for my morning bath I took a walk immediately after rising, of an hour and a half, which was more fatiguing than my usual walk and swim of double that time."

The next day he swam only five minutes, but soon records:

"July 31. My rising hour has ranged from four to half-past five. Almost every day I have bathed in the river and swum from three quarters of an hour to an hour and a half. Then read an hour. Breakfast between eight and nine, and receive a succession of visitors till four or five p. m. Dine from five to six. Play billiards from six to seven or eight, and generally retire to bed between eight and nine."

The April following he resumes:

"13th. I have already been tempted by the prevailing warm weather to bathe in the Potomac, but have been deterred by the catarrh still hanging upon me, and by the warnings of physicians, whose doctrines are not in harmony with my experience. I took, however, for this morning's walk the direction to the river and visited the rock whence I most frequently go into the river. It is yet adapted to the purpose; but all trace of the old sycamore tree which was near it and blew down the winter before last is gone."

He still bathed amidst the dead herring and shad till his physicians seriously warned him of the perils of the bath. How strange that a man who had been all over Europe should go nearly four hours in the morning without his *café-au-lait* and roll, to settle the stomach! He began to study fruit and forest trees, made the acquaintance of the flowering dogwood, or *cornus florida*, and planted the trees still seen in the White House grounds. We read the old man's record in 1827:

"As life draws toward its close it loses value philosophically every day, but physically becomes more precious. O, what shall take the place of my morning baths [exclaims this son of parents who turned all his childhood into a book]? My health and spirits droop and the attempt to sustain them by exciting an anxious interest in botany, the natural history of trees, and the purpose of naturalizing exotics is al-

most desperate. I seek this knowledge blind-fold and with an intensity which causes sleepless nights."

He continued to swim, rising this month from a quarter past three to half past four, busying the hours till nine alternately with bathing and swimming in the Potomac, gathering plants and blackberries, and visiting the garden.

There is a disease called ambition and Mr. Adams had it. As Midas touched everything and turned all to gold, Mr. Adams lived too much for intellect, and his eye glazed upon the heartiness of intercourse. He cries aloud, "What shall I do when exercise and reading turn against me?" But Solomon said nearly the same.

Daniel Webster's love of animals went through life. Peter Harvey says that when he lived in Washington he always kept around him some animals to remind him of rural life. He had a cow in his yard and some favorite fowls. He had a number of hens, which he took peculiar pleasure in feeding and watching. He used to come home from the State Department and, finding Mrs. Webster's workbasket on the sideboard, would empty it of its contents and go to the barn to get the hens' eggs and bring them in and talk about them with all the glee and joyousness of boyhood. "This he did every day," says Mr. Harvey. He always had a farm, and introduced among his neighbors the best cattle and horses, swine, sheep, and fowls. In this respect he was like Henry Clay, the most eminent parent of the rich-blooded horse industry at Lexington, Ky., where \$100,000 has been paid in our time for a single horse, or equal to the value of a drove of a hundred negroes in mistaken times.

But all these statesmen were infants in the propagation of horse stock compared to Senator Stanford of California, who has applied science to the native-bred horse till he has sold one for \$125,000, and sends several train loads as good across the continent every year. It was Mr. Stanford who proved by the camera that a fast trotting horse takes all his feet off the ground at once in high speed.

When Daniel Webster lived at Marshfield he kept his own boats, gave the patterns for his boat furniture, and was his own steward. "Whatever he did he did with all his might, and both as a fowler and a fisherman he was remarkably successful, though he enjoyed the withdrawal from society which his boat

afforded whether he was successful in his sport or not. He could there reflect and commune with himself, uninterrupted by any intruder, and gaze upon the sky and ocean, forgetful of all less peaceful things. He never on such occasions, whoever might be on board, allowed any conversation on politics or business; but to any one who could give him information about natural objects he bent a willing ear. He studied carefully the habits of birds and fishes, the influence of tides and currents, and the changes of the sky and winds." Webster's yacht, the *Comet*, was used not only to catch cod and haddock, but to escape officeseekers, who sometimes chased him with another boat. He kept an assortment of guns, each with a name, such as "Wilmot Proviso," and as he waded the trout streams with a rod he composed his orations. He retired early in the country and arose by day or before, and at middle life could clear a great haycock at a run and leap. His favorite sports remind me of his great successor, George F. Edmunds, who has been a fine fly fisher and can cook for the mess. But Hannibal Hamlin came still nearer the Websterian model of a patient and successful pond and river fisherman.

Mr. Webster in childhood was so delicate and his head so large that to these disqualifications to work on the farm he owed his education at college. His mother once carried him to the coast in her arms all the way, that he might have sea baths at Boar's Head. He perfected himself by exercise, and when his sons were grown men would challenge them to wrestle and could easily throw either of them. He took William Pinkney, who had patronizingly insulted him in court, into a private room, locked the door, and proposed to whip him on the spot unless he there apologized and promised to repeat the apology in court next morning. Mr. Webster abused himself with brandy, the penalty of a generous and social nature.

A visitor to Ashland after Mr. Clay had lived there forty years (1844) told that it contained six hundred acres, of which one third was forest park filled with blooded horses and Durham cattle; he liked to be called the farmer of Ashland. In early public life, if we are to trust Mr. Adams' diary, Mr. Clay gamed at the gaming dens, which were the levees of congressmen and officials down to 1861, but as his reputation extended his example became good. The duelist and high



spark of 1812 could hardly be identified with the man of sorrow in 1848.

Travel was the recreation of that remarkable man, Wm. H. Seward, who effectuated the Whig principles of Mr. Clay by throwing out slavery from among them. His delight was carriage riding. He and his wife, a congenial lady of intellectual tastes, went together upon extensive journeys in their own carriage, sometimes taking a parent of each along. At the age of twenty-four Seward thus went to Niagara Falls, and on the way, his carriage breaking down, made the acquaintance of Thurlow Weed, his organizing and executive hand. At nineteen he ran away from his father, who would not allow him the means to appear as a gentleman's son at college, and taught school six months in Georgia. At thirty-two he went to Europe and with his father stayed to Lafayette's country estate, having made a long ride in America with Lafayette. A little earlier he visited New England, and at thirty-five he made with Mrs. Seward the enterprising carriage journey from Auburn to the Natural Bridge of Virginia, to Monticello, Mount Vernon, to Joseph Bonaparte at Bordentown, and back to Auburn with the same horses. He was the lawyer-pioneer of Chautauqua Lake, whence a literary and social influence now proceeds over the whole land, and as the agent of the Holland Land Company settled the region and made the enterprise solvent and civilizing. He explored the west in 1846 to Illinois and Louisiana, went later to all the Pacific states, in old age visited Mexico, and finally went round the world.

American public men of the full standard are seldom either pugilists or duellists, and he who carries arms in Congress or the Senate now is regarded as an unqualified black-guard. Mr. Conkling had some reputation as a boxer, probably exaggerated in proportion to the novelty of a United States senator indulging in such amusements; I never heard of his whipping anybody. His medicine and recreation were driving a pair of good horses, and when he was in strong practice in New York City, I have met him Sundays with both arms extended and his hands clinched in loop reins, colored eyeglasses hanging upon his nose, driving as fast as mud and gravel would permit.

This also was General Grant's recreation, and horses were his favorite topic. He compared a public officer who disappointed him

to a horse he once purchased as having given promise of speed and bottom, but after persevering efforts to bring this horse out he was compelled to sell him to a butcher. Like most soldiers Grant appreciated prowess in animals, whether men or beasts.

Mr. Lincoln in early life had the amusements of the river bottom farmers and the flatboatmen, and was a little disposed to Indian warfare, and even dueling, but time showed him the realities of our continental opportunity for career. A sincere believer in popular government, he made it his noblest diversion to form, combine, and electioneer for the greatest places of politics, and few men have ever been as masterfully artful as Lincoln. The solemn shades of history enfolded him, and in the conflagration of the old tares which had grown up in our system his ashes enriched the experience of our race. He was well known as a story-teller of genius, but he disapproved of billiard saloons as making idlers of the onlookers. In our day a billiard table is a feature of public men's residences, a relief from after-dinner heaviness, and from rainy days.

I recall Lyman Trumbull and Schuyler Colfax as croquet players. President Hayes was a good walker, and once went on a fishing excursion to the banks among the cod and mackerel catchers. De Witt Clinton till he injured his leg—the cause of his death from want of his accustomed exercise—was a sportsman and boatman. Martin Van Buren made the acquaintance of Silas Wright at the upsetting of the fishing boat of one of them on Lake George. Mr. Wright's best exercise was taking a wheelbarrow and wheeling stone and sand for some public or neighbor's improvement.

President Garfield was a perfect boy in his enthusiasms and at a theater would applaud the climaxes like one of the gallery gods; he said to me once, "As a relief from the immense amount of work brought to me in a session of Congress, partly because of my willingness to do it, I have gone back to the day's labor of my boyhood; I have bought a farm, and I go out in the hayfield and fork hay to the top of the hay-load." It was this farm which became the center of his presidential campaign, and that willingness to do the work of others caused him to be seen and admired and nominated. The ceremony and restraints of the presidential office took him much away from nature, and his pathetic



conclusion always seemed to me to be the climax of a false position; the people are often cruel, meaning to be kind.

Presidents Van Buren and Pierce were fond of horseback riding. Mr. Buchanan liked the springs, Bedford and Saratoga, and walked and kept his carriage.

Mr. Blaine once said to me, "I never was a believer in strained exercise, and do not exercise for the sake of it." He broke down his health by writing his long book and by a forced exertion to answer Mr. Cleveland's tariff message upon the following day, thus awakening a gouty transmission from a self-indulgent ancestry.

I sat up with Hannibal Hamlin in the Capitol when he was in his eightieth year, during the proceedings at President Harrison's inaugural; some one sent in a bottle of ale and the old man diluted his with water. I have seen him at sixty-three dance in heavy boots by the hour upon an excursion steamboat when the friends of improving the city of Washington were out on a lark.

Said Samuel J. Tilden to me in explanation of his public seriousness, "I never had any childhood," and I might have added in editorial English, "That goes without saying."

Nothing about him suggested that he ever could have enjoyed the run and jump and ringing laugh of the playground.

Hamilton Fish showed me at his villa a large conservatory full of orchids that he was raising, gathered by our consuls from every land.

It is a singular fact that the only one of our public men who was anxious not to live was that one who might have been expected to dread death most of any,—Aaron Burr. His literary executor said of him. "During the last year of his life [he died at the age of eighty] he became more restive and impatient. The friends of his youth had gone before him. All the ties of consanguinity which could operate in uniting him to the world were severed asunder. To him there remained no brother, no sister, no child, no lineal descendant. He had numbered fourscore years, and was incapable, from disease, of moving abroad or even dressing himself. He therefore became restless and seemed anxious for the arrival of the hour when his eyes should be closed in everlasting sleep."

God pity not those who fear to die, for that is the security of life, but those who fear to live!

## A STUDY OF WORDSWORTH.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

WERE it not that there is no danger of paying too much attention to poetry, especially to great poetry, perhaps we should have enough already concerning the bard of Grasmere. On the other hand, when we read in one of the best editions of the English Poets that "Wordsworth's poetry and his idea of the office of poetry must be traced to the Revolution," we find full excuse for a few words more. The tracings, the domicile, and the dates—these and other kindred matters take more than their share of the critic's attention nowadays, putting into the background the two important points, what does the poet say, and how does he say it? Like Cowper, Wordsworth was orphaned at a tender age, Dorothy was ministering angel in place of Mary, and Coleridge—heaven be praised therefor—is counselor in the place of the Rev. Mr. Newton; it is now stamp-distributing

instead of hutch-building, and again we have a long stretch of years with little reading and a good deal of nature and solitude. It is very well to know this, but with it and much more of the sort we are yet far from knowing the two poets. Better biographical matter will be found by questioning the poets themselves. Cowper answers,—

"I was a stricken deer that left the herd  
Long since; with many an arrow deep infix'd  
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew  
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades."

Wordsworth replies in the opening lines of the introduction to the "Prelude,"—

"Oh, there is blessing in this gentle breeze,  
A visitant that while it fans my cheek  
Doth seem half-conscious of the joy it brings  
From the green fields, and from yon azure sky.  
Whate'er its mission, the soft breeze can come

To none more grateful than to me; escaped  
From the vast city, where I long had pined  
A discontented sojourner; now free,  
Free as a bird to settle where I will.  
What dwelling shall receive me? in what  
vale

Shall be my harbor? underneath what grove  
Shall I take up my home? and what clear  
stream

Shall with its murmur lull me into rest?  
The earth is all before me. With a heart  
Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty,  
I look about; and should the chosen guide  
Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,  
I cannot miss my way. I breathe again!  
Trances of thought and mountings of the  
mind

Come fast upon me: it is shaken off,  
That burthen of my own unnatural self,  
The heavy weight of many a weary day  
Not mine, and such as were not made for me.  
Long months of peace (if such bold word ac-  
cord

With any promises of human life),  
Long months of ease and undisturbed delight  
Are mine in prospect; whither shall I turn,  
By road or pathway, or through trackless  
field,

Up hill or down, or shall some floating thing  
Upon the river point me out my course?"

If these two very different recluses do not  
stand before us now, at a single glance, dis-  
tinctly outlined, the commentators must toil  
on in vain.

"With a heart

Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty,

Trances of thought and mountings of the  
mind,"

these lines are enough of themselves to stamp  
the new man. Strength, joy, imagination—  
here is a trinity of power not found in Cow-  
per. Our solitaires are to devote themselves  
largely to nature; what are to be their  
methods? We are prepared for dissimilarity,  
and most surely we shall find it. We need  
not search further than to catch echoes of  
their voices at the fall of evening.

"Come, evening, once again, season of peace,  
Return, sweet evening, and continue long!  
Methink I see thee in the streaky west,  
With matron step slow moving, while the  
night

Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand em-  
ploy'd

In letting fall the curtain of repose

On bird and beast, the other charged for man

With sweet oblivion of the cares of day;  
Not sumptuously adorn'd, nor needing aid,  
Like homely featured night, of clustering  
gems;

A star or two just twinkling on thy brow  
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine  
No less than hers, not worn indeed on high  
With ostentatious pageantry, but set  
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,  
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.  
Come, then, and thou shalt find thy votary  
calm,

Or make me so."

Thus Cowper; and now to Wordsworth:

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;  
The holy time is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea.  
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,  
And doth with His eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder everlastingly."

The class of composition does not matter; sonnet or blank verse, it is all one to our immediate purpose. In the first quotation a meek votary gives a lovely picture; in the second we have an unsurpassed presentation of evening before we reach the end of the third line, and at the sixth line we come to the informing Presence which lies at the heart of Wordsworth's might, and to the commanding cadence that bespeaks the voice for all time. If Wordsworth, as Arnold says, is not an exponent of the grand style, he abounds in such passages as these, the peculiar grandeur of which are not more than matched by Milton himself. Provided these utterances are characteristic, representative as far as they go of the voices of Rydal and Olney, it seems to us that the sympathetic student—and why trouble ourselves over another?—must now have a clew to their open secrets of song. These test accents well in mind, one is ready for Arnold's essay and selections from Wordsworth; which, in turn, being mastered, there is hope of profit from the poet's complete works chronologically arranged, and presented by the steady hand of Mr. John Morley. In one of Cowper's spirited passages, beginning, "Nor rural sights alone," we see what the sights and sounds of nature do for him; they "restore the tone," they "exhilarate the spirit." With Wordsworth the influence rises to a continuous benediction, to a perpetual revelation of the myriad phenomena of life, of the vast secret

of nature not only but of the soul, one with nature in a union mystic and indissoluble:—

"Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!  
Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought,  
And givest to forms and images a breath  
And everlasting motion! not in vain,  
By day or starlight, thus from my first dawn  
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me  
The passions that build up our human soul;  
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,  
But with high objects, with enduring things,  
With life and nature: purifying thus  
The elements of feeling and of thought,  
And sanctifying by such discipline  
Both pain and fear, until we recognize  
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart."

Now, as before intimated, if we wish to learn how Wordsworth came to break with tradition in literature, in politics and religion as well, how he came to return to nature, to champion free thought and deed, to reassert the native strength and splendor of man, we must not stake all on a date, we must go back of the too convenient 1793. The American and the French Revolutions plus the rupture of all Europe, these combined, are not to be accredited with Wordsworth's poetry. In the very first verses, written at fourteen years of age, we discover the Wordsworth to come:

"The Power of Education seemed to rise;  
Not she whose rigid precepts trained the boy  
Dead to the sense of every finer joy,

.....  
But she who trains the generous British youth  
In the bright paths of fair majestic Truth.

.....  
From thence to search the mystic cause of things

And follow Nature to her secret springs;  
Not less to guide the fluctuating youth,  
Firm in the sacred paths of moral truth,  
To regulate the mind's disordered frame,  
And quench the passions kindling into flame;  
The glimmering fires of Virtue to enlarge,  
And purge from Vice's dross my tender charge.

Here is Wordsworth, pretty green, and fresh from Pope withal, but the very Wordsworth whom revolutions may quicken and strengthen; this and no more. Indifferent to the change and chance of empire, and without asking his country whether or not she would double her population while he roamed among her hills and lakes, Poesy took this child to her heart and ever after held him as her own.

If Poesy knew the boy Wordsworth was hers, the boy was no less conscious of his high parentage; and he never forgot it, as his devotion and egotism abundantly testify. He was a "dedicated spirit," an account of whom was worth hugging fifty years, to be given by his own hand as a last bequest to the world. This boy, grown to manhood, if he sojourned in learned Germany it was simply to continue the work in the English hills, to write poetry; and if honored by a distinguished visitor at home or abroad, acting on the presumption that the best he had, to offer was the right entertainment, he proceeded to recite some of his verses. The egotism in Wordsworth is, after all, at bottom, loyalty to his lineage, faithfulness to the exalted duties of his priesthood. If he depreciated other poets, it was because, as he saw it, they were not of the anointed, they were prone to profane the sacred office. This attitude indicates a certain weakness and limitation, but much more emphatically strength of the purest kind, the strength of sincerity, total absorption, entire dedication.

That Wordsworth's notion of the poet's office is the old notion, grievously besieged, but safe forever, the old notion that the great poet's office is to teach us "how to live well,"—is too evident to demand more than mention; this in order that we may keep in mind the kinship between him and the great sons of song from time immemorial, and rebuke once more the perverse ingenuity untiringly exercised to robe the poet solely as a priest of pleasure. "To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and sincerely virtuous": let the words be posted over our doors, else may we not hope to receive as guests the most august personages of the earth, those attired with the light that never was on sea or land.

In Wordsworth we have sincerity, simplicity, health, strength, the master accent, imagination, and inspiration; enough surely to place him "on a line just short of the greatest of all time." Thanks to Coleridge and Arnold, we can locate him this early; but why is it that he is just below the greatest? An hour's reading in the "Excursion" will answer us. Because, in the mild phrase of Emerson, he is "not always inspired." Didacticism is dangerous, metaphysics is all but

fatal. He is guilty of the obtrusive nudity against which the sure instinct of Keats rebelled; the flower-field is, at times, all stalks; the limit of human endurance is forgotten, and in the place of melody and harmony there is creaking of cart-wheels. Humor is absent, taste is often elsewhere, taste which never quits the fair eternal field.

Wordsworth was not always an artist, and he falls just short of the greatest. "Surely he was not an artist in the strictest sense of the word," says Lowell, "neither was Isaiah; but he had a rarer gift, the capability of being greatly inspired." He was a seer, a prophet, a being higher than the artist, but a being that must be conjoined with the artist if the song is to reach the height of the greatest of all time. Any one of some twenty or thirty of the short poems proclaims Wordsworth a thorough artist in his happier moments; and glad and thankful indeed may we be of the few such moments, the moments that made possible "The Solitary Reaper," or a single one of the choicer among the hundreds of sonnets.

We are not inclined to give much heed to Southey, these days, but his prediction concerning Wordsworth is not of the wildest sort: "He will probably possess a mass of merits superior to all except only Shakspeare." A mass of merits is already his admitted possession. To carry to full fruition the germs that sprouted in Thomson and Crabbe and Cowper, that bloomed here and there in the music of Burns, the genius of them all; to perfect the overthrow of the affectation, the stiltedness, the rule-bound, book-blind monotony of the last century, to enlarge the breathing space of the soul, to make morality and religion more attractive than the pleasures that be for a season; to chant away the barriers between us and the great eternal facts and beauties and lead us by summer paths into the realm of abiding joy; to build a "princely throne on humble truth"; to stock a very heaven with the "simple produce of the common day"; to give us glimpses that make us less forlorn not only, but to make us "heirs of truth and pure delight,"—to do all this is to establish the possession of a "mass of merits," and if any English poet has accomplished this it is William Wordsworth. One might dwell for the length of a volume on the peculiar power of this singer, so isolated as to be described only by the use of his own name; but the few words remain-

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ing shall be devoted to the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality."

Arnold says, "But to say that universally this instinct [of delight in nature] is mighty in childhood, and tends to die away afterwards, is to say what is extremely doubtful." As one rereads the opening stanza or division of the ode, the charge of fancifulness is easily disposed of. A lesser critic than Arnold is, on this point, much the greater of the two. "In nature's most familiar objects," says De Vere, "there is to children something of a miraculous character; and in the childhood of nations a similar fineness of sensibility combined with a similar ignorance of nature's laws, peopled the streams, the boughs, and the clouds with divinities. . . . Wordsworth rests the theory set forth in this ode, not on abstract grounds of reason, but on an experience specially, though not exclusively, his own." The objectors to the truth of this experience speak as if Wordsworth dealt with infancy only, whereas he passes on to youth; and surely the fading of the splendors of youth is no fancy. Again, Mr. Morley finds the line, "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," "nonsense." Mr. Morley can hardly have weighed Wordsworth's own explanation of this line, and we prefer to think that he has overlooked a certain passage in Coleridge. "But the ode," says Coleridge, "was intended for such readers only as had been accustomed to watch the flux and reflux of their utmost nature, to venture at times into the twilight realms of consciousness, and to feel a deep interest in modes of inmost being, to which they know that the attributes of time and space are inapplicable and alien, but which cannot be conveyed, save in symbols of time and space. For such readers the sense is sufficiently plain."

But minor points aside, the "something declamatory" found by Arnold, the "inequality" very plain to Swinburne, the "nonsense" apparent to Mr. Morley—there remains the fact that we have not in the English language a composition with which the ode may be justly compared, the general effect of which is so impressive, which so haunts both mind and heart. At once a dirge and a song of triumph, deep and impassioned, the didacticism hidden under the music and sublimity of expression,—we know not where to look for a better illustration of modern song, of a "profound application of ideas to life under the conditions of poetic beauty and poetic truth."



## THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES AT PARIS.

BY F. DELTOUR.

Translated from "The Chautauquan" from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

**I**N spite of the change of methods, the apostle of deaf-mutes will always remain Abbé de l'Épée, who holds a place beside those benefactors of humanity, Saint Vincent de Paul and Jean Baptiste La Salle, instructors of poor children; Wilberforce, the emancipator of the negroes; and Valentin Haüy, the teacher of the blind.

At the National Institution for Deaf-Mutes in Paris the memory of this apostle is most affectionately preserved, but his methods of teaching have been abandoned. Since 1880 all new scholars have been taught by the oral method; those who had been received before that time necessarily continued in their study as they had commenced. On their departure in 1887 the use of sign language was discontinued. De l'Épée, could he be restored to life, would be the first to applaud this transformation. He himself said once, "The deaf-mutes will be fully restored to society only on the day when they shall be able to express themselves in speech and to read language upon the lips of others."

Why then did he adopt the sign method of teaching? Why did he not set himself to realize the fulfillment of the prophecy of another teacher of deaf-mutes, Rodriguez Pereira, "Henceforth there will be no deaf-mutes, there will be only deaf-talkers"? It was because De l'Épée devoted himself to the instruction of the poor. He had at first seventy-five of them under his care and was obliged to teach them in classes. Pereira had under his care about a dozen scholars, children of the rich, and could devote to each one personally much time.

For these reasons the sign method was adopted by De l'Épée. At his death in December, 1789, it had taken root in France, and was continued after him by Abbé Sicard. Since then tradition and habit have kept the method in force until within these last years, when it has been superseded by the method of articulation.

Thus the deaf-mute has been drawn from his silence. The miracle of the Gospel has been accomplished. "The dumb speak, the

deaf hear,"—or at least understand. We will now follow the course of instruction adopted in the great Institution of Paris and show by what wise progression, by what miracles of patience, those children who arrive at the school almost in the condition of animals as regards intercourse with others; leave it transformed into men.

The requirements of admission at the National Institute fix the minimum age at nine years, and the maximum at twelve. To-day competent judges think that children of six or seven are capable of enough application to undertake the process of this mode of learning. As to the maximum age it would not be possible to extend it. At thirteen or fourteen years of age the organs of the voice and of respiration have become too inflexible to accomplish the execution of the required movements.

As to the physical conditions of admission, a certificate from a physician must vouch for the general good health of the child. It is of the first importance that the eyes should be sound, for upon them everything depends. The certificate must also testify as to intellectual capability. Regarding the last point the admission is positively decided after the aptitude of the child has been tested by a special commission in the school.

Even among those admitted there are some physically very inferior to their comrades, and whose faculties their teachers cannot succeed in developing. These are assigned to special sections and are given the instruction suitable to them, but always by the mode of articulation. They form nearly a quarter of the whole number of scholars.

The limit of the age for leaving the institution is twenty-one years. The curriculum of study requires seven years—sometimes eight are needed. Those who finish the course at eighteen or nineteen can obtain a prolongation of their stay on the same conditions as during the normal years of their education; but the limit of twenty-one in age is never surpassed.

The course of teaching comprises two



periods. The first is devoted to elementary instruction and extends over the first four years. The second embraces all the branches of common instruction that are taught in any school to-day. There is added to this an apprenticeship requiring a practice of five hours a day in one of the following callings: wood carving, printing, lithography, carpentry, shoemaking, gardening. Besides, the little scholars who are not strong enough to handle the tools so many hours a day, are taught, what is called in the institution, manual exercises. These for the first year consist of the exercises or plays invented by Froebel, and requiring cubes, balls, and the different blocks representing geometrical figures. In the second, third, and fourth years modeling and rudimentary work in wood follow. The hour reserved daily for these exercises forms a useful diversion in the regular study, that of articulation and language.

It is easy to divine beforehand the difficulty of this teaching and the demand it makes upon the teachers for patience and kindness. It is indeed the rôle of a mother which a professor must play in this school. At nine or ten years of age the intelligence of these unfortunate children is no more developed than that of an ordinary child at three. "A child deprived of hearing," said Valade-Gabel, a professor in the Institution of Paris, "is not only a child to be instructed, he is a being morally incomplete. When at the age of ten or twelve the deaf-mute is brought to the school all of his faculties are torpid, he has learned no habit of order or of submission. He is ignorant not only of the forms of language, but is a stranger for the most part to all of the ideas which they bring. To teach him to read is to teach him to think." As it is the mother who teaches a child to talk and who quickens its mind, so it follows that the teacher here must stand largely in the place of the mother. Mothers and these teachers both employ various means for developing the instincts, the moral constitution, and the physical organization, such as excitation, activity, imitation, analogy, habit, the acquisition of knowledge by intuition, the culture of the faculties by mechanism, and the properties of language.

This method, justly called the natural method, is the one practiced in all departments of the school. Let us follow step by

step the process of teaching as it is laid down in the book of Abbé Tarra. The deaf-mute on his arrival at school is not only ignorant of all things, but is little prepared to receive instruction. He is lacking in the power of attention and of memory; his mind is inactive, and he is an enemy to all kinds of effort. This is why, in order to teach him speech—an acquisition which requires constant attention, minute observation, and faithful imitation—it is necessary to set him first at gymnastic exercises, in which the eye begins to fix itself, the mind to observe, to apply itself, to reproduce, to compare, to remember the movements, which slowly progress *from the most to the least visible*. He is thus gradually trained to perceive and to reflect the positions and the modifications of the vocal organs of his teachers.

After this preparatory process comes the instruction in synthetic reading. The child is taught first to read from the lips of his teacher the names of some of the most common objects around him; then a few commands, such as, be seated, rise, form a line, go, come; then some modifying words as, good, bad, wise, idle, quick; and finally, his own name, and the names of his teacher and comrades.

All of this teaching is helped along by the use of pictures and diagrams, which greatly assist the child in imitating the required positions of the vocal organs.

Accustomed at length by buccal and vocal gymnastics to reproduce the exact positions of the organs of speech, the teaching of sound is begun; the child is taught to repeat the sounds made by the master. All wrong tendencies are repressed, by appeals made to the sight and to the touch. As soon as he reads and utters correctly one sound, he is made to repeat it until it is fixed in mind. Then he is taught the written symbol of the sound. The master says *a*; the scholar repeats *a* and writes it. In the same way he learns all the vowels and then the consonants. The latter being more difficult to articulate when they stand alone, haste is made to couple them with vowels, and the child is led successively to read, to speak, and to write the first simple and direct syllables, as *pa*, *po*, *pu*, *la*, *to*, *tu*, *fa*, *fo*, *fu*, etc. Then follow these syllables reversed, *ap*, *op*, *up*, etc.; the syllables repeated, *papa*, *popopo*; then complex syllables as *pla* and *stro*, and finally groups of dissyllables. The most difficult

sounds, such as the nasal vowels and the diphthongs, are reserved to the last.

After this method, proceeding by gentle gradations from the easier to the harder steps, the child acquires in the course of the first year from fifty to one hundred substantives and the names of the digits. When this result, which seems prodigious, is reached, there are joined to these exercises of articulation, which will be continued during the whole course, the teaching of language.

This is the second problem, vaster, more complex, and not less difficult than the first. The master begins by teaching the names of the different parts of the body, of the clothing, of objects in daily use, of persons and animals, of the things which are constantly seen by the child. The names of all these objects once learned the next step is to lead the scholar to form a judgment concerning the objects, then to express this judgment. Then he must be taught to ask a question concerning the objects, and to give a command in reference to them. This is the beginning of grammar, a study which is made more simple for the deaf-mutes than is the ordinary grammar, but still one demanding all the general outlines of the subject.

From the visible world the teacher proceeds to the invisible. He uses known things and known words to explain unknown words and things. The effect is traced back to the cause; an act is made to awaken the thought of its consequence; the material leads to the spiritual; the creature to the creator; conscience to law and morality; fact to dogma.

The teaching of speech and language never ceases during the whole course to occupy the first place in the school. Other studies which must necessarily be introduced very gradually, are taken up as follows: for the first year, simple exercises in numeration; the second year, simple addition; the third, addition and subtraction; the fourth, division and the study of money and its value; the fifth, decimals and the metric system; the sixth, the tables and fractions; the seventh, interest and the measurement of geometrical surfaces. Other studies are subdivided in the same way. Geography is taken up in the fifth year and begins with the school-room, extending to the whole building, to the grounds, to the surroundings, to Paris, to France, and thus to geography in general. History also is not begun until the fifth year.

Civil government is included in the course, and ethics and religious instruction.

The method pursued in the instruction is, first a clear and simple statement by the teacher, followed by questions to ascertain if it has been clearly understood; then conversations upon the subject matter; finally a written *résumé* is required.

There remains yet to be described more in detail the teaching given in the professions and the arts. The administration always take into account the natural inclination of the pupils and the desires of their friends, but the right to make the final decision is reserved. To make a sculptor or a lithographer of one who had no talent for designing or of one who had not good eyes would be disastrous. The faculty avoid also as far as possible, facilitating immigration to the large cities of those who have lived in the country or on the seashore. To make of the son of a farmer or a fisher a city workman is to run the risk of making a vagabond.

The products presented at the last Paris Exposition clearly showed the success of the professional teaching of the national institution. Another strong proof is the examination given every year to the scholars who have completed their course. Most of these have no trouble in finding positions in which they can earn a comfortable living. Many of them far surpass the average educated applicant. Printers from this institution are employed in all parts of the country. The large establishment of Firmin and Didot in Eure employs only women printers, and all are deaf-mutes. The success of lithographers is not less marked; several among them are veritable artists. Among the sculptors, many on leaving the institution continue their studies and follow the course of the decorative arts.

The five hours a day devoted to the workshop are sufficient for the professional teaching and leave for intellectual teaching all the time that is required for it.

In the National Institution careful attention is given to physical culture. Gymnastic exercises, long walks, frequent baths, and swimming are held in great esteem but not trapez exercises, pole climbing, and other violent and dangerous forms. The difficulty of giving commands necessarily draws the limits for the students at this kind of gymnastics. In the exercises which they do take, they acquire the idea of rhythm, of sentiment, and of harmony, and they learn atten-

tion, order, and obedience, which are so useful to the progress of their education.

More profitable still and more interesting are the promenades which the scholars make twice a week in groups according to their age and degree of instruction. Sometimes these are for the purpose of visiting the museums of Paris, the expositions of painting, of sculpture, of horticulture. Sometimes a regular study is made at the Palace of Industry, at the railroad shops, at the manufactory of the Gobelins, at the Garden of Plants. Sometimes an excursion is made to the country or to a suburban town, with a stop at the shop of a baker, of a shoemaker, of a butcher, in order to study the instruments of the trade. The teacher who accompanies each group gives them the explanations upon the spot, and requires them to reproduce orally what he has said, and later demands of them written accounts regarding the instruction received. Thus is carried out the same excellent method which is pursued in all departments of the instruction.

The institution itself is large and commodious, well supplied with all the numerous necessary appliances and with a fine library. There are at present more than two hundred scholars in attendance and the number tends constantly to increase. The cost per year for

those within the institution is \$250. For day scholars it is considerably less than half that amount.

In the teaching force the *personnel* is divided into five orders: the titular professors, the adjunct professors, and the tutors of the first, second, and third rank. They rise successively in the line of teaching and are thus gradually prepared for their duties.

The following incident will show to what measure of achievement the instruction of deaf-mutes may be carried forward: At the roll-call of conscripts, the presiding officer saw approaching him after a certain name had been reached, a large well-formed young man, who said,

"I believe it is useless for me to submit to an inspection, Mr. President. I can never pass for a soldier."

"For what reason? On what grounds do you claim exemption?"

"I am a deaf-mute."

"How! You a deaf-mute! You have answered to your name, and are now carrying on a conversation with me. It is impossible!"

"It is only the movement of your lips, as you speak, that I read, Mr. President. I am entirely deaf."

And the truth of his statement was soon established.

## SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[August 7.]

IT was an evil day for Christian theology when Jonathan Edwards called to the aid of the doctrine of grace, imperiled, as he thought, by Armenianism, the doctrine of philosophical determinism. I say this, fully realizing the greatness of the man and the importance of the work he did for theology and practical religion. But I say it deliberately. What Edwards accomplished in staying the flood of rationalistic indifference which was sweeping over America as well as Great Britain cannot be too highly prized. The great revivals which he initiated put a new face on the Christian cause. The renewed currency he gave to the old truths of spiritual religion, and the importance he attached to Christian experience as a real contact of the soul with God and Christ

are least of all in a course of lectures like this to be underestimated. The impulse he gave to theological thought, and the mitigation of some of the asperities of the older Calvinism which we owe to him, have made all succeeding generations his debtors. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, the alliance which he established between theology and a false philosophy was fraught with evil. The damage would have been even greater, had not the real nature of the doctrine in point been partially hidden by the continued use of the old term freedom, though in a new sense. Indeed, there was an unintended and largely unconscious insincerity in the language employed, which appeared most notably in the prevalent distinction between natural and moral ability. It was possible to tell men that they were free when all the freedom conceded

to them was the ability to do as they pleased, a freedom amounting to no more than the spontaneity of the brute.

It seems strange that an alliance so dangerous should have commended itself so extensively to the most devoted and intelligent men in our evangelical churches for more than a century. It is useless to try to minimize the doctrine; it is necessarianism pure and simple. Man is governed by motives, and these are not of his own making. His will is simply a machine which registers the action of the strongest motive. The fact that motives are not material or physical, but spiritual causes, that they are from within and not from without, does not change the matter. The freedom that consists only in doing as we please, not in rational choice between alternatives, both lying in our power, is no freedom. I freely admit that the fact that the ultimate Cause, to which the complicated lines of motives and influences may all be traced back, is the Christian God, prevents Edwards' doctrine from being immediately irreligious in its tendency. But the true outcome of this philosophy is Dr. Emmons' doctrine of the divine efficiency, according to which the good and the bad in man are alike the results of God's direct operation—or, to state the fact more truly, the logical result is some form of materialistic or agnostic atheism. Only the interests of evangelical Christianity, to which this philosophical help was supposed necessary, could have made men, so consecrated and so wise in other matters, hold a view from which the common sense of man revolts.

This denial of freedom, which is so marked a feature of our age, falling in as it does with scientific spirit, and imposing upon multitudes who have not sufficient philosophical training to detect its fallacy and its logical consequences, is a fact full of danger. The best thought, philosophical and theological, of our time recognizes this danger, and is endeavoring to guard against it by the maintenance and vindication of a truer philosophy. It would be scarcely true to say that the majority are at present upon this side. But fortunately such questions are not settled by majorities, but by reason and conscience. It is significant to note how the more thoughtful minds among the theologians who still accept the system of Jonathan Edwards are awakening to the peril which threatens theistic and Christian truth, and are trying to avert it.

Thus, the younger Dr. Hodge, of precious memory among evangelical Christians, declares: "This matter of free-will underlies everything. If you bring it to question, it is infinitely more than Calvinism. . . . Everything is gone if free-will is gone; the moral system is gone if free-will is gone; you cannot escape, except by materialism on the one hand or pantheism on the other."

Well may he use language like this when an agnostic determinist like Huxley asserts his entire agreement with Jonathan Edwards and the orthodox theologians respecting the doctrine of necessity. It is to be regretted that Dr. Hodge is so involved in necessarian doctrine that he goes on to affirm the only difference between the spontaneity of a mouse and the free-will of man to be that the latter acts "with the illumination of reason and conscience." The truth is, in the struggle between Christianity and unbelief, the Christian is placed in a position of inevitable disadvantage, unless he is able to affirm clearly and unequivocally the freedom of the will.

[August 14.]

Again, the theistic philosophy of man declares that he is under law. I have touched upon this truth in presenting the moral argument for the divine existence, in which the fact of a law laying obligation upon our wills is shown to be a reason for assuming the existence of an absolute Will, holy, just, and good. It is of the utmost importance for our present task that we make good the position involved in the assertion that man is under a moral law. Morality and religion are essentially correlated; they are different aspects of the same fact. The attitude of man toward law which we call moral becomes religious when it is considered as his attitude toward the Lawgiver. Morals and religion meet in the law of love: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and strength and mind and thy neighbor as thyself."

Upon this subject likewise we part company with the nontheistic philosophies. Pantheism lays great stress upon the law of right. At first it seems to maintain it with all the reverence of the theist. It repudiates the hedonistic ethics and insists upon the eternal and necessary sanctity of the right as something belonging to the very constitution of things, as inherent in God Himself. But a closer examination compels us to tell a very



different story. The denial of the divine personality and of human personality and freedom characteristic of pantheism vitiates its ethics, much as it contains that is valuable.

Man is only a part of the great process at once divine and natural. The law of right is a natural law, not a moral law in the true meaning of the term. It designates an ideal but does not set up an authority. It points out the course of man's development if he is to realize the germinal moral life in him, but it does not speak to his conscience in the thunder tones of a divine command laying obligation upon a being free to accept or reject. It is no personal Power, but an unconscious "Eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness," in a movement of nature in which it and we alike are by necessity implicated. Such a system gives no true basis for morality or religion. It is, in fact, no permanent resting place for human thought. The history of philosophy shows that it always sooner or later gives place to some form of hedonistic or utilitarian ethics, if not to the denial of all ethics.

Equally unsatisfactory are the materialistic and agnostic systems of ethics. It is sufficient for our present purpose to confine ourselves to the latter. If the absolute Cause is unknown, it is evident that ethics can derive no sanction from that source; such a sanction would imply that the Absolute is holy, which is contrary to the fundamental maxim of agnosticism, that the Absolute is wholly unknown. Dean Mansel, the Christian agnostic, declared that morality might mean something different in God from what it does in man; but he supplemented agnosticism by divine revelation and thus secured a basis for ethics. Unbelieving agnostics, like Herbert Spencer, who will not avail themselves of any such *Deus ex machina*, are obliged to turn elsewhere to find a foundation for morals. Accordingly, they have recourse to the old hedonistic utilitarianism, modified by the application of the principle of evolution. "Conduct is good or bad," says Spencer, "according as its total effects are pleasurable or painful." The pleasure which renders an act good is not necessarily that of the individual, for Spencer recognizes the fact that we are members of society, and makes a place in his theory, like Bentham and Mill, for "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and so for "altruistic" as well as "egotistic" or "self-regarding" motives.

But he says that the "general happiness is to be achieved mainly through the adequate pursuit of their own happiness by individuals; while, reciprocally, the happinesses of individuals are to be achieved in part by their pursuit of the general happiness." Mill had explained the moral sense by association and education. Spencer explains it by evolution and heredity. It is a constitutional instinct resulting from the accumulated experience of men as to the tendency of conduct to produce pleasure or pain, or, what is the same thing, to promote life or diminish it.

But this theory, ingeniously though it has been wrought out by the agnostic evolutionists, fails to explain the facts and affords no adequate basis for morals and religion. The distinctive feature of the moral law is the authority with which it comes. It has for its mark neither the *must* of a law of nature, nor the *should* of a law of expediency, but the *ought* of a higher Will laying obligation upon our wills. Grant that the tendency of that course of conduct which we call right is to secure the highest happiness of the individual and society, or of the individual in society, still why are we *bound* to strive for the attainment of that happiness? It is indeed expedient, desirable, important; but why should it be obligatory? these are questions the agnostic ethics cannot answer. Nor does it help the matter by the appeal to evolution; for granting that the moral sense is inherited, still how did it first acquire this element of obligation? No accumulation of infinitesimal increments of expediency will ever produce obligation. The two things belong to different spheres. Evolution, as we have seen already, breaks down when it comes to man's higher nature.

Moreover, this theory of ethics gives no sufficient foundation for man's ethico-religious exercises. Law should turn us to a personal Lawgiver, a Being whom we can worship, a Master whom we can serve. But here we have merely an unconscious and impersonal law of nature, utterly powerless to command our reverence, our obedience, or our trust.

In the presence of these widely held and utterly erroneous systems of ethics, which reduce the moral law to a name, we need to uphold with unflinching constancy the true doctrine of right, essential to both religion and Christianity. "Right is right, since God is God." The moral law proclaims alike in conscience and in the world about us that



we are under the government of a personal God who would have us holy because He is holy. Conscience is His Sinai in our souls, which flashes out denunciation of wrong, and His Calvary, from which the message of peace and good will comes to us when we are in the way of His commandments. We have not been put into this world to be happy, but to do right. We may believe—and ought, since God is good, to do so—that righteousness and happiness will ultimately prove coincident. But that is an issue which we must trust to God Himself; it is not the foundation of conduct, and can never be made its prime motive.

[August 21.]

So we are brought to another closely related fact which our theistic philosophy asserts and vindicates, namely, that man is a responsible being. He must answer for the use of his freedom in its relation to the moral law; and the answer must not be to an impersonal law, not to his fellow-men or himself, but to God. The immense cleft between the brute and man, which has manifested itself all through our present discussion, here comes fully to light. You can neither reward nor punish a brute in any real meaning of the words reward and punish; it is not a responsible being. The child has only a dawning responsibility. The mature man, standing out in the clear light of his moral responsibility, with the divine law arching like a firmament above him, is an accountable being, since he is free, rational, personal. Our prevalent legislative and legal ethics, so far as it assumes that human law and punishment have for their exclusive object the prevention of crime and the reformation of the criminal, mistakes the truth. Thus capital punishment has been abolished in some quarters, and the whole theory of punishment in many respects changed. But this utilitarian doctrine of responsibility degrades man to the brute's level.

Why should criminals be punished? Because they are guilty; that is, because they are responsible beings and have to answer for the abuse of their freedom. What is human law? It is an expression of the divine law; otherwise it has no meaning. The magistrate is God's deputy. There is no authority but of God; and the authorities that be are ordained of God (Rom. xiii., 1). We are responsible beings and accountable to our Maker.

This opens the way for the consideration of another fact asserted by the theistic philosophy and either openly, or by implication, denied by its rivals: I refer to the fact of human sin. The doctrine of sin belongs to the sphere of natural theology and the philosophy of religion. Christianity throws a new light upon sin and reveals its true character, but it does not first disclose its existence. Sin, as has been truly said, is not a doctrine but a fact. Christianity may be true or false, but still sin is here. It is *à priori* to Christian experience, a fact without which that experience would not be possible.

What is sin? Has it a reality, as the vast majority of mankind have declared in all ages and declare to-day? or is it a mere figment of the imagination? It is of the utmost importance that we should be persuaded in our own minds as to the truth. The theistic thought which I have been expounding gives no uncertain answer to the question. As it declares that man is personal, free, under law, and responsible, so it declares that he is a sinner, and that sin is a breach of the moral law, and disobedience to God. Sin, and the consequent guilt, it recognizes as realities in the moral universe, as certain as the great realities of the physical world. Sin, it declares, is an abuse of freedom by using it in disobedience to the moral law and its divine Author. Guilt is the reaction of the divine wrath upon us when we sin, witnessed in conscience, which proclaims our responsibility as the authors of our sin.

The antagonistic philosophies I have had occasion so many times to mention, all, in some form or other, deny sin. The denial of pantheism is the most plausible and difficult to detect in its true meaning. We have seen with what fervor the pantheist insists upon the sanctity of the right in distinction from the wrong. But his theory, with the denial of the divine personality, and of human personality, freedom, and accountability, necessarily excludes sin in the meaning attached to it by the theist. If God is the source of all things, the ground of all development; if the development of nature and man is an unfolding of what from the first has been implicit in God; if nature is manifested God, and God the *natura naturans*, then what we call sin has its origin in God and is itself in a true sense divine. There is no evading this logic. Accordingly, when we come to look more closely at pantheism, we

find that it reduces sin to an element in the divine process equally necessary with goodness, though not equally good. It is finiteness, it is the outcome of the sensuous nature of man, it is a stage in development necessary for the attainment of a higher stage, it is the necessary converse of goodness—its antithesis, its opposite pole. It is a discord which is needful to the attainment of a higher harmony. In a word, it is divine as well as human, necessary rather than free, only relatively evil instead of altogether evil. And if the evil of sin is relative, so is its guilt relative. Guilt is not the responsible authorship of sin, witnessing to a broken law and a displeased God; it is an illusion, as, indeed, sin itself is an illusion. Let a man get his bearings in the universe, and sin and guilt disappear. The result is the conclusion that sin, "in itself considered," is indeed evil; but that, "all things considered," it is good. Let the sinner once discover the secret and he is no longer a sinner; he is a discord necessary to the harmony, and therefore himself harmonious. This is characteristic of all pantheism; it makes light of sin.

Agnosticism does no better. It has only this advantage, that it does not hide its meaning under religious phraseology, but says right out what it means. Of course it can say only one thing. If right is the conduct which promotes pleasure, and wrong that which promotes pain; if pleasure is conformity with environment, and pain indicates nonconformity, then sin is physical rather than ethical, it is a misfortune rather than a wrong, it carries with it defect and loss rather than guilt. The same thing follows from the determinism which is essential to the agnostic view. If men are not free, then sin does not involve responsibility and guilt. The conclusion cannot be evaded if we admit the premises. Moreover, if the Absolute is unknown, yet the Cause of all phenomena, there is no room for responsibility. In fact, since sin is a phenomenon, the agnostic, like the pantheist, makes the Absolute responsible for sin—if such a shadowy being as the agnostic Absolute can be conceived of as responsible for anything.

The application of evolution caps the climax of the agnostic doctrine of sin; it explains the whole history of the world as a process by which things are attaining greater and greater conformity with their environment. Accordingly, sin is not, as the Cate-

chism has it, "want of conformity to the law of God" but want of conformity to environment; in other words, partially evolved conduct, which in due time, if left to itself, will attain complete development; so that, as a witty English minister said a few years ago, the evolutionary man does not exclaim with Paul, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" but, "O progressive creature that I am! who shall help me to evolve myself?"

All this is perfectly natural and consistent. The agnostic has no choice but to argue as he does. By and by, when he has thought his philosophy through, he must—unless he rejects it altogether—remodel society, religion, and individual life in accordance with this theory, that is, with sin left out. The chief effort of government and individual activity must then be to accelerate evolution, and who shall say what answer can be given to those who do not care to have it accelerated?

For why should evolution be completed? What obligation are men under to acquiesce in this method of nature? Evolution means the "survival of the fittest." That means, in the beginnings of evolution, the survival of the physically strongest. Then, as intelligence gets the upper hand in the struggle for existence, it comes to mean the survival of the cunningest. Finally, it comes to mean the survival of the best, that is, of those who most advance individual and social welfare in the highest spheres. But granting that evolution tends to advance along such lines of beneficent progress, suppose that the physically strong and the intellectually cunning decline to be elbowed out of existence by the morally good. What right have you to insist that men should be good? Has not sin its rights as truly as virtue? or rather, is it sin at all? Why all this pains to get above animality, when animality is, after all, the goal as well as the starting-point? So the evolutionary ethics destroys itself.

Only the theistic view of man, insisting as it does upon the divine personality and relation to the soul, and upon human freedom and responsibility under the divine law can satisfy the requirements of the problem. Sin is not a phantom, but a reality, an awful fact in God's moral universe; and man, the sinner, is guilty and condemned, the object of God's displeasure, obnoxious to His punishments. Sin is the one absolute evil in the universe, not relative in any sense, except

that God permits it and controls it. It is utterly hateful to God, utterly antagonistic to the good, utterly opposed to man's true nature and destination. Every attempt to explain it away or to diminish its evil is based upon error. It is bad, and only bad.

[August 28.]

The theistic philosophy of man also affirms the relation of individual sin to the sin of the race. This likewise is a truth of natural theology or of the philosophy of religion.

As regards this fact, recent philosophical and scientific thought, even in forms in other respects antagonistic to Christian theism, has contributed to a truer view than that which at one time prevailed. Deism viewed mankind as an aggregate of separated and disconnected persons. Its whole thought was concerned with the individual. In opposition to the realistic philosophies and theologies it was atomistic. The traditional orthodoxy, starting as it did from the positions of Augustine and Calvin, was theoretically opposed to this view.

At the beginning of the present century there was a strong rationalistic or deistic tendency manifest in orthodox theology. It showed itself in that prevailing individualism of thought which attained its extreme expression in the so-called New England theology. But the theistic philosophy and the orthodox theology of the present time have returned to the older and truer view, or rather, let me say, have advanced to a truer construction of the old view. We distinguish between the race and the individual, between mankind and men. We recognize the fact that the individual does not live by himself, independently of his fellows, but lives only in virtue of his connection with mankind. The race is an organism, a whole composed of parts which are mutually means and ends, and which together contribute to common ends. Modern science has called renewed attention to the principle of heredity, according to which the child comes into the world with traits and dispositions derived from its ancestors, destined to exert an untold influence upon the later life. In infancy the child is but a shoot of the parent stem; it has no individual life; left to itself it would die in a day; it is wrapped up and included in the parental life. Yet this is the time of strongest impressions, when the mind is molded and receives the shape it is to have

in after years. The child grows and is educated in the family and the school, with playmates and friends, in the church, in society. The most of its knowledge is, if not second-hand, at least shaped by the beliefs and opinions of others. Then, all through life the man or woman is among men and women, influenced by the common culture, the prevalent opinions—moral, religious, professional, business, political. In this intricate network of extraneous influences freedom, indeed, has its place and does its work. The character is, in a true sense a man's own. The great decisions of life he makes for himself. But freedom does its work within limits. The shuttle is shot through threads already prepared for it; the pattern is, to a considerable extent, predetermined. We have some power over our environment, but it has a great power over us. We can never wholly cut ourselves off from the tree of humanity. Like the coral polyps, we are members of a community.

Now sin, the great human curse, has entrenched itself in this complicated and mysterious region of connection between the individual and the race. There is a corporate sin as there is an individual sin, and the individual sin is implicated in the corporate sin. It is not my intention to enter here into any of the controversial questions mooted by the theologians respecting what is called "original sin," nor is it needful for our present discussion to do so. It will be sufficient to speak of the facts concerning which almost all agree. Sin has obtained such a foothold in the race relations of men that every individual of the race who comes to the period of responsible action, abuses his freedom and becomes a personal sinner. We may not be able to draw the line between the general and the personal. We certainly need, in order that there may be room for personal responsibility, to maintain at all hazards the freedom of the individual in his sin. But we know that, as a matter of fact, all sin and come short of the glory of God. The individual thus appropriates the common evil, and what before was not his is thereupon truly predicated of him. His personal guilt grows out of and in turn strikes down deep roots into a race guilt. All men, when they reach the period of reflection, find themselves members of a guilty race, involved in it not only by a process of nature but also by their own fault.

Let it be understood that I am not speaking now of the teachings of the Bible. Our concern at present is with that philosophy of religion which is a presupposition of Christianity, not with Christianity itself. My conviction is that all I have claimed as true can be proved by philosophy, and would be just as true, though certainly not as evident, if the apostle Paul had never written the fifth chapter of Romans or the fifteenth of First Corinthians. I have said nothing of the Fall. This is a doctrine of revelation, at least so far as its historical form is concerned. Speculation is not competent to inform us what the actual beginnings of sin were. The most we can say, looking at the subject from the philosophical point of view, is that man, as made by God, must have been sinless and free, and sinless that he might use his freedom for God; to which may be added that the first man who sinned must have done so by the abuse of his freedom. Here we have what is essential to the doctrine of the Fall, and the most that we can expect from natural theology.

One point, however, in this connection. We have seen how inadequate the theory of evolution is to explain the nature of sin; it is

equally unable to account for the beginnings of sin. Evolution involves a steady progress. The Fall, if it actually occurred, was a break in the chain of evolution which cannot be explained by that law. Here, as elsewhere, the doctrine, so valuable as a scientific hypothesis, so luminous in its explanation of large tracts of natural history, breaks down when it comes to humanity. In man a higher principle appears, which is subject to a different law. Man's animal nature may be the result of evolution; that is a small matter, and few who understand what organic evolution means care much one way or the other. Even man's higher nature may be under the law of evolution, so far as it is subject to necessity. But there are elements there which belong to a higher and different order, and, even in their perversion, must be explained in a different way. Evolution, if it attempts an explanation of the beginnings of sin, must make the Fall a "fall upward," as it has been called. But that is no explanation; it is the darkening of knowledge and the confusion of thought. This natural law does not run on continuously into the spiritual world but becomes subordinate to a higher principle.—*Lewis French Stearns.*

## THE AMERICAN ECONOMIC ASSOCIATION.

BY LYMAN P. POWELL.

*Of Johns Hopkins University.*

THE hero of Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest novel finds compensation for the errors and disappointments of early manhood in the consecration of a ripe and chastened character to the solution of social problems. The latest attempt to introduce economics into fiction is but one of the many indications of that access of interest in economic problems which makes the last days of this century unique in the calendar of civilization. Not by chance but by the inexorable logic of evolution has this widespread interest in economics come upon us. This century will be labeled by posterity an industrial age, in which wealth, not war, occupied the minds of men, and the fittest physically, though not always mentally and morally, survived. Futurity must also vote it an age of social fanaticism, delighting in the reopening of long-sealed Utopias and the

multiplication of devices for extinguishing rather than ameliorating poverty, sorrow, and even sin. The masses, on the one hand, viewing with suspicion that scientific spirit which would despoil them of their dearest mysteries, and, on the other, fleeing from that social despair which Hartmann and Schopenhauer offer, are seeking self-alienation in the hard precepts of Tolstoi or intoxication in the rudimentary millenium of Bellamy. Never were real leaders of social and industrial progress so badly needed as now when every street corner of civilization has its reformer who for a farthing modestly offers to remodel the world. Incompetent as are most of these miniature reformers they have rendered good service by drawing the attention of the wise as well as the foolish to the supreme importance of industrial reforms. They have sometimes pointed out



unnoticed weaknesses in the social system and not infrequently have impeached before the tribunal of honest sentiment unworthy but trusted leaders. Here, however, their mission ends and the political economist must be intrusted with the guidance of social and industrial reforms.

But who is the political economist and why should he be intrusted with social and industrial reformations? He is, first of all, an ardent seeker after the fulcrum of social progress. But he is also the advocate, idealist, educator, of society. He sees that our condition may be bettered without the transformation of human nature. His ideals are not unrealizable any more than are the plans of the architect, for all genuine economic ideals are built upon a clear understanding of existing conditions. The true economist is, indeed, the true idealist, who, in the words of President Small of Colby University, is "not a croaker, or alarmist, or pessimist, but the seer of persistent fault, the prophet of possible improvement, the pioneer of reclamation and reconstruction."

The economist is an educator as well; giving his days and nights to the observation and study of industrial life, to the construction of feasible ideals, to tracing out the difficult path along which public and private effort may lead this weary Titan of modern society up to the ideal. And this he does that he may communicate the results of his labors to the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, and induce all society to enter upon the proper path.

If Ruskin be near the truth when he declares that "moral education is summed when the creature has been made to do its work with delight, and thoroughly," then truly is the economist an educator: for he labors by his teachings to inaugurate a social state in which each nature may have the fullest scope for symmetrical development. Knowing full well that by aimless or ill-judged actions society can never advance, the economist is ever erecting along the industrial highway guideposts to those social actions which have a wholesome purpose.

The proper discharge of the functions of the economist demands more time and preparation than the average man can command. The economist must therefore be chosen by a process of natural selection, set apart and trained for his work. But economic education does not end with the selection of the

economist, for many of the essential principles of political economy can be grasped even by immature minds. Economic education is quite possible for our primary and secondary schools, if we but vitalize them by a measureless infusion of thought material and devote to a study of elementary sociology some of the time given to reading, writing, arithmetic, and grammar. A large part of social physiology is no more difficult, after all, than animal physiology. The law of diminishing returns will be as easily understood by the average child as "Seven from six I cannot take and so I borrow ten." We are learning but slowly, it appears, that mental gymnastics cannot elevate society. The attack made by Herbert Spencer and Frederic Harrison upon existing educational methods originated in righteous indignation at the want of thought material poured into the educational mill. So long have the children of men fed on serpents that they half believe them to be fishes; else the phenomenal circulation—close upon half a million—of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" is inexplicable.

September 9, 1885, will ever stand as a notable historic date in the annals of American economic science. Upon that day was born an association which speedily gathered into its hands the functions of the individual economist and is now the investigator, advocate, idealist, educator, of American industrial life. The American Economic Association is not the lengthened shadow of one man but the legitimate product rather of that *Zeitgeist* which has its own way with the world of thought in this expiring century. The genesis of this truly historical movement leads us back to the anarchical strivings and economic oscillations which culminated in the French Revolution. The waves of economic theory set in motion by that mighty upheaval of society are still tossing restlessly hither and thither. France gave herself up to chaos until Auguste Comte founded the science of sociology. England threw herself into the arms of the Manchester school, from which she has been delivered by the elevated moral teachings of Carlyle and Ruskin; by the scientific sense of Leslie, Marshall, and Jevons; and by the practical humanity of the sweet-souled Toynbee. Germany was the first country to rebel against the pessimism and social despair of the *laissez-faire* economics, and, more than

forty years ago, Roscher, Knies, and Hildebrand founded the Historical School, which added to the deductive method of the old school the inductive, historical, comparative, and statistical consideration of economic problems.

The discontent with the old school found a voice in this country scarcely more than a decade ago. Before the Civil War men came from college believing that political economy was almost if not quite confined within the theoretical limits of free trade and protection, and knowing little or nothing of those more fundamental principles of which these are but logical inferences. The war precipitated new social, industrial, financial issues to meet which American statesmen, for want of proper economic training, were poorly prepared. Then the importance of genuine economic education slowly emerged, and in the seventies college graduates, to whom economic problems and their solution appealed most powerfully, began to turn their faces toward German universities. The advent of "these young men from Germany," as President Andrew D. White called them, who had sat at the feet of the founders of the German Historical School, gave an impetus to economic study such as America had never before experienced. The need of a catholic association designed to promote, direct, harmonize, economic inquiry, and to disseminate economic knowledge was keenly felt. A society was desired which, free from all trammels, should seek truth and ideas from all sources; which should collect, classify, and interpret facts; and which should place before it as an ideal the motto, "To seek light, to bear light, to diffuse light," the aim of all true science.

The first step taken toward organization was the sending of a prospectus containing a statement of the objects and a provisional platform of the proposed association to a majority of those interested in political economy in our colleges. The prospectus met with such a hearty response that a convention was called to meet at Saratoga on September 8, 1885. Among those present at the first meeting were the following gentlemen: Hon. Andrew D. White, President C. K. Adams, Professor H. C. Adams, Professor R. T. Ely, Professor E. J. James, Professor E. Benjamin Andrews, Professor J. B. Clark, Professor Alexander Johnston, Professor H. B. Adams, Professor E. R. A. Seligman, Professor Her-

bert Tuttle, Hon. Eugene Schuyler. Professor Ely, who proved to be the most active spirit in the organization, as he has been since in the development of the association, stated the purposes, as he conceived them, of the proposed association. The provisional platform and the statement of the objects of the association were freely discussed and many different shades of opinion on economic theory were disclosed. The meeting was as successful as its most sanguine advocates could have desired and on the following day, September 9, 1885, the American Economic Association was formally organized. The following officers were elected: *President*, Francis A. Walker, LL.D.; *first vice president*, Henry C. Adams, Ph.D.; *second vice president*, Edmund J. James, Ph.D.; *third vice president*, John B. Clark, A.M.; *secretary*, Richard T. Ely, Ph.D.; *treasurer*, Edwin R. A. Seligman, Ph.D. The absence of selfishness in the management of the association is evidenced by the fact that these officers have served without compensation. Some of them have even contributed liberally of their own funds to the association, although their duties, particularly those of the secretary, have been extremely laborious.

General Francis A. Walker was well known to the American public before the American Economic Association chose him for its first president. He had won the regard of his country by defending her interests on the battlefield; the confidence of statesmen, scholars, and business men by his valuable services as superintendent of the census of 1870 and of 1880; and the admiration of educators by an excellent administration of the presidency of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He it was who more than any other man kept alive the tiny flame of economic research and economic writing during the trying period that followed the Civil War, and his Political Economy has found a place in the curriculum of many colleges and universities.

Professor Henry C. Adams, the first vice president, has for several years served as professor of economics at the University of Michigan, and as statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission. To him we are indebted for clearing away the mysteries and sophisms that had grown up like weeds about public debts and for giving to the world the greatest work on that subject in the English language.

Professor Edmund J. James, the second vice president, is one of those "young men from Germany" to whom the association owes its marvelous growth. He is largely responsible for the founding and development of the Wharton School of Finance and Economy at the University of Pennsylvania. With energy and rare administrative ability he combines a profound scholarship and a pedagogical tact, which have made him one of the most successful of American teachers. No man has been more active than Professor James in engrafting university extension upon our educational system and he now holds the presidency of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching.

Professor John B. Clark, the third vice president, holds the professorship of economics at Smith College. He has devoted himself chiefly to a study of the theory of political economy, and in "The Philosophy of Wealth" he has rendered accessible to the American student who knows no German, the recent views of German economists along with many of his own, concerning value and utility, the two subjects around which the economic battle has of late been waged most fiercely.

Professor Richard T. Ely, who has served as secretary from the beginning, has, according to the *Annals of the American Academy* for January, 1891, "contributed more than any other one man to the success of the institution." After serving for almost a decade at the Johns Hopkins University, he has resigned the chair of economics to become professor of economics and director of the School of Economics, Political Science, and History at the University of Wisconsin. Amid a life of incessant activity as university professor and lecturer, Professor Ely has found time to lead public opinion to higher economic and ethical ideals. It is through his writings that he will live longest. His works entitled "The Labor Movement in America" and "Taxation in American States and Cities" are probably his most original productions; certainly they, together with his "Problems of To-day," have exercised a wider and more positive influence on American legislation than the works of any other economist of the present generation. His latest production, "Introduction to Political Economy," of which an English edition has appeared, is rapidly superseding many of the older textbooks in our colleges and has lately been

translated into Japanese for use in Japanese colleges.

Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, the first treasurer, has from the outset been one of the most faithful and intelligent of the promoters of the association. He is one of those rare rich men who sacrifice personal ease on the altar of unselfish devotion to scholarly research and to the propagation of healthy ideas. Through his lectures on economic subjects at Columbia College and through his scholarly monographs he has achieved an enviable reputation as an economist.

Several other members of the association have been scarcely less active in its advancement than those already named and, like them, have recently made important contributions to economic literature. Perhaps the most original contributions to theoretical economics made by any American since the foundation of the association come from the hand of Professor Simon N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania. His "Premises of Political Economy" has brought him international renown, and his latest production, "Theory of Dynamic Economics," throws considerable light on the disputed question of value. Professor F. W. Taussig, of Harvard, another active member, published in 1888 the best tariff history of the United States, and followed it in January of this year with a monograph of rare value published by the association, on "The Silver Situation in the United States." Other books that must at least be mentioned are Professor Arthur T. Hadley's work on Railroads, and Professor Charles F. Dunbar's treatise on Banking.

The American Economic Association was organized for the attainment and diffusion of knowledge in regard to social, financial, and industrial problems. To this end the cooperation of all persons interested in political and social science was solicited; which accounts for the existence of all shades of opinion among the six hundred and forty-eight members. Here, after the payment of an annual fee of \$3, or of \$50 for a life membership, the clergyman and the corporation lawyer, the college professor and the manufacturer, the free trader and the protectionist dwell together. The association is permitted by its constitution to bestow honorary membership upon distinguished foreign economists, not exceeding twenty-five in number. The list of honorary members includes such important

names as Wagner, Roscher, Knies, Conrad, Cohn, Böhm-Bawerk, De Laveleye, Leroy-Beaulieu, and Marshall. A pledge against partisanship in economic research was given by the appointment of standing committees composed of men holding various phases of economic theory, for the special study of such topics as the normal working day, municipal finance, the silver question, and rent in the United States. The superintendence of the general interests of the association, the preparation of programs, and the election of officers were intrusted to a council chosen for three years.

The objects of the association are thus set forth in the constitution :

1. The encouragement of economic research, especially the historical and statistical study of the actual conditions of industrial life.
2. The publication of economic monographs.
3. The encouragement of perfect freedom of economic discussion. The association, as such, will take no partisan attitude, nor will it commit its members to any position on practical economic questions.
4. The establishment of a bureau of information designed to aid members in their economic studies.

The constitution contained also, at first, a statement of principles which practically committed the association to the tenets of the so-called "New School." The statement was withdrawn, however, in 1888, and the door was opened far enough to admit even the matchlessly logical Ricardo, who, Jevons tells us, "shunted the car of economic science onto a wrong line."

The American Economic Association has not yet passed its seventh birthday but its growth rivals in rapidity that of Virgil's famous monster, Rumor. Before the end of the first year 200 members were enrolled; before the end of the second year, 300; and before the close of the third year, 450. At the beginning of the sixth year there were some 600 members, and now there are 650 names on the list. But quantity, however important, is of less importance in this organization than quality of membership; which appears in the published list of names, including nearly all the economists of note in this country and some of the best in foreign lands. Since the organization, three meetings have been held, one at Boston and Cambridge, May 21-25, 1887; one at Philadelphia, December 26-29,

1888; the latest at Washington, December 26-30, 1890.

The next meeting will be held at Chautauqua, August 23-26, 1892.

The time is not yet ripe to attempt a reliable estimate of the good results of this important movement in the history of economic science. All its good works will probably never come to light, for the qualitative element enters, to no small degree, into the valuation of such movements. But there are, in its brief history, certain great landmarks which need only be pointed out in order to be clearly seen. It has, first of all, prevented the formation in this country of that crust on economic thought, to which Mr. Bagehot declares human development peculiarly liable at certain stages. In every quarter of the civilized world, the association has stimulated thought and aroused interest in economics. Before 1885, very few of our colleges placed economics on an equality with other departments of scientific study. Now it is bad form not to do so, and at the Johns Hopkins and the University of Pennsylvania no study is more popular than economics. In many quarters the association has brought kindred minds into fruitful contact, and has led to the organization of independent associations abroad and of branch associations at home.

It is no small tribute to the success of the American Economic Association that three national associations on the other side of the world acknowledge that from it they received the impulse which gave them existence. The first of these was the Australian Economic Association, organized at Sidney in 1887, and represented in the journalistic world by an official organ, the *Australian Economist*. Far-away Japan soon followed the example of her neighbor and a flourishing association is the result.

To Americans it may justly be a ground of satisfaction that the most important of these foreign associations, the British Economic Association, organized November 20, 1890, agreed unanimously at the first meeting to organize itself upon the model of its American contemporary. The British Economic Association has for its first president no less an economist and statesman than the Right Hon. George J. Goschen, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer; for vice president, another distinguished member of Parliament, the Right Hon. Leonard Courtney, whose



views on the economic aspects of all questions have great weight; and for secretary and editor of its publications, Professor F. Y. Edgeworth, one of the most original and learned of living economists. Among the members, who by the way include nearly all of the eminent British economists, are such men as Mr. Charles Booth, Professor Ingram, Mr. Keynes, Professor Marshall, and Mr. Robert Giffen. The official organ of the association, the *Economic Journal*, is published quarterly and has already obtained abundant recognition.

At home, the American Economic Association has, in the fullest degree, obeyed the scriptural injunction to increase and multiply. The first branch association was organized in January, 1886, at Springfield, Massachusetts, and was soon followed by associations organized at Buffalo, New York; Galesburg, Illinois; Austin, Texas; and elsewhere; and the Southwestern Association in Kansas and Missouri. The members, of whom there are now more than 150, meet regularly for study and discussion and to hear an occasional lecture from economists of note. Like the members of the association at large, they pay an annual fee of \$3, one half of which goes into the general treasury, and are entitled to the publications of the association. Certain unavoidable difficulties have been experienced; such as the lack of competent lecturers on economic topics, the difficulty of securing the few who are qualified to speak, and the obstacles to continuity in study. Still these branches have met with considerable success directly and much success indirectly, and with age and increasing experience they will learn how to solve the problems peculiar to their genesis and growth.

The American Economic Association has found its publications one of the best avenues to the public mind and through them it has shed a flood of light upon many an intricate social and political question. These monographs, six of which appear annually, are furnished gratuitously to members. Under the editorship of Professor Ely, they have attained a place among the greatest American contributions to theoretical and applied economics. Some of them have become textbooks in our colleges, and more than one has influenced municipal and state legislation. It was the facts and theories presented by Professor Edmund J. James in "The Relation of the Modern Municipality to the Gas Sup-

ply," that saved the city of Philadelphia from the costly blunder of abandoning her gas-works to a political ring. Another monograph of quite as much importance is that by Professor Henry C. Adams, entitled, "Relation of the State to Industrial Action"; which, if not the final, is at any rate the best word said in English in regard to the industrial functions of the state. These monographs, and a score or more of their companions, have gained international renown, and the demand for them, both in this country and in Europe, is gradually increasing.

In still another way the American Economic Association has promoted economic research and at the same time justified its claims to international confidence. The stimulation of study in colleges by means of prizes is of doubtful expediency. But no better way has been devised to enkindle the enthusiasm and direct the energies of embryonic economists, outside as well as inside college walls, than the establishment of prizes to be offered by the association. Five prizes have thus far been offered. A prize of \$150, presented by the journal *America*, was awarded to Mr. Richard D. Lang, of Baltimore, for the best essay on "The Evils of Unrestricted Immigration." Through the generosity of Mrs. John Armstrong Chanler (Amélie Rives) the association was enabled to offer a prize of \$100 for the best essay on "Child Labor." This prize was divided between Miss Clare de Graffenried and Mr. W. F. Willoughby, both of Washington. For the best two essays on "Women Wage-Earners" a prize of \$500 was offered. The first prize, of \$300, was awarded to Miss de Graffenried; the second, of \$200, to Mrs. Helen Campbell, the well-known author of "Prisoners of Poverty." Thomas G. Shearman, Esq., of Brooklyn, offered \$250 for the best essay on "State and Local Taxation in the United States." This prize was awarded in February of the present year, to Mr. S. M. Dick, recently a student of economics at Ann Arbor, Michigan. Prizes of \$300 for the first best essay and \$200 for the second best essay on "The Housing of the Poor in Cities" were awarded in April. Mr. Marcus T. Reynolds, a graduate of Williams College and at present a student of architecture at Columbia, received the first prize; Mr. W. F. Willoughby the second.

The American Economic Association appeals to all thoughtful men and women who

believe in the existence of a social problem, which is in reality that of unjoined human relations, and who would unite in its solution. To manufacturers it appeals with peculiar force because one of its dearest objects is so to illuminate the relations of labor and capital as to render impossible those disastrous mistakes which have despoiled capital and labor alike of honest earnings. Though it is already one of the largest scientific associations in the country, the doors stand wide open and it would gladly welcome all men and women who have a wholesome and intelligent interest in the social problem. For the next meeting an unusually interesting program is in course of preparation and a visitor to Chautauqua this summer who fails to learn more about this important scientific body than this article has taught him will have missed a rare opportunity.

The future of the American Economic Asso-

ciation is assured no less by its large list of members, including prominent manufacturers, eminent lawyers, celebrated journalists, distinguished clergymen, and learned professors in all the important colleges and universities in the country, than by its recognition and declaration that the function of the economist is to teach society how to supplement, direct, even enslave nature, and not, as Hobbes and Rousseau taught, to live in harmony with her.

"Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more,

And in that *more* lie all his hopes of good.

Nature is cruel, man is sick of blood ;

Nature is stubborn, man would fain adore ;

Nature is fickle, man hath need of rest ;

Nature forgives no debt, and fears no grave ;

Man would be mild, and with safe conscience blest.

Man must begin, know this, where Nature ends ;

Nature and man can never be fast friends."

## THE EMIGRANT'S UNHAPPY PREDICAMENT.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

Of Columbia College.

SOME years ago, a Norwegian who had spent twenty years in the United States and amassed a moderate fortune, came to me and announced that he was going back to Norway.

"For a visit?" I remarked interrogatively.

"No," he replied, with a jubilant force of conviction, "I am going for good. I shall never see this continent again."

"Allow me to put a little interrogation mark after that," I observed smiling.

"You may put as many as you like," he ejaculated brusquely ; "but that is as sure as the gospel, that I shall never put my foot on these blasted shores again."

I continued however in my skeptical mood, and tried to extort from him a promise not to invest any part of his fortune in Norway, until one year from the date of his arrival. But he was not to be prevailed upon. He had visions of a great estate, where, surrounded by docile and respectful tenants, he sat as lord of the manor and from the altitude of his wealth and foreign experience, received the homage of the simple folk who were to be his neighbors. It was of no use that I explained to

him the changed conditions in Norway, and how woefully he would be disappointed if he expected the populace to stand at the roadside with bared heads, as they did in days of old, when the judge or the parson rode by. His heart was set upon his fanciful enterprise ; and happy as a king he bounded down my front steps and swung his hat for a parting greeting.

In a year he returned and once more honored me with a call. A sadder man I have rarely seen, nor one more cruelly disillusioned.

"I really came to thank you," he said, after some introductory interjections and oburgations, "for making me promise to wait a year before buying property."

"But you did not promise."

"Didn't I? Well, my impression was that I had. And I am glad if my memory played a trick on me. It was that which saved me."

It is not necessary to explain the man's predicament in all its details ; for it was a long story, and by no means an unusual one. But one thing he said struck me very forcibly.

"The beastliness of the whole thing is that

there is no remedy for it. No immigrant who has spent five or ten years in the United States will ever find himself contented in Europe, and he is not likely to be happy, in any real sense, in the United States either. He has just enough of each continent in him, to be uncomfortable in the other; and therefore I think that to emigrate from one's native land, unless it be to escape jail, is under all circumstances a mistake."

Though I am not in agreement with this gentleman's sentiments on all points, I am inclined (after a somewhat extended experience of both continents) to subscribe to the final conclusion. Whenever a countryman writes to me for advice (and I regret to say that a great many do) I invariably advise him to stay at home. A primitive existence close to the soil—with few wants and few aspirations—offers, I believe, better chances of contentment than a super-refined and highly organized one with many and complex wants and high aspirations.

I have expressed this in speech and writing to my friend Ole, a hundred times; but Ole, though he professes a high respect for my opinion, usually declines to act upon my advice. One fine morning in May or June I find him seated on my doorstep or groping his bewildered way through the labyrinthine corridors of Columbia College, intent upon finding my study, and, perhaps, desirous of borrowing enough money to take him to Chicago or Minneapolis or Fargo, as the case may be. I repeat my warning and preach him a little sermon on the folly of his course. He looks incredulously at me, and remarks, perhaps, that I seem to be pretty prosperous myself, and can surely have no ground of complaint against a country which has treated me so well. And after having talked for fifteen or twenty minutes, I begin to see the hopelessness of explaining the situation to Ole. I am dealing with altogether too subtle and impalpable values to impress his primitive mind; he merely stares at me with a sly intelligence; and I perceive that he is mentally imputing to me motives of which I should be ashamed. In my despair I therefore turn to my American reader (who has been the recipient of so many confidences) with a delightful certainty of being completely and sympathetically understood, and address to him my plea for primitive existence.

How much simpler and more unperplexed,

how much more richly colored, for weal or for woe, is the life of the Norwegian peasant than that of the American farmer! The mountain above Ole's head, in which as a boy he saw grinning trolls' faces, which sheltered a host of delightful, mysterious, legendary creatures, may send freshets down upon him and damage his pastures; it may fling its huge shadow over his fields and compel him to cut his rye green in September; it may even darken his vision of life and set unsurpassable boundaries to his spirit, but the fact that it has thus chilled and bounded his race for a thousand years has made it his doom, his destiny—a part of himself—and if he migrates, it is a fatally detached and incomplete self he transfers to the western prairies. All the finest tendrils of the torn roots of his being remain in the old soil; and though he may thrive, in a crude fashion, after the transplantation, he loses in an indefinable way his distinctness of physiognomy; his individuality pales and flattens out, and he becomes frequently incredibly vulgarized.

A transplanted Norwegian farmer expressed, some years ago, a vague sentiment of this uncomprehended loss, to a newly arrived kinsman; and my informant, who sat behind them in a railway car, related to me the following conversation which he could not help overhearing. The elder settler who was named Lars was endeavoring to tone down the younger's somewhat high-pitched expectations. But in the face of the elder's rank prosperity, his kinsman refused to be discouraged.

"You are indeed a good deal bigger man to-day than you were when I last saw you," he remarked with youthful exuberance.

"Oh, yes," Lars replied sadly, "you may well say so."

"They say you are awfully rich now. You must have made a big pile of money."

"Oh, well, I've got all I need and perhaps some to spare."

"You must be glad of the day when you landed in this country?"

"Glad? no, I can't say I am glad of it."

"You are not glad of it—rich as you are and respected?"

"No; really glad—light of heart, and happy I have not been for a single day since I left home."

The younger sat and stared in dumb amazement.

"I'll tell you one thing," Lars resumed after a long meditative pause, "I don't think people in this country leave themselves any time to be happy. And as for me, I can only think of one thing that would make me right glad. On the day when I shall sit again on the Nordby mountain and look out over the valley, then, my boy, then I shall be glad."

But the saddest part of all is that he would not be glad. That final pathetic certainty is a hallucination. The mountain, on his return, would acknowledge him no more. It would be dumb and featureless. Its rills would sing no tunes to him, gay or mournful; and all its legendary inhabitants would retire into their shells with a surly uncommunicativeness and "refuse to play." He will be made to feel that he is an alien, a traitor who has forfeited his birthright.

The beggar at the roadside who sits trolling a ballad is richer than he; because he is still heir, by indefeasible right of entail, to the long past of the race; and the countless singing, fabling, and toiling generations lost in the deep and dusky centuries are living and singing and fabling in him. Tippling, shiftless lumberer of the ground though he be, he is a king on his own soil. He is invested with the race dignity as with a mantle. The race pride sits upon his tousled locks like a crown. And the returned emigrant stops and gazes enviously at him, and begins dimly to apprehend what he never before apprehended—the meaning, the magnitude, the irremediableness of his loss. It dawns upon him that in abandoning his country he abandoned more than he knew; nay, that nothing that he has gained or can gain is so precious as that impalpable something which evaporated out of his life during the ten or twenty years of his transatlantic sojourn.

How bare, how meager, how flavorless his soul appears to itself as he contemplates it in the mirror of reflection. Those thousand generations of the dead in whose shadow he once lived and in whose well-worn footprints he unconsciously walked—how could he have suspected in the heyday of his youth, that they were of any value to his own strong and self-reliant self? How willingly would he have sold them (if a buyer had presented himself) for a farthing and felt himself none the poorer. It was in the same light-hearted mood that Peter Schlemihl sold his shadow—an equally unsubstantial possession—and never knew a moment's peace or happiness

afterwards. The consciousness of the absent shadow afflicted him with a vague oppression. The feeling that he differed in this one respect from his fellow-men made him shy and suspicious; and prevented him from asserting his full vigor in anything.

It is exactly this chilling sense of difference between him and the natives which dooms the immigrant to failure or to a success below the utmost reach of his powers. It constitutes a discount, and a heavy one, which is charged by the land of his adoption on his life's capital. Of that margin of superiority which determines survival and dominance, he is obliged to sacrifice much, if not all, in the mere effort at adaptation to new conditions.

He is more or less at a disadvantage and is apt to have a tormenting sense of misrepresenting himself, of having fallen short of high achievement, even when he is most vociferously applauded. If he be a poet he can but murmur in broken syllables (like a musician playing upon an untuned instrument) the song that in his native tongue would have burst clear and melodious from his breast. If he be a novelist (even though he be imbued with a deep love for the country of his adoption) he is constantly reminded by his critics that his point of view is that of an alien, and if he ventures upon a criticism of social or political conditions, it is promptly resented. He is told that, if this republic is not good enough for him, he ought to have stayed at home. Nobody asked him to come. If he be a merchant the process of adaptation, of commercial acclimatization, is so exhausting, so wasteful of vitality, that success is likely to be bought, if at all, by an expenditure of talent and energy, much in excess of what would be required of a native.

I am speaking now of eminent achievement, not of the mere making of a paltry living. If it be nevertheless a fact that so many immigrants accumulate great fortunes in commercial enterprises, it is because most of them possess a compensating advantage over the majority of native Americans in being inured to frugal habits, and demanding little of life, until their means justify them in demanding much.

If finally the immigrant be what most immigrants are, viz.: a farmer, he will indeed, in nine cases out of ten, improve his lot externally, and fill his belly with good things which at home he would have hankered for



in vain. But if the Norwegian farmers with whom I have come in contact are in any sense typical, they buy their independence at a high price. Apart from the dangers which I have already pointed out, incident upon transplantation, it would seem that their minds, in emerging from the legendary dusk into the glaring American daylight, become, as it were, bleached and fade into a dire uniformity. They become like the prairie—blank, level, tedious, basking in a dreary, featureless prosperity. Though wealth, such as they now possess, would have been beyond their most daring aspiration at home, it rarely brings contentment. I should not venture to assert that they are conscious of their detachment from their own historic past, and feel it as a deprivation; but though they would be unable to formulate such a want, the more concrete ills from which they suffer and which they are amply able to formulate, are nevertheless fundamentally the results of the fortuity and isolation to which every uprooted and transplanted life must be subject. Every sapling, every flower, droops for a while in a new soil. It wilts, and seems on the point of dying. It takes long before it puts forth new roots and

leaves and can draw its nourishment freely from the richer environment. It may, if the conditions be favorable, in the course of time, develop a vigor and lustihood which it never could have drawn from the old soil. But (like the finer qualities of European grapes which have become acclimated) it will lose its subtlest bloom and fragrance. It will become a coarser, cruder, more flavorless product.

Human transplantation is apt to involve a similar loss. A man really belongs only to the country of his birth. There are the spiritual soil and the climate most completely adapted to his needs. There alone, if anywhere, can he reach a full and perfect florescence. What he would attain elsewhere (though it need not be mean) will always be much below the climax of his powers. Therefore, if he be wise, let him, like Ulysses of old, close his ears to those alluring siren voices in the western wind that would entice him across the seas. America is a great and glorious land—to those who are born here. But the immigrant, through no fault of his own, was not born here; and can never fully reconquer here the birthright he forfeited at home.

## SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF CHICAGO.

BY NOBLE CANBY.

AS a society, amalgamated into a settled ethnic or civic composite, Chicago cannot yet be described. In that respect the city is still in the village state, in which every impulse asserts itself with utmost and sometimes crude freedom. Wealth and culture though generously prevalent cannot make society in a day. Like a choice edible, this product has to undergo the mixing, proportioning, selecting, and lapse of time akin to the slow oven, to form a consistent tissue. Chicago is now a thing of parts, energies, movements, devoid of combination. Her industrial, social, philanthropic, and artistic elements all are self-centered as yet. Only a few of these elements are touched upon in this article.

It is only in Chicago that the live stock and meat-packing industry is an "institution." In 1864, yards and slaughter houses were

scattered widely through the city. An endless amount of switching, siding, and costly delay of freights, added to confusion in market reports, owing to the varied activity of packing houses, opened the way to consolidation. The following year was formed the Union Stock Yards Company, locating, five and a half miles southwest of the City Hall, the foremost industry in Chicago, in gains. Formed thus, this company now owns a plant costing over five million dollars, covering upward of a square mile, including over two hundred acres of yardage, nearly two hundred miles of tracks, a live stock exchange, a bank, offices, and a hotel; with these, twenty or thirty packing firms comprise a veritable city of slaughter.

A morning visit to the yards when trains are due from the west, presents a scene unlike any other in the world. Train upon train of groaning freight brought in from twenty

main connecting lines, are unloading. Dashing horsemen, shouting drivers, the crack of whips, the dull thump of running herds, fill the air with the excitement of a stampede. All is perfect order. Each car load has been taken in hand by a commission man. It has been weighed in, in the presence of tallymen from all commission houses. It has been examined to detect unsound cattle. Each car load or consignment is kept apart in driving, by the shutting of gates at two of the four

day for the most part taking care of the previous day's shipments. The extensive demand made upon Chicago for live stock and dressed meats, operates to render her large receipts of animals less liable to fluctuations in value than in a smaller place.

To understand success in packing necessitates a visit to one of these houses. There is no dignified portal. Architecture is very shy of packing houses. An approach, found by following a devious way, down car tracks, be-



Section of the Union Stock Yards.

sides of a crossing when herds are passing. Upon reaching their last abiding place, herds are not worn out with thirst and fasting. Improved feeding cars have prevented that. Cattle, sheep, and hog pens are kept separate, each supplied with water troughs, hay racks, and drainage. From "yardage"—fixed now at twenty-five cents per head for cattle and horses, eight cents for hogs, five cents for sheep, and fifteen cents for calves—and from the sale of feed the company derives its revenue out of which expenses such as feed, weighing, water supply, taxes, fuel, yard keeping, and the salaries of almost a thousand stock yard employees are paid.

The wonderful system and ease with which heavy consignments are handled in these yards is indicated by the fact that with a capacity of receiving daily 20,000 cattle, almost as many sheep, and six times that number of hogs, there is comparatively no delay after stock is received until it is slaughtered, each

tween abutting and vociferous pens, reveals a signboard pointing up a flight of stairs to the level of the great network of upper chutes crossing the yards, along which hapless herds wend their way to the inevitable. An aggregation of sprawling irregular piles conceals the operations of a village of firms, many of them known to the remotest shores. From twenty-five to thirty-five thousand employees are engaged in these houses, slaughtering each day, on an average an animal apiece. Over \$10,000,000 are invested in the various plants, which involve an additional capital of not less than \$25,000,000. Every known labor-saving appliance which can facilitate work is in use. No manual labor is involved in escorting a victim from his entrance at the receiving pen to his exit via the cooler.

It is impossible for a visitor to keep up with him in his dizzy career. A hook attached to a chain hanging over him, is fas-

tened to his hind leg swinging him in to the air, soon to come in range of the "sticker." A few moments later the animal is dropped into a scalding reservoir from which he is lifted to a table. Fastened to a moving chain he is sent through a scraper of blade-mounted



At the Trimmers' Tables.

cylinders, next to be swung up by a gambrel and dressed, passing between rows of men of specialized functions. The halves finally pass down to the cooling room, to become more firm. This done they are again run on the rails into the cutting room, where expert cutters speedily transform them into all the forms known to the product, whence they are finally deposited through chutes in the curing rooms.

Laborers soon become expert, wages depending upon skill. "Stickers" receive \$3.50 per day; laborers, skilled in removing internal parts, are rated worth \$4.50; expert ham trimmers make \$4; unskilled labor ranges from \$1.50 to \$2.50.

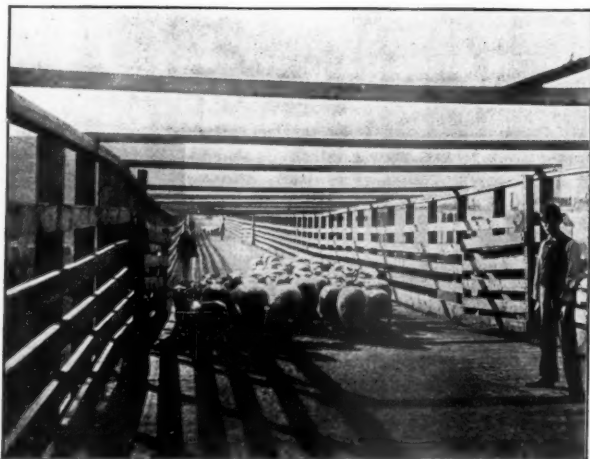
The process is similar in dressing cattle and sheep, excepting that the sticking is preceded in case of cattle by a blow which renders insensible.

Jewish killing, conducted in another part, appears more cruel than the ordinary method. The animal is brought down by the winding of the chain fastened to its foreleg, about a pillar. Another hook is fastened to the hind leg, the

chain to which hauls the animal half from the floor. Tossing about, the victim soon throws his head in an advantageous position for the rabbi, whose single dexterous stroke well-nigh severs the head from the body, which is quickly hauled up. Should the killing require two strokes, the meat is rejected; consequently every animal is dealt with with the utmost precision, the blade being sharpened for each use.

Aside from the killing, curing, canning, and lard rendering, associated industries have been developed in the larger establishments which now challenge the world in excellence of beef extract, sausages, mince meat, pepsin, and oleomargarine. There is no longer any waste in a carcass. Tail, horns, horn pith, hair, teeth, lips, skeleton, hoofs, all have a value not contemplated by their owners.

Armour & Co.'s establishment covers fifty acres, and includes one hundred and forty acres of flooring. Eight thousand or more employees are required to carry on this single industry, whose sales for the past year exceed by several millions the total receipts of the United States postal department during the last fiscal year.



An Elevated Chute.

Given the most generously endowed valley in the world, the vast ranges of the Southwest, the grain-laden Northwest, the metropolis which taps them all has but to furnish industry to garner their opulence. Chi-

chicago has made the best of this opportunity. She now takes care of eight times as many cattle, nine times as many hogs, and ten times as many sheep as she was able to twenty-five years ago. Through her manipulation the American hog has made his bow in all the principal courts of Europe, chaperoned by American government inspection. Prosperity has not been without its price, however. Chicago society has had to stand good-naturedly any amount of drubbing because of this calling. It enjoyed the joke itself when, a few seasons ago, one of the swell beaux absent-mindedly gave an order to have his coach painted the familiar ham-wrapper yellow. Pork kings can afford a jest, for though great is grain, and greater lumber, still greater than both of these is meat, in Chicago.

Of all reforms of to-day, the most enthusiastic is that of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Of all places, that reform is most enthusiastic in Chicago. From its Temperance Hospital, rejecting alcoholic stimulants, to its Anchorage, by which unfortunate women are given a fresh chance, from the majestic Temple to Hope Mission which has hoisted its banner in the densest neighborhood of breweries,—all over the city are marks of the high tide of this power. Perhaps no other city demonstrates so fully the scope of work accomplished through the thirty-eight departments of the W. C. T. U. Here that organization gives splendid proof of possessing head as well as heart. The Central Union received a lift some years ago by the removal of national headquarters from New York to Chicago, and the establishment of the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association.

Ten years ago the W. C. T. U. publishing was accomplished by one editor and one mailing boy, with a capital stock of \$5,000. Last year 130,000,000 pages of temperance literature were published, requiring an office force of one hundred and twenty-five employees; capital stock has increased to \$125,000, and cash receipts for the year were over \$210,000.

This achievement is far distanced by another. Nowhere else in the world is to be seen such a monument to woman's cause and execution as in the Woman's Temple, which forms the gem in Chicago's most boasted architectural center. Upon a plate imbedded in the granite is the simple legend of its

W. C. T. U. origin. The building which was first the conception of Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, has been brought to completion within the past two years. Its cost is \$1,200,000, to raise which, stock was issued equaling half the amount subscribed by capitalists favorable to the cause, and redeemable by the association within from five to twelve years. The building was bonded for the remainder, which the rentals will soon pay off. All over the world members of the W. C. T. U. are devising plans to assist in lifting the debt, after which the earnings will go one half to the National Union, and one half to the states according to their contributions. French Gothic, of granite and brick, the Temple rears ten stories of offices, above which spring three, broken by turrets and capped by a golden bronze *fleche* bearing the figure of a woman appealing to heaven. Mosaic floors, marble walls, memorial tablets and busts lend their artistic and historic inspiration to corridors and Willard Hall, the stronghold of the W. C. T. U.

In the core of that part of Chicago known as the "Levee," along which the tide of humanity runs downward very swiftly, there shines forth nightly the light of a room through whose open door music draws straying feet. Inside, the attraction is not more than can be furnished by a couple of good-faced women and a man, who have nothing to offer but the old Gospel story, baited with singing. Outside, footsteps are ceaseless; whether of a child hurrying with beer pitcher, or of reeling crowds trying to steady themselves as far as the next saloon, or of women engaged in the saddest traffic on earth. This region is called the darkest in the city. Here the W. C. T. U. courageously plants its Bethesda Mission, and Bethesda Day Nursery, Kindergarten and Sunday school. Crowds drift into the meetings, some of them to come again, finally to begin a new life and take leave of the locality, for, it is said, no Christian can live long on the "Levee." The chief good, possibly, comes to the children gathered in daily from six to six. Knowing nothing but misery, often blighted with the weight of heritage, these pitiable little lives find their only sunlight in this fairyland of cradles and toys. The little boy who begged his mother to wash his face because his teacher had kissed him and "might want to again," illustrated how entirely the community is dependent upon such work as that of the W. C. T. U. for the first conception of neatness.



Talcott Day Nursery and Kindergarten is conducted on the West Side; at both of these places, parents' meetings are held once a month of evenings, at which refreshments are served, and mothers and fathers, ignorant girls are drawn in during the year, brought by the matron from police stations, the Bridewell, or by the police, from places of danger; sometimes an untaught country girl is brought in by some friend in time to



W. C. T. U. Temple.

of the alphabet of their duties, are given kindly and instructive talks.

The Hope Mission, Hope Reading Room, and Sunday school are also carried on by the same tireless power on the North Side.

Another kind of effort is exerted in the Anchorage. The Central Union, believing that in no way is the demoniac influence of drink more seen than in its victims of fallen women, has gradually built up a rescue home for these, whose work now embraces prevention as well as rescue. About five hundred

save her from fatal snare. For these, the matron of the Anchorage endeavors to secure good permanent places.

A single year's work of the Union includes nightly meetings in two missions, the conducting of two day nurseries, two kindergartens, two Sunday schools, one industrial school, one woman's mission, one free medical dispensary, and one men's lodging house. Figures do not record the visits to the sick, the clothing furnished, the feeding of the hungry in times of scarce work, the

burying of the dead, the finding of homes and placing in schools of orphans or afflicted, the redeeming of notorious localities, the binding up of bruised little lives, the restoration of hope to the wrecked. Parents often write entreating this agency to search for their wayward sons and daughters. Many are the tragedies revealed by such searches. Rich is the reward of this good Samaritan.

Chicago architecture is a subject upon which there are many who censure and very few who praise. To the ordinary mind the height of buildings is so overwhelming other qualities are unnoticed. To conservative architectural judgment, such radical departures from traditional standards are presented as to arouse prejudice before environments, which render apology unnecessary, are considered. The most prevalent peculiarities of buildings are broad plain façades from ten to twenty stories high, whose windows are as unadorned as port holes. Almost entire absence of ornamental masses leaves the effect to depend upon simplicity.

Architecture in Chicago is, like the city, commercial. For that reason, the ruling spirit of the art is best seen in business buildings. Two facts have here developed individuality in the building art: first, the lay of the land, second, the needs of the peo-

ple. The union of the two branches of the river, a half mile from the lake, by dividing the city into three sides, causes "down town" to converge upon one of these sides. The desire of the whole business population to find habitation upon the same area necessitates creating space in air, hence, "sky-scrapers." Admitting the height to be pardonable, criticism next focuses upon plainness from base to cornice of massive walls. This is also entitled to the best defense. Allowing variety in the successive stories of vast façades, how monotonous would become that variety before the last stage were reached. Meanwhile the impressiveness gained by a sheer lift, hundreds of feet, would be lost in the endless change of forms torturing the eye to decipher.

In Chicago, engineering plays an exceptionally prominent part in building. The first obstacle to overcome is a low wet soil underlaid by a stratum of clay which may be hard or soft, or both, inside a small area. The loading of the soil with the weight of immense buildings, compacts it, causing the building to crack in settling. It has consequently been the practice of architects to load the surface with three or four thousand pounds to the square foot before building. "Sky-scraper" foundations are made by laying a platform of iron rails and cement as



Chicago Auditorium.

deep as forty feet below the surface. Even when this is done the inequalities of the soil beneath may cause uneven settling, as in the Auditorium, through which a rent parts the grand marble stairway of the hotel.

A plan is now devised which, if acted upon, will render foundations perfectly stable. Rock bottom lies at a depth of upward of eighty feet, in the central part of the city, sloping downward to the north, and toward the surface, south and west. The latest solution proposes to dig pits from the bottom of which piles are to be driven to this rock or to the hard-pan next to it.

The chief constructional problem of high building is met in erecting walls. Great weight, unavoidable with great height, has brought steel into use as furnishing the lightest frame for its strength known. Straight up from the foundation, this gaunt skeleton rears itself, strong enough to bear a mountainlike shell of granite, brick, and tile. Protection from the expanding power of heat is sought by a tile casing. Objection is now made to this construction upon the ground that in conflagration the tile becomes a sufficient conductor to heat the steel, whose expanding cracks it off. The expansion of horizontal beams at such a time bears against the vertical; these having "lost their temper" crash down. The latest proposition is to substitute pillars of limestone blocks doweled together by steel rods. Utilitarianism must be confessed to be the main guiding principle in building and one well defended by the architectural maxim that "where rest is forbidden is also ornamentation." Instead of trade palaces are trade fortresses. Residence sections, untrammelled by this spirit, abound in architectural beauty. Romanesque, Byzantine, Moorish, and Gothic forms afford a pleasing change from down-town severity.

Any one present at a May Day celebration in Chicago is impressed with the might of the hosts marshaled under the banner of "labor." The longer he observes, the stronger grows the impression. In this, the "most American city," are more labor agitations than elsewhere in this country. Here the anarchist is most dreaded, here strikes are ferocious, here classes range themselves most compactly against each other. This condition is generally attributed to the large percentage of foreigners among working-

men; while that fact plays a part, a cause nearer home deserves more attention.

One generation has seen in this city the development of varied conditions of life; it has watched the processes of up-building, and has witnessed the sharp drawing of the line between wealth and poverty. No one generation east has been able to do this. The factory system of New England has been of slow growth. Restive under it, many vigorous laborers emigrated to Chicago, who soon realizing the same conditions, have now no west to emigrate to. Whether right or wrong, they form an army of discontented laborers, fast becoming organized into unions.

Among these wage workers, said to number 200,000 in the city, are found about three hundred labor organizations. The most important of these labor bodies is the Trades and Labor Assembly. This assembly, which meets twice a month, is composed of delegates from about sixty unions, and owing to its representative character is the most influential mouthpiece of the labor movement in the city. Next comes the Building Trades Council, composed of the unions of about twenty trades in building. Carpenters number over 7,000 men, organized in various unions through the city, and centrally as the Carpenters' Council. Unions and councils of printers, compositors, pressmen, stereotypers, metal workers, molders, pattern makers, longshoremen, seamen, street railroad men, cigar makers, bakers, blacksmiths, hod carriers, leave only unskilled labor to care for itself without organized strength.

Strikes within the past few years have occurred almost exclusively in the building trades. The result claimed for these is that though they have not materially increased aggregate wages for the year, they have raised wages for time of employment. Working hours of some trades have been shortened, notably those of bakers from eighteen and twenty to ten and twelve hours per day.

Similar to the Trades Assembly is a German-speaking body, the Central Labor Union, of great intelligence but handicapped by a disturbing element of anarchism.

Any mention however incomplete of those organizations through which any class or classes are endeavoring to ameliorate their own condition and that of the masses requires a word devoted to a society representing in Chicago most of the trades unions and including a large number of people of profes-

sional and intellectual pursuits. In its present professions, this society asserts no political creed, but depends entirely upon propaganda. There are four sections, the English-speaking, the Danish, German, and Jewish, the latter having recently become

the essentials of human life and of societary life should be the common property of the people. Under the first are land, light, air, and water; under the second are the means of production, communication, transportation, distribution, exchange, and security.



Masonic Temple.

most active in antagonizing the sweating system. Socialists in Chicago are not to be confounded with anarchists, with whom they have no affiliations. Their one point of agreement is dissatisfaction with existing conditions. In purpose and method they are as opposite as the poles. At the weekly socialist meetings are discussed none but constitutional methods of reforming society. Here, whatever one's belief as to the correctness of their views, a vivid impression is received of their sincerity. In a nutshell, they hold that

To the private monopoly of these essentials they attribute the sharp defining lines which are rapidly making Chicago, socially, a city of lights and shadows. They prescribe no remedy but education; they advocate no force but argument.

Through these various means of social agitation developing an increasing independence of the industrial classes, it is not improbable that this city shall be the scene of the decisive, though peaceful, conflict between the two great American classes.



## Woman's Council Table.



Miss Mary A. Lathbury.



Miss Kate F. Kimball.



Mrs. Antoinette Van Hoesen Wakeman.



Miss Susan Hayes Ward.

A GROUP OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

## Woman's Council Table.

### DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST.\*

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

DAY is dying in the west ;  
Heaven is touching earth with rest :  
Wait and worship while the night  
Sets our evening lamps alight  
Thro' all the sky.

CHORUS.—Holy, holy, holy,  
Lord God of Hosts !  
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,  
Heaven and earth are full of Thee  
O Lord most High !

Lord of life, beneath the dome  
Of the universe, Thy home,  
Gather us who seek Thy face  
To the fold of Thy embrace,  
For Thou art nigh.—CHO.

While the deepening shadows fall,  
Heart of Love, enfolding all,  
Through the glory and the grace  
Of the stars that veil Thy face  
Our hearts ascend.—CHO.

When forever from our sight  
Pass the stars, the day, the night,  
Lord of angels, on our eyes  
Let eternal morning rise  
And shadows end.—CHO.

### PHASES OF WOMAN'S LIFE IN NANKING.

BY HARRIET LINN BEEBE.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.—The provision for the education of girls in Nanking is exceedingly meager. Some are sent to boys' schools until they are ten years of age and there learn to read and a very few of the rich employ private woman teachers for their daughters, but at eleven years of age it is time to stop studying and go to work with the needle.

There are two books written for women and girls. The first, "Nü Sz Shu," was written by a famous woman, once a teacher in the emperor's household. It considers minutely the three duties of women—obedience to

father, obedience to husband, and obedience to son ; and also the four accomplishments of females,—chastity, words, manners, and skill. It exhorts women to cultivate the latter and observe the former, that they may be considered among the worthy of the land.

The other book and the one most read is a small work of eighteen pages called "The Daughter's Classic." It opens with the general duties of a daughter,—early rising, sweeping the floor, combing the hair, washing the face, and sewing till the rest of the family are up. It gives directions as to the greeting of relatives, warns against loud talking and loud

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## Woman's Council Table.

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### PHASES OF WOMAN'S LIFE IN NANKING.

laughter, and directs how to walk according to custom. Next come rules for a daughter at the age of eight to eleven years. At this time she is to be considered an adult and must now cook, sew, embroider, and study politeness; and, as she has not many more days at her mother's house, she must study carefully the duties of a daughter-in-law. The ten commands which follow are:

Parents' love is as deep as heaven and earth, therefore honor them.

Honor brothers and sisters.

Waste not; in time of plenty, think of poverty.

Be polite to guests and to your mother-in-law and father-in-law, always allowing them to eat first.

Be neat. Old and new clothes, even after they are clean, give yet one more washing that friends and neighbors may speak well of you.

Beware of evil. Do not steal a thread or neighbors will not like you.

Be humble. Earth has heaven; woman has a husband. Ill thrives the family that shows a cock that's silent and a hen that crows.

Be industrious. If you are so fortunate as to have a husband, follow and obey him to old age. If he dies do not remarry.

This unique classic now closes with general remarks and exhortations from which the following are selected:

Fear a mistake in custom as you fear a thief.

Never complain because your husband's father's elder brothers and younger brothers with all their families must be a part of your family, nor ever wish to have a home by yourself. They are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh. If you mistreat them, people will speak ill of you.

Why do women wear earrings? To indicate that they should not listen to gossip.

Why wear skirts? To distinguish the wife from the husband. Women who wear trousers are like hens that crow.

Why bind the feet? Not because they are beautiful and graceful as the bow, but because it is best to have a woman's feet hurt when she walks, to keep her at home; therefore bind them one thousand, yea, ten thousand times.

Obey your mother-in-law. If she says you eat too much, eat less and do not complain.

If your husband has money do not wish to use too much, as the desire for good food and clothing if indulged in has no limit.

If you have sons, when they are old enough employ a teacher for them; if daughters, teach them the use of the needle.

There is a jingling proverb which says,

Good parents teach this classic to their daughters and if they do not obey it they whip them.

From this brief review we can see how the young minds of our sisters are trained in the way they should go and no wonder is it that when they are old they do not depart from it. "Fear a mistake in custom as you fear a thief." "If you do not act according to custom, neighbors will laugh at you or speak ill of you." How these admonitions must haunt and harass these poor creatures till their dying day. The word custom is the bane of a Chinese woman's life; and it is the bar which keeps her out of our reach.

**THE BUDDHIST NUN.**—In going about the city one often meets a woman of striking appearance. She is dressed in gray; her head is scarred and shaven, and her lips are moving as her fingers rapidly pass over the beads she holds in her hand. She is a Buddhist nun and an interesting character.

Her place of abode has much the appearance of all temples. The goddess of mercy and the receiver of spirits after death to pilot them into the Western Heaven stand in a shrine and before them are offerings of fragrant fruits and many other things valuable in Chinese eyes. The coil of incense continually sends up its slender curling smoke, reminding at once of the fires of the vestal virgins and of the command, "Pray without ceasing." The censer and the kneeling pads bear the marks of frequent using, and the whole place has an air of devotion and earnestness. No men or boys are about. If you are a guest the quietly moving nuns and servants will give you tea and modest refreshments, and in conversation you may learn the hidden springs and hopes of their strange life.

Their clothing is plain and coarse, all silks, embroidery, and jewelry being discarded. Their diet is entirely vegetable, as they count it a sin to take animal life. They daily rise at four o'clock to burn incense and read the sacred books, and evening again finds them chanting a service of the same kind. They also say grace before meals. They shave their heads twice a month. Each carries a rosary. On this there are one hundred and eight beads. As each one is slipped down, *O-mi-to-fu*, the name of Buddha, is repeated. The beads must thus be counted twenty times, three times a day, and so the name of

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their god is on their lips 6,480 times each day.

As the final seal of the sisterhood all nuns of any standing have twelve scars on the top of the head. To receive them requires a good sum of money, and this is often bestowed upon them by rich women devoted to Buddhism.

They take a pilgrimage to the island of Pootoo, where is the largest image and temple of the goddess of mercy, and there take the twelve vows and receive the scars at the hand of a pious priest. He puts spots of incense upon their heads and burns it until it is deep enough to make a scar. They sit with clasped hands and repeat the name of Buddha, and it is said the burning does not hurt.

On account of their ideas of the duties and privileges of woman, nuns are hated by men in general, and especially by those of the literary class and by business men. They are supposed to spoil the luck of any man who might meet them, and so they are not allowed to go on the street till after the mid-day meal. Young girls are often committed to their care to live in the convent and study the sacred books, and never know aught but the pure worship of Buddha. These are called disciples and from them the ranks of the sisterhood are reinforced. Nuns have no stated salary, but they are supported by the devotees of Buddhism. Women who wish to burn incense visit their temples and make their offerings of cash.

Besides this there is what is known as the monthly rice. This is given by pious Buddhist women as a work of merit, in quantities from half a pint upwards. Accompanied by a servant the nuns gather this up themselves, and so by their instruction and exhortation they have a most excellent opportunity to feed the fires of Buddhism.

They testify from their own experience that they are peaceful and happy, never want any good thing nor are ever found begging rice. That they escape the burdens of a mother-in-law's service, the ill-temper of a husband, the inconvenience of bearing and rearing children and all the guilty sins connected therewith, and by being loosed from all earthly ties are free to worship the great Buddha. All fear of death is removed because they are sure of having the prayers of priests to secure them an entrance into the Western Heaven.

In their house to house visitation they are

the religious teachers of thousands of deluded women. Pure Buddhism as it is found in India does not exist in Nanking, but it has undergone changes and received additions to suit the native religion and the Chinese cast of thought. The ancient doctrine of transmigration, that having once been born into the sea of life, it is impossible to escape from the wheel of the law, as it revolves in its endless cycles, to bring retribution to the evil doer and reward to the good, has been so modified, that by a system of good works sufficient merit may be accumulated to enable one to escape these never ceasing revolutions and be sent to the Western Heaven. Transmigration teaches that any misfortune in this life is a result of sin in a previous existence, and so it comes to pass in a land where woman is down-trodden, that the mere fact of being a woman and subject to the many sins peculiar to her is an evidence of sin and must be especially atoned for.

The nun herself hopes by laying up thirty-eight hundred merit marks and by piously suffering eighty-one calamities she may become a Buddha after death. She teaches the women that it is possible to have so much merit placed to their credit that they may not be compelled to pass through all the ten departments of the Buddhist hell, but, after a look into the silver mirror which reveals all hidden sins, and an examination into their record, may be escorted to the Western Heaven. The sins of woman and the methods of accumulating merit are numerous. The poor deluded hearts who look to this gospel for their hope, have nothing but unrest and fear lest some sin is yet unexpiated. There is no sweet word of invitation like, "Come unto me and I will give you rest," no thought like free pardon through the blood of Christ. Instead of these is the constant appeal to fear, to superstition, and to the desire to save one's self by works of merit—and it so appears as an angel of light as to be a masterpiece of delusion.

The teachings of Buddha as exemplified in Nanking are robbed of anything like a halo of romance which might hover over them if studied in a Christian land. Buddhism has been called the light of Asia, but one who has lived beneath its shadow cannot help adding the words of our Savior, "If the light that is in thee be darkness how great is that darkness."



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### ELIZABETHAN "COOKERIE."

BY MARGARET B. WRIGHT.

**T**HERE are four "Books of Cookerie" bound in one. Their binding is comparatively modern, being perhaps early nineteenth century. But their pages are veritable mummies of pages and their print is gloomy "black letter." The first of these antique books is entitled,

THE  
GOOD HUSWIFES HAND-MAID  
FOR  
COOKERIE IN HER KITCHEN  
in dressing all manner of meats with other  
wholsom diet for her & her  
household, &c.

The second is :

THE  
WIDDOWES TREASURE.  
Plentifully furnished with sundry precious and  
approved secrets in Physic and Chirurgery  
for the health and pleasure of mankind.

AT LONDON:  
PRINTED BY J. ROBERTS  
FOR  
EDWARD WHITE.  
1595.

The second bears date, upon its two parts, of 1595 and 1597. The first is

THE  
GOOD HUSWIFES JEWELL.  
wherein is to be found most excellent and rare  
Devises for conceites in Cookerie,  
found out by the practice of  
THOMAS DAWSON.

Whereunto is adjoined sundry approved receits  
for many souveraine oyles and the way to  
distill many precious waters, with  
divers medicines approved  
for many diseases.

IMPRINTED AT LONDON FOR  
EDWARD WHITE  
dwelling at the little North doore of Paules  
at the signe of the Gun.

1595.

Naturally the first words that arrest our attention in these forbidding books are those that are new to us, simply because they are so old.

Why have both words and dishes perished from the memory of English kitchens? If they were as good as our ancestors thought, why do we have chewets no more; or marchpanes, keston, vaunts, frians, moyses, pettie services, tansies, manchers, Florentines, rebons, and condonacks? "Spinnedge tarts" we are quite willing to do without; and we can run our nineteenth century course entirely independent of "black pudding," made of blood.

But Ben Jonson found marchpane not only good enough to eat but to preserve in the amber of poetry. In "Songs of London 'Prentices" we read:

"The feast for which they all have had  
Their marchpane dream so long."

Evidently marchpane was here a synonym for delicious, sweet.

"Marchpanes are made of verie little flower but with addition of greater quantitie of filberds, pine-nuts, pistaches, and rosed suger," says a writer of the times. It reads like a description of taffy. Is it the modern English "rock" and nuts, at a penny an ounce?

A "vaunt" is less inviting. It was made, in a frying pan, of marrow, plums, and eggs. Marrow, by the way, came into such constant service in those vigorous trencherman days of Queen Bess that we moderns wonder where it all came from. Were beast-bones bigger than now, as the oaths were, and the tankards?

"Pettie services" were "coffins" filled with eggs, marrow, ginger, sugar, and currants.

A Florentine was a pie of veal, kidney, chicken, or pheasant, "which of them you will," minced with suet, eggs, currants, dates, cinnamon, mace, ginger, and "time," and baked in a sweet crust.

Our tastes are very different. Ginger is limited in its uses now; we care not for saffron and do not cook dates with fish, flesh, or fowl; we are not given to the flavor of sandalwood in our dainties, and we have a taste in herbs not of the sixteenth century.

"Red deere" figured largely in those days when Shakespeare poached, those days

so unlike our own that they always "potched" the eggs we poach. The "legge of mutton" oftener "boyled" than elseways cooked, was served with mallows, with "carrets" with coleworts, with borage, or with "lemmons." Sometimes it was boyled with a pudding, but never as a capon was, with oranges, or as a "chickin, with cabbedge."

Boiling and "seething" were given to delicate flesh that we treat much more tenderly. "To boyle a dove" would go against our grain, even though it were served with a fine "cawdle." It is a relief to know that when Shakespeare and his merry crew dined at city taverns or country inns they could, if they chose, eat their quail and larks not boyled, but seethed, or "simmeared."

The sweets and made dishes are more interesting to us, for in them the culinary fashions of the period are more distinctly marked than ours. Here in the "Huswifes Maid" are directions for "chewets of veale," or veal pies, "chewets, or pies, of oysters and of eeles." To make a lenten chewet the huswife must—

"Take a fresh eele and flea [flay] it, and cut off the flesh from the bone, mince it smal and pare two or three wardens [cooking pears] and mince them likewise small, as much of the Eele as of oysters, and temper them together and season it with Ginger, Pepper, Cloves, Mace, and Salte, and a little colour it with Saunders [sandalwood] and put curran[t]s and prunes and minced great raisons and Dates as you do to the other pies of flesh; when it is halfe baked put them out and put to it a little verjuice [verjuice] and if your Gellie be not fat put to it a little Sallet [salad] Oyle fried with some sweet flowers of hearbes, if you put a lyttle Rosewater and salte it is good, but if you have any fat of fish it is better."

To make veale chewet :

"Take a legge of veale and perboyle it, then mince it with beefe suet and take almost as much of your suet as of your Veale and take a good quantitie of Ginger and a little Saffron to colour it; take halfe a goblet of white wine and two or three good handfulls of grapes and put them all together with salt, and so put them in coffins and let them boyle a quarter of an hour."

Thus chewets were either baked or boiled. Only the boiled go into a "coffin," oyster-chewets being baked in a fine paste. Coffins were thus :

H-Aug.

"Take fine flower and lay it on a board and take a certaine of yolkes of egges as your quantitie of flower is, then take a certaine of butter and water and boile them together, but you must take heed ye put not too many yolkes of Egges, for if you doe it will be dry and not pleasant in eating; and ye must take heed ye put not in too much butter, for if you doe it will make it so fine and so short that you cannot raise; and this paste is good to raise all manner of Coffins; likewise if ye bake Venison bake it in the paste aforesaide."

Thomas Dawson was doubtless an excellent cook, deserving the renown he bore, but to him only the ingredients of a dish were worth mentioning, and he treated proportions with a levity and indifference that would wreck any cookly reputation in our times. Our cooks do not cook with "certainties" but with certainty.

These Elizabethan cookery books make little or no division of subjects, and "To make an Apple Moyse" and "To make Peascod" come close after "To roste Veale."

Would you make peascod? Then take dates, currants, and marrow, and cut them like dice and season them with salt because of the marrow, then put in sugar, cinnamon, and ginger and serve them in fine pastelike "friars." Another manner of peascod is exactly the modern English mince pie, except for the ginger.

An apple moyse :

"Take the apples and cut them in three or foure peeces, boyle them till they bee soft, and bruise them in a mortar and put therein the yolkes of two eggs and a lytle of sweet butter, set them on a chaffing dish of coales and boyle them a little and put thereto a litle Suger, Sinamon, and Ginger, and so serve them."

Elizabethan independence of any convention of orthography is very evident in these "bookes." In the very same "receit" "little" will be sometimes spelled three different ways, as will also eggs, egges, eggs, and cream, creem, creame.

The "Huswifes Maid" gives one recipe which ought never to lapse into oblivion :

"A tart to provoke courage either in man or woman. Take a quart of goode wine and boyle therein two Burre rootes scraped clean, two good quinces, and a potato roote well pared, and an ounce of Dates and when all are boyled verie tender let them be drawne through a strainer, wine and al, and then put in the yolkes of eight eggs and the braines of three or fower cock-

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sparrowes, and strain them into the other and a lytle rosewater and seethe them all with Suger, sinamon, and Ginger and cloves and mace and put in a litle sweet butter and set it upon a chaffing dish of coales between the platters; so let it boyle till it be something big."

This may "provoke courage" but it seemeth not a tart, even Elizabethan, unless indeed this be but the filling of one. Evidently the cock-sparrow supplies the courage as well as the effort to be "something big."

Frians were of two sorts. A lenten one was of eels, dates, prunes, and currants. "See that the eeles be fat and mince with two wardens." To make "flesh day frians":

"Take three hand full of flower, seven yolkes of egges and halfe a dishe of Butter, make your paste therewith and make two chewets thereof as you would make two tarts, and when it is driven verie fine with your rolling pin then cut them in peeces the bignesse of your hand. Then take a quartern of sugar and one ounce and foure spoonfulls of sinamon and halfe a spoonfull of Ginger and mingle them all together, then take lumps of marrow of the quantitie of your finger and put it on your peeces of paste afore rehearsed and put upon it two spoonfulls of your sugar and spices; then take a litle water and wet your paste therewith; then make them even as ye would make a pastie of Venison, then prick them with a pin and frie them as ye frie fritters, when they bee fried cast a litle sugar and serve them so."

This hand-and-finger "receit" has a breezy indefiniteness about it not in the least Victorian.

A tansey, but for its herbal queerness and its ruinous admixture of fluid, would do fairly for a modern omelet:

"Take a litle tansey, fetherfew, parseley, and Violets and stamp them all together and straine them with the yolkes of nine or tenne egges and three or foure whites and some vergeons [verjuice] and put thereto suger and salt and frie it."

We count those days of stout Queen Bess as days of stoutness, stanchness, and "sincerity," be it in things architectural, decorative, or domestic. But if we fancy them "sincere" in all things, let us read these recipes—"To make an eagle of a pullett," and "To make a Pigge into a fawne."

Unnecessary to recite them here. Only the "sincere" things need to live, while untold insincerities have died and left no trace. The sincere pullet was puffed into an insincere eagle by means of breath and a quill.

It is stuffed with barberries and, of course, ginger seasons them, a sufficiently unhen-like flavor, to be sure. Thereupon evidently the pullet becomes of more heroic gender.

"Take him and lay him flat on a platter and make him after the proportions of an eagle in every part, his head cleft assunder and laid in two parts like an eagle's head."

Only one more extract doth space permit. That extract is a list of "all necessaries apperteyning to a Banquet." They are:

"Sinamon, Suger, Nutmegs, Pepper, Saffron, Saunders [sandalwood for coloring], Coleander, Anne Seeds, Licoras, all kinds of Comfets, Oranges, Pomegranates, Sunflower Seeds, Lemmons, Prunes, Currans, Barberries conserved, Paper White and Brown, Seeds, Rosewater, Raisons, Rieflower, Ginger, Cloves and Mace, Damask Water, Dates, Cherries conserved, Wafers for your marchpanes, seasoned and unseasoned spinnedges."

### GIRLS' APPRENTICESHIP.

BY HELEN M. KNOWLTON.

"I T was arrogant in me to suppose that I could succeed in any business without serving an apprenticeship in it," remarked Mr. Howells' Helen Harkness, the heroine of "A Woman's Reason," out of the depths of her infelicitous experience. "It was like those silly women who go on the stage and expect to begin at the very top, over the heads of people who have faithfully worked all their lives learning to be actors."

The central truth of a great problem is touched in these words. Any girl who has reached her sixteenth year is old enough to have an idea of what she most wishes to do in life. She will probably have pleasant visions of a little home of her own where she will reign supreme as mistress; but, before that happens, she knows that she must be ready to do something toward supporting herself, and probably others, should occasion call upon

her for such effort. In most cases it does call loudly, long before the child becomes a woman. Hers is the common lot. Oh, the pathos of those two words! What endless servitude it means! What weary working, early and late, year in and out, with little or no respite from the harness of constant duty!

Fortunately the young girl does not realize this. A prince and a pair of ponies will surely drive into the narrow street some day and carry off Marla or Susan to become a princess, and a beautiful one. There is a fairy story in one corner of every young girl's heart. No one so plain or so neglected that she does not hug her fairy story, perfectly sure that it will, some day, come true.

But before the prince comes, and he does come, sometimes with a market basket or a milk can, a yardstick or a spade, our young maiden knows, in her sensible little head, that she has her living to get. So she finds a place, or a position, as she may choose to call it, and goes to work. It is bungling of the worst kind at first, and she has to be shown continually. She knows nothing of the work to be done, but her employer must have "help," and she must have "wages." The employer expects too much of the beginner, the girl loses patience with continual fault-finding; matters grow worse, and the connection exists no longer. She has not liked that kind of work, and will try another; but, in the new field of effort, she succeeds no better. She is shifted from one place to another, and comes into the category of cheap "help." Why? Because she knows nothing of the work before her.

She tries her hand at service. In her own poor home there was no opportunity to learn system, order, neatness. She gets through with what she has to do in an aimless, perfunctory way. Her heart is not in it. She knows that her efforts will be met with a frown or possibly ill-natured fault-finding. She has no ambition to do her work well, for she does not know how. What is the remedy for this? Shall Maria or Susan first serve an apprenticeship before becoming wage-earners?

There are many occupations where something equivalent to this apprentice work is found. The boy who opens the shop has almost nominal pay the first year. He is going to learn the business, and so gives hearty service for the slight stipend. But the girl

is not sure that she will have to earn her living always. She will do so for a while, but the prince will surely come, and then there will be no need. How little she thinks that he will be the most exacting of all for whom she has worked. It will be a pleasure to work for him, he will be so noble, so chivalrous, so gallant. Yes, but he will want his coffee made right, his bread light, his steak unscorched, his table neat, his home attractive, his wardrobe repaired. And the small maiden knows nothing of all this. In the bitter school of experience she must learn how to live.

Our kind-hearted, noble-minded American women are really the instructors of these fledgelings. With endless patience they show them all that they have to do, and how they must do it, and we do not give them half credit enough for the thankless task of instructing, perhaps every week or two, a new pupil.

In shops and factories it is no better. There is an army of young and inexperienced girls who do not take hold of their work as do boys and young men, chiefly from ignorance. A boy finds out how things are done. He is naturally constructive, and he is sure that he is to "do something" in the world. Heredity counts for something with him. What all his ancestors have done he will do as from instinct. His sister has no such inheritance. Her mother's life was narrow—however useful and even noble it may have been—and when she leaves the home threshold a young bird is not more helpless. A cat will show her kittens how to dispatch a robin or a dormouse, how to toss it and exult over it; but the mother whose daughter must seek her living away from the family hearthstone, has not even the instinct of the cat. Could the daughter serve a short apprenticeship her work would be worth something to herself and to her employer.

Technical and industrial schools are setting boys and young men squarely upon their feet, and in some of our cities efforts are making to help young girls to a similar knowledge.

Our young women are finding out that luck and capacity have little to do with success, compared with actual training. To be a good school teacher one must graduate from a normal school or college; to be a good musician one must be well trained under the best instruction; to be an artist one must have the best technique that the Paris schools can give;



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and so on through every department of human effort.

Serve well your apprenticeship, young woman. Then, and only then, will you be wanted, and then you may command the price of valuable service. If you are to be a milliner, or a dressmaker, serve well during the time required to learn the business. If you are to be in a shop, go to learn as well as to gain. If your field of work is to be a counting-room or office, go there determined to learn as much as possible. Keep an eye on the future. Try to make your services so valuable that another year will see you higher than you are this year.

Above all, keep your health and freshness. Give up any little pleasures that are going to make you listless in the morning. In a certain normal school in New England a large proportion of pupils who become successful teachers are Irish. Why is this? The American girl does not seem to have so much at stake as her sister of Irish birth. To the latter the opportunity to become a school teacher is one of such moment that she makes every other consideration bend to that. The American young woman must have her share of social life, and rarely does she possess the physique for that and her teaching as well; so it comes to pass that she breaks down nervously. Of course it is from overwork; but, had there been less play, her strength would have sufficed for what she had to do. The young Irishwoman, thoroughly trained for

the place, and with a superb physique which she has kept for the work, steps in with confidence, gives satisfaction, and in time the questions are asked, Why have we so many Irish teachers? What has become of all the American girls who left the normal school to teach?

This wandering from the subject is only to enforce the rule that health and strength must be the first essential, whether the young girl is trained or not. But to return again to the argument, to add that even now people do not consider the importance of seeing that a girl is fitted for her work as we all acknowledge that every boy must be. It is not so much the fault of the girl as it is of society at large which lets her drift along as she may.

Here comes in the question of fitness of selection. In our large schools the teacher has no time to consider the capabilities of her pupils. She must handle them *en masse*, a system that has as much to condemn as to sustain it. The family must take up the work that she fails to complete, and of how many families can it be said that they are capable of performing this duty? The wonder is, that left to themselves, young people get on as well as they do. There is no school like experience; but for the sake of employer and servant both, we can but wish that a sort of preparatory school might be planned for girls that should help them as their brothers are helped. In most places the system of apprenticeship would best fill the place of such a school.

### SHOULD OCTOBER TWELVE BE COLUMBUS DAY?

BY SAMUEL W. BALCH.

IN determining the date upon which the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery by Columbus should be celebrated, the omission of a number of days from the calendar in the sixteenth century appears to have been generally overlooked.

This has introduced an error in the dates of many events which we annually celebrate and has led to several curious transpositions of history. Among these the day when the memory of Shakespeare is annually recalled and the time set apart for Columbus Day are particularly noticeable.

The cause of these errors is traceable to the famous Council of Nice in the year 325.

This body of men met in that year and determined how fast the sun should travel. They had been accustomed to noting the passage of the vernal equinox on the 21st of March, and, presuming on its punctuality, to that day employed it in their rules establishing Easter and the other Church days. The sun, however, in common with some heretical luminaries of these later days, soon showed a disposition to disregard the rules of that council, and to reach the equinox ahead of time. In this overpunctuality it showed a gain of three days in four centuries, so that in the course of two hundred and thirty centuries, January would be shifted into midsummer

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and winter would come in July, if the error were permitted to continue. At the time America was discovered the sun was nine days ahead, and in the next century, when it was ten days away from its place, its disregard for the edicts of the council was forced upon the attention of the pope. Something had to be done, so the days were taken from the calendar.

In the year 1582 Pope Gregory XIII. ordered that the day after October 4 should be called October 15, to bring the equinoxes to the dates called for by the rules, and he further ordered that henceforth three leap years should be reduced to common years during every four centuries to prevent a repetition of the error. The calendar as thus corrected by the pope in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, was soon followed by the German Roman Catholic states and the Roman Catholic Netherlands together with Holland and Zealand. A century later the Protestant states followed, and lastly Great Britain and Ireland in 1752, when the error amounted to eleven days. Russia and Greece still retain the old style and differ from the other nations by twelve days in their reckoning at the present time.

The world is about to celebrate the four hundredth anniversaries of the events attending the voyages of Columbus. It was shown above that the calendar in which they were recorded was nine days in error at the time; none of the histories that have been written correct that record and therefore they do not correctly indicate by their dates how long ago the events transpired, and when their correct anniversaries will arrive.

On making the corrections the anniversary date of the departure from Palos becomes August 12 instead of August 3, the date of discovery October 21 instead of October 12, and the return to Spain March 24 instead of March 15. The length of the tropical year is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 45½ seconds. Four hundred such years amount to nearly 146,097 days; 400 years in our modern or Gregorian calendar also comprise this number of days, as may be quickly ascertained by multiplying 365 by 400 and adding 97 days for the 3 less than 100 leap years in the period. The above noted number of days in 400 years is divisible by 7 without a remainder. The four hundredth anniversary should therefore fall on the same day of the week as the event, and this is found to be the case when the 21st of next October is referred to as the

quadri-centennial day, for it falls on Friday, the day of the week on which Columbus is known to have made his discovery.

The confusion arising from one country's adopting the new style in advance of another is aptly illustrated in the supposed coincidence of the death of Spain's great dramatist and author Cervantes, and England's great dramatist and poet Shakespeare. Cervantes, the author of *Don Quixote*, died on April 23, 1616, according to our present calendar, which Spain used at that time. Shakespeare died on April 23, 1616, according to the old style calendar, but on May 3 new style, and therefore survived Cervantes ten days, the difference between the calendars at that time. The world has annually remembered these immortal bards together and in blissful ignorance thought of their coincident departure.

When in 1752 Great Britain and her colonies corrected the calendar, calling the day after September 2 September 14, everybody who had an anniversary to remember moved it ahead eleven days. Tenants who had been paying their rent on the first day of the month were permitted by law to keep their landlords waiting until the twelfth of the month thereafter; borrowers moved ahead the dates when their notes would become due; and everybody shifted birthdays. Prominent among these birthday celebrators was George Washington, who in this year passed his twentieth birthday on the 11th of February, but on account of the omission of the days it was not until the 22d of February, 1753, that he reached his majority. This omission in England precipitated a riot among the uneducated classes, who supposed that the days had been taken out of their lives.

In conclusion attention is to be directed again to the desire of the public to celebrate anniversaries of events, and when Congress, awakened to the necessity of commemorating in an appropriate manner the discovery of America, awkwardly places the celebration of the event a year before the fair, emphasis is placed on the necessity of honoring such an event on its centennial anniversary and not at another time. We have seen that, although intentions were good, Congress has not correctly set the day, but has instead ordered the celebration nine days too early. Its prompt correction is therefore in order, so that the world may celebrate the true birthday of the New World as we now do the true birthday of Washington.

## Woman's Council Table.

### WOMEN IN THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON.

BY MARY S. LOCKWOOD.

ONE of the first women who was assigned work in the Treasury building was a colored woman, Sophie Holmes by name. This woman had married Malachi Holmes, a slave, in 1852. In '54 he was to be sold at auction, but through the influence of Gerrit Smith he was bought by William Seaton, editor of the *National Intelligencer*. The price paid was one thousand dollars. Mr. Seaton paid Malachi twenty-five dollars per month. Sophie was to pay twenty-five dollars per month; this was to apply on his freedom papers. Malachi was given his wages and Sophie washed out his freedom. Davis, Slidell, Beauregard, and Thompson were among her customers.

They had paid two hundred and fifty dollars when the clouds of war began to gather over the country. They stopped the payments and put the money in the bank; but there came a day when the clouds grew darker, the Union seemed in danger, and that meant Malachi sold into slavery. So they raised the seven hundred and fifty dollars, paid it over, and Malachi Holmes was a free man; she had been in possession of his freedom papers four months when he enlisted in Col. French's Regiment, the 4th Maine, Co. H, Captain Burns. He could not enlist as a soldier on account of his color, but was Captain Burns' body servant. He was wounded unto death defending his captain's life in the battle of Bull Run; and when the slaves of the District were made free, President Lincoln said Sophie lost her thousand dollars by not knowing in time that she was a slave-owner.

She was appointed sweeper in the Treasury Department at twelve dollars per month, through the interest and influence of Mr. Seaton with General Spinner.

As time went on, four women were assigned places in the Redemption Bureau, Miss Belle C. Tracey, Miss Fannie Halstead, Miss Elizabeth C. Stoner, and Miss Henrietta Kelley. The proof of their efficiency lies in the fact that three of these women still hold the positions given to them thirty years ago. The fourth died a few years since. Sophie was

assigned as messenger in this same department.

One night when Sophie was sweeping the refuse papers in her room she found a box of greenbacks that had been cut, counted, and packed to transfer to the vaults, and had been accidentally overlooked. She did not dare call the watchman for fear he would be tempted beyond resistance. She thought of her four small children at home alone with no one to give them their supper or put them to bed, but the one duty that stared her in the face was to protect that money; she sat down upon the box and quietly waited for the hours to go by.

At one o'clock in the morning she heard the shuffling step of General Spinner in the corridor, and heard him open the door to his room. She quietly slipped along the corridor, knocked at his door, and told him what she had found. The General had the box taken to his room, and sent Sophie home in his carriage. The next morning when she returned she found the General still keeping guard. That night he sent for her and placed in her hand her appointment papers, given for honesty, and for thirty years she has earned and drawn her fifty dollars per month.

Fifty thousand dollars was in this box. At another time she found eighty thousand dollars, for which the testimony can be seen over General Spinner's own handwriting.

Old Sophie says, "Yes, for thirty years these eyes have seen nothing but money, and I have never had a desire to take a dollar not my own. I have a black face, but I would rather leave the legacy of a white soul to my children than all the money in that building."

The last letter General Spinner ever wrote was to Sophie. It reads:

"Good Sophie Holmes,"

"It was very kind on your part to send that picture of yourself to your old and heavily afflicted friend. I cannot see it; I looked at it holding it upside down; Josie tells me it is an exact likeness.

"I cannot even see what I am writing to you I am so blind. I regret that I cannot see you in the picture, for there is nothing in the world

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*WOMEN IN THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON.* 629

that gives me more pleasure than to look upon a good honest face. You possess such an one, and your conduct proves that it is a truthful reflex of your mind and disposition."

We hear and read a great deal of gentlewomen, of the daughters of judges, of generals, of high officials, gracing the departments. Let us hear more of women as women; daughters of a free republic, who are called into the government service because the government has need of them, as it needs the work of men. There are plenty of women out of the 1,359 in the Treasury Department in Washington whose work is not put in competition with each other, but with the best in each department. It is not too much to say that even the charwomen do their work better than men.

When the experiment of employing women clerks was yet in its infancy, the fourth auditor was requested to try one in his office. Being a progressive man he replied, "If I can get the right kind of a woman, and one who can do the work, I don't mind trying."

The work for which the clerk was needed was the settlement of the accounts of the paymasters of the Navy, and they are said to be the most difficult of any of the accounts audited in the Treasury.

From the examination papers sent in to the auditor, one set was chosen because the person who made them was so methodical in her work, and employed the most direct method of arriving at the desired result. A few days after Georgia Frances Snow of Detroit, Michigan, was brought to him as the person who was to run the gauntlet of distrust and opposition. She was given a desk, and took her seat, while the male clerks exchanged knowing glances expressive of their distrust of her ability to do the work, and the probable short duration of her stay. She applied herself with diligence to the work before her, and it was soon discovered that she was quite as capable as the ablest man among them. Since that time nineteen years ago she has held the same desk and occupied the same chair, and has done as much and as good work as any man in the office. In the changes of administration she has from her acknowledged ability maintained her position without experiencing a change of heart politically as seemed to be necessary with some of her male companions.

In this office are settled the accounts of the disbursing officers of the Navy and Marine

Corps, which involves the pay, rations, clothing, and the allowances of officers and men, the wages of mechanics at the navy yards, the receipts, custody, and issue of all kinds of naval property, the negotiation of bills of exchange in all foreign ports, the reduction of every kind of foreign money to values in our own money, the keeping of deposit accounts with enlisted men, and many other important features. The accounts are intricate and difficult, and but one out of seven of the men succeed in learning the work.

It is enough to say that Miss Snow has held her desk all these years. Her work has stood the critical tests of auditor and comptroller.

At desk No. 2, Bookkeepers' Division, sits Mrs. C. T. Lineburner; she is employed as requisition clerk. Her duties comprise the registration of a requisitions drawn by the secretary of the Navy upon the secretary of the Treasury, and the keeping of ledger accounts of all the naval appropriations. She has been in the office since February, 1866, and at her present desk twenty-two years. She is remarkably accurate, her records are faultless in neatness and legibility, and the discharge of her duties is attended with so little friction that few are aware of the importance of the work of her desk, which involves the account of millions of dollars annually.

Such women do not work against time, nor because they are the wife or daughter of somebody with a prefix, but because here is a place for them, and they are fitted for the work.

The day for experiments for woman's work in the departments has passed. Many of them have become experts in the work assigned to them. They are rapid and accurate counters of money; as detectors of counterfeit money, and restorers of mutilated currency, they are more deft than men.

By their prowess they have won their position, and in so far as accuracy and good work count they are safe. But when the eagle eye of politics rests upon a good position and the place is occupied by that part of the body politic which has no vote or voice in the law-making, we have known such to lose their places. There are instances where two male appointees had to be called in to fill the vacancy and accomplish the work of one woman.

But the crying evil is that even the government does not give the same pay to women as to men for equal work.



## Woman's Council Table.

### WHAT IS THY MYSTERY, O SEA?

BY MRS. A. ELMORE.

UPON the wide, white waste of sand we sit  
And watch the imprint of thy troubled feet,  
The graceful trailing of thy ragged robe,  
As in and out along the shore it sweeps.  
Thy sighs and moans and laughter interchanged  
We hear, and note the smiles that come and go,  
And catch on brow and hands the sprinkle of thy tears.  
We wonder what it is that troubleth thee,  
Why thou art ever seeking for the shore  
With fiercely eager or slow-creeping waves,  
Spreading thy many-patterned lace of foam,  
O'er the smooth-shouldered, white, expectant beach,  
Then, gathering all again, with miser hands,  
To thy weird home fast hasting back with all thy hoard.  
Why art thou sometimes peaceful as a rill  
That from its fountain source comes trickling down  
And wanders through the fair and fruitful vale,  
Smiling, and blessing bird and beast and tree?  
And why so soon art thou with anguish stirred,  
And crying with loud voice as of despair,  
And flinging hands imploring toward the cruel sky,  
Or beating with destructive vehemence  
Against the rocky base of mountains high,  
That dare with their firm feet to hem thee in,  
To hold thee fettered there against thy will,  
And by their silence shame thy strange unrest  
And bid thee tell them in thy changeful song  
The mystery that hides within thy breast, O Sea?  
It cannot be more strange than that of earth,  
That in the autumn garners all her leaves,  
And bares her beauteous trees with ruthless hand,  
And browns the green of mead and hill-side sward,  
And sends the song-birds homeless to the South,  
And drives the cattle into sheltering nooks,  
Then falls asleep 'neath robe of leaves and snow;  
And on some spring day morn wakes up so gay,  
With raptures of most dainty tints in blooms,  
And greening hills, and leaving trees, song filled,  
And lavish, widespread waste of fragrant smells,  
And loads the orchards with most luscious fruits,  
And to the sower's broadcast seeds of grain,  
A rich and generous harvest yields to glad his heart.  
Dost thou so much as this, O busy Sea?  
With all thy ceaseless groaning and turmoil,  
And all thy restless rushing to and fro?  
And can thy mystery be more strange than this?  
Or can it be more wearing to thy heart, O Sea?  
Are not the ways of men as strange as thine?  
They come and go, they strive and work and build,  
And then, full soon, they lay them down and die.  
The mystery thou hidest in thy breast,  
Is it more strange than this which governs all the earth?  
A newborn babe comes walling into life,  
A tiny copy of his father's face and form,  
With graces rare that in his mother charm.  
The bird from out her quaint-built, soft-lined nest,  
Will bring her counterpart in form and song.  
Expiring with sweet breath, the flowers we love,  
Drop into nature's tender palm, the seeds  
That to another year will give like blooms  
And leaves and stems and seeds and odorous breath the same.  
Thy mystery is not alone, O Sea,  
For who may read of one close by his side  
The inmost thoughts, the rulings of the heart?  
Who knows the motive of one act he sees?  
Deep at the heart of all things earthly lies

## Woman's Council Table.

### HOW ITALY RETAINS HER HOLD ON ART.

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A secret thought, beyond our mortal ken,  
Low-whispered only to the listening ear of  
God.

So, go thy way, O troubled, moaning Sea,  
Weep out thy pain, if pain indeed it be,  
And keep the secret source of thy unrest,

Close-locked within thy deep and changeful  
breast,

Unknown to all save God, thy God, and thee.  
The mystery that sorely troubleth thee,  
We would not seek to know, O Sea ! O rest-  
less Sea !

### HOW ITALY RETAINS HER HOLD ON ART.

Translated from the "Deutsche Rundschau" for "The Chautauquan."

**I**NTEREST for art in Italy compared with other countries is disproportionally active. The Italian people stand on intimate terms with their monuments of art, considering it a necessity and demanding as a right that treasures of art created and developed by them, and forming parts of their history as a nation, be carefully retained in their own country for the use and glory of the Italian nation.

The administration of recently united Italy considers the preservation of its art heritage one of its most beautiful and noble duties. It could not begin its activity from new conditions, but had to take up the old thread of the past, starting with a collection of old laws for the preservation of art works, which though by no means complete fills a book of imposing size. This record of Italian art and art culture covers a period of four hundred years, dating from April, 1462.

The idea of putting a stop to the destruction of art relics, first culminated in Rome. Soon papistical decrees took up the complaints, helping indirectly without doing any great good. These laws treat entirely of the preservation of antique works of art in public places and the disposal of those found by excavating, so that in less than a century necessity demanded the protection of the law to be extended to modern art works and to those in private possession. In 1571 a law was passed in Toscana requiring palace owners to preserve weapons, devices, etc., of the founders. In 1602 a law followed which forbade the exportation of paintings by eighteen masters, and in 1610 Perugino was added to the list. Finally in 1624 the papistical government took a decisive step, forbidding by law the exportation of both ancient and modern art works without a previous license.

From that time on, law followed law, only serving as witnesses to the ineffectiveness of

preceding ones, without any really new ideas. They finally terminated in the famous edicts of Cardinal Paccia of March 8, 1819, and of April 7, 1820, which hold good in Rome to-day, and testify to a fine conception of art. They may be summed up as follows: The exportation of art works without special permission is forbidden; a competent commission is to make an inventory of all important works of art, to be responsible for their disposal and their future state of preservation, and to decide whether a specified work shall be exported or not; art works of high artistic or historic importance must not be exported at all; and a tax of twenty per cent of the value is to be exacted for the exportation of those ancient works of art which receive license; modern art works of living artists are subject to no tax; it is forbidden to conduct excavations without permission, and immediate notice must be given of any find; it is also forbidden to make any changes on art works without special permission (especially restorations) or to damage them in any way: all these stipulations apply both to the art possessions of churches, corporations, etc., and to those of private individuals.

This general inventory, and the restrictions especially in regard to restoration are crying demands of science unsatisfied to-day.

In other lands of the peninsula, in Toscana, in the eastern states, in Lombardy, in Venice, and in the states of the south, legislation has turned its attention to the preservation of art monuments, all forbidding the exportation of ancient art works without permission of the committee of art experts, also their arbitrary sale by church parties and corporations; all providing for the preservation of artistic buildings or parts of buildings and for inventories of their present condition. Wise and prudent as these measures of legislators to revive ancient art seem to be, they

have not been a success in point of efficacy.

The preservation of existing relics is due entirely to individual magnanimity, to the understanding of art and of the ideal interests of the nation, possessed by private individuals. To this sensibility of her citizens Italy is indebted for the country's sublime ornaments of art, and for the survival of the many treasures, collections, and individual works of art found in and about Italy.

The entailments of great Roman art collections owe their origin to a similar source. They were intended to be preserved to all time for the use and enjoyment of Roman citizens and admiring strangers. These motives frequently were declared in celebrated documents. Legal parties have made a study of the records on which the entail institution is founded and have explained its heretofore vague relations, conclusively settling the right of the common people to the institution.

Extensive as the exportation of art works from Italy may have been which occasioned those laws, since the sixteenth century, it can hardly be estimated as too great. Not until our own century did it arouse apprehension in regard to its extent and character. With the decline of taste and interest for art, induced by the existing political and economical relations, enthusiasm and pleasure of preserving the treasures at hand became dulled. Meanwhile in foreign lands art collections arose on a scientific basis, drawing upon Italian markets with great method and wealth. The more serious damage resulted to the Italian art monuments because these collectors guided by their comprehensive culture and intimate knowledge, independent of the prevailing taste of fashion, turned their attention to those monuments of art which not sufficiently understood by average public and private collectors lay on the market almost unnoticed, or in churches, hospitals, and private houses, neglected and unappreciated. Until the beginning of this century no non-Italian collection anywhere has exhibited works of Italian Renaissance sculpture of any importance whatever. To-day the study of Italian sculpture and especially of fine art requires one to devote a considerable share of attention to the collections in London, Paris, and Berlin.

Not only Italy loses by this transportation, but the treasures themselves are losers. Every friend of ancient art who appreciates

the innermost soul of the work looks with pity on art works which in strange surroundings, far from their native land, have lost their characteristic charm, and like leaves torn from the book of home history are not comprehensible.

The government has a two-fold task in regard to these conditions: to guard the public art monuments and to prevent the exportation of art possessions whose loss would damage the ideal interests of the land; and the equally important duty of seeing to the preservation of art works of historical and artistic value, and of promoting their scientific and practical utility.

A satisfactory solution for the preservation of monumental buildings that are private property, has already been found. The circular of June 26, 1891, issued by the minister instructs the prefects of the kingdom to have the community decide upon a building regulation which, while corresponding to the requirements of communal and provincial law, shall contain the necessary ordinances for the preservation of buildings of a monumental character; the following principles were to be embraced in the building regulation: that a catalogue be prepared of all the old buildings and parts of buildings and ruins whose preservation affects the artistic character of the city and its history; that proprietors be forbidden to undertake any changes whatever on the externals of buildings without permission of the committee on buildings; finally that newly found buildings or parts of buildings of this character be placed under the supervision of the committee on buildings.

A second circular September 11, 1891, gives the formula and directions for the completion of the catalogue in course of preparation, of this important group of art works, providing for an important and difficult part of the general inventory of art monuments of the Italian state.

The ministry has begun to support the decree with energy and circumspection, having already recognized the legal stipulations by judiciary decision. Until now the government has not had legal power to prevent damage, removal, or robbery of art works of the nature of real estate, such as frescoes, etc., in the interior of private buildings; it had to confine its actions to exhortations and advice.

The question of preserving movable art property, which heretofore the law has ac-

tually kept sight of, now is being hotly discussed. "Buy or let alone," is the cry of one party of the government; "Let alone, do not spend money for what we have enough of," responds a second party; while a third urges the expediency of gaining control of art possessions. So opinions clash on what the government ought to do, all agreeing, however, that the existing laws on the exportation of art works are not fit to be perpetuated. They are indeed as faulty and contradictory as they are ineffective; faulty because the arrangements for exportation are very different for the different provinces; contradictory because in united Italy the law levies as much tax on the export from Rome to any other parts of Italy as for the export to some foreign country; they are ineffective largely because supervision is almost impossible, the management not being able to provide a sufficient number of competent judges, and moreover because even the wisest and most experienced judges are no match for the trickery of traders and undertraders, who frequently present themselves in various disguises.

The existing laws cannot be maintained. Will the government therefore without further ado take upon itself the responsibility of opening Italy's doors, and, out of consideration for the great stream of people who have long coveted these treasures of art, will it in a fit of too great liberality allow the rest of the artistic private possessions to leave the country undisputed?

The theory that they should try to retain by force whatever they believe of interest to the nation, is unnatural and unsound. Yet it is the duty of the government to guard the common interests fairly and reasonably, even when a complete comprehension of how to do it is not clear. Some way must be found to affect a transition from the present condition to complete freedom from such legal fetters. The first step in this reform will be to prepare a sufficiently scientific catalogue of all those art works of all ranks which must be preserved under all circumstances and for which in case of sale into foreign lands the government must be responsible. In order to allow the management time to concentrate its forces, so that it may keep its footing in the onset against it at the first removal of the barriers, it must be given the right to prohibit for several years the sale of art works entered in the catalogue, whose exportation is expressly forbidden, until from the income

of entrance fees, from a moderate duty on those antique art works whose exportation is permitted, and from other sources, it shall be in a condition to acquire at a moderate price these art works, in case parliament shall not grant special means for individual cases.

It is to be hoped that use will be made of this right of non-suit of purchase only in the first year and only in individual cases. The important art works in private possession are bound by entail or held by families, who do not seem at all inclined to give up their treasures. The rest in free private possession though always significant are yet far less so than is commonly thought.

Besides the free private and the public collections there is the entail collection. Though the Italian government has allowed the laws for the free private collection to exist till now, the entail galleries had to undergo change at least in outward character, owing to political and social revolutions.

In 1871 all family entails in Italy were abolished. The law of June 28, 1871, annulling them stated "until by a special law other arrangements shall be made, the galleries, libraries, and other collections of art works and antiquities exist as indivisible and unalienable." The special law made for the following session has not been made known.

Only a new law could change these stipulations so as to give temporary possessors free disposal of their collections. This has been done but ought never to have happened. The living generation has no right whatever to surrender the claims of posterity on the entail collection. Nor has it as the holder of an entail any right of disposition to suit individual inclination; its only business is to preserve.

The circumstances that have made the affair a burning question are well enough known. Only too well known are the attempts of several noble families to export as their private possessions, the art treasures entrusted to them, spite of all documents and wills to the contrary; also the financial embarrassment of several of the nobles is understood and the attempts of creditors to compel payment by the sale of art works.

All Italy and especially the population of Rome considers the preservation of the Roman entail gallery as an affair of vital concern as well as of pride. For a long time this subject has been eagerly discussed by tongue and pen, and the nation looks forward anxiously to a decision of this question hop-



ing for the preservation of the collections which for centuries have formed the characteristic charm of artistic Rome.

As long as the existing laws are in force the government's first duty is to prevent a laxness in the present state of possession of the collections; to maintain the indubitable right of the republic to freely inspect collections. It has also the task of confirming this right of the nation by a fundamental proof of correct origin, in order to go armed into the decisory battle.

It would be better and worthier, if financial circumstances permitted, to satisfy possessors of collections desiring to sell, with a reasonable indemnification—for this way is better than paying market prices—and thus finally recover the art possessions of the nation.

An entirely different character is observable in the relation of the government to the fourth and last group of art monuments, which, not in her immediate power, are certainly public property, but are entrusted to some other managing organism, such as that established by communities or secular cloisters or churches.

Italian legislators of earlier times endeavored to secure special protection for this group of art monuments; but with little success.

Even now the dangers are not wholly obviated. Only the greatest watchfulness will enable the government to verify relics. In the first place by a fundamental and complete inventory, which has been begun, by photographic reproductions of all important monuments, by a strong control of central and provincial managements, and by thorough investigation of legal determinations. Here, too, pecuniary means and the number of

competent judges are found insufficient.

Hitherto Italians have considered their duty done in protecting exterior art monuments from material harm; it is indeed a great advancement that they devote greater care to the preservation of things artistic, that after incredulous devastation they at last appreciate scientifically founded principles for the restoration of such structures as mosaics, frescoes, etc., that they seek to explain and diffuse by tongue and pen, example and precept, the principles of artistic and scientific methods, yet the most difficult part of the task remains to be done,—fitting the art collections for scientific use.

As yet not a single publicly founded collection of paintings corresponds in its conduction and arrangement to the requirements of modern times; not a single one can show a scientific catalogue.

Italy needs now to transform them to places of pure, undisturbed, artistic enjoyment for the laity, to practical establishments of instruction for artists. By the information and scientific means of help which they offer him, the pupil should be enabled to form for himself a characteristic, independent judgment. To the investigator they should be scientifically arranged archives, collections of historical documents of the arts of famous districts, from which he can shape his study in the history of art. Then they would be a fruitful source of artistic and intellectual inspiration which would recompense one a hundred fold for time dissipated among the multitude of art works. They would show one his strength and, better than any law and export prohibition, would preserve the art heritage and add to it besides.

## WOMAN'S POSITION IN LAW.

BY MARY A. GREENE, LL.B.

Of the Boston Bar.

**I**N the eye of the law an unmarried woman or a widow has all the rights of a man, except the right of suffrage, and at the present time she has in many countries a more or less extended right to the ballot.

It is only the married woman, during the existence of the marriage relation, who is under peculiar legal restraint. Just as soon as the marriage relation is terminated,

whether by divorce or by the husband's death, the woman regains her legal freedom.

Apart from certain inevitable distinctions in the law of crimes, and the suffrage laws already mentioned, there are positively no laws that apply only to men. The law is to regulate the conduct and protect the rights of every member of the state, without distinction of sex. All the laws regarding the buying

and selling of property, the making and endorsing of notes and checks, apply to women with as much force as to men. An unmarried woman or a widow is just as free to carry on mercantile business of every description as a man can be. She has equal freedom to make a will for the disposition of her property after death, to adopt a child, if she chooses, and in fact to transact any lawful business just as her brother may do.

Under the old English common law, for reasons which if they ever had any validity are now extinct, the married woman was from the moment of her marriage, stripped of nearly all her legal rights. All her personal property became her husband's to deal with as he saw fit and at his death it went to his heirs, even if she survived him. As to her real estate, the law gave to her husband a right to the use and income of it for his life, *provided* they had a child born alive. This life interest of the husband is known as "tenancy by the curtesy" and it now exists in most of the older states of our Union. It all depends, however, upon the birth of a living child, and if the married pair never had a child, the real estate of the wife at her death goes at once to her heirs, and her husband gets not a single cent of it. Her heirs are her father if living, or, in some states, the father and mother together, then if *they* are dead the brothers and sisters.

If the wife dies leaving children, or even if she had ever had a living child, then the husband has her real estate for his life and after him it goes to the children.

But although the husband did not have an absolute right to his wife's real estate, he still during their married life had all the income of it to use. So, as the wife was deprived of all earthly possessions, except gifts of clothing and of jewels, it was in the nature of things an utter impossibility for her to make a will or to transact business as a responsible person. Therefore the law could not and would not allow her to enter into a binding contract of any kind, or make a will. This was the old law of our American colonies. It has been greatly changed by legislation all tending toward the enlargement of the married woman's freedom. In some states to-day the married woman is just as free in the sight of the law as her unmarried sister. She can hold property, make a will, and buy and sell, and trade with any one, even her husband, with the utmost freedom.

In every state her own property is so far secured to her that it cannot be taken for her husband's debts, and, after his death, it is hers absolutely. In every state, too, she can make a will, but in some states she cannot by will deprive her husband of his right to tenancy by the curtesy in her real estate.

Owing to this claim of the husband on her real estate, she cannot in her lifetime sell or mortgage it without his consent and signature in the deed. In a few of the western states where tenancy by the curtesy has been abolished, it is no longer necessary for the husband to join in the deed.

A widow is just as free to engage in business and to bind herself by legal obligations as a man. But her right to a share in the property of her deceased husband is a right arising out of the previous marriage relation and is affected by the ancient laws concerning that relation.

At her husband's death she is entitled to the use and income for her life of one third of his real estate, and this "dower" is hers whether she ever had any children or not. The rest of the real estate goes to the husband's heirs.

The widow's share of personal property varies in each state. As a rule she has one third of it and the children two thirds. If no children are living, or their descendants, she has a larger share, one half in some states, the whole in others.

As the widow is legally competent to transact business, she can be appointed administratrix of her husband's estate and guardian of the children.

In former days when a married life was the sole object and aim of woman, and no other means of support was considered proper for her, she had no incentive to exercise her legal rights in the business world, and consequently took no interest in the laws of business, until some great pecuniary misfortune forced them upon her attention. But to-day, the thousands of wage earners among American women are vitally interested in the laws that govern the business world. Realizing that their present ignorance entails pecuniary loss, they are anxious to know what these laws are, for to be forewarned is to be forearmed for the battle of life.

It is for this great army of women that the writer has in recent numbers of this magazine, briefly explained a few leading principles of business law.

## EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

### THE BOY AND MAN IN OUR CIVILIZATION.

THE American boy is in danger of being neglected both in his literary education and moral training. The attention given to the girls of the period is unusual. They are being educated in larger numbers in the public schools than the boys and they make up a vast majority of the pupils in our Sunday schools. Boys are in the minority in the high schools, the academies, and the seminaries. They are in the minority in the Sunday schools of the land, and women outnumber the men at preaching services in every denomination. It is true that young men are more numerous in the higher institutions of learning than women. Now, what is the cause of the woman side of our civilization being built with greater care, at more expense, and with a larger measure of success than the man side of our civilization?

To be sure women do most of the teaching in the public schools, while men do most of the teaching in our colleges and universities. Women do most of the teaching in the Sunday schools, to offset which men do most of the preaching in the pulpits. Seventy-five per cent of the public lecturers are men, while seventy-five per cent of the popular singers are women.

When we make a study of public institutions where boys and girls are educated and where men and women meet to advance moral reforms and teach religion we find they are not well balanced. It was not so fifty years ago. Men taught in the public schools and in the Sunday schools as they did in the pulpits and in the higher institutions of learning. When we think of the educated voters needed to govern the country and to say what laws shall be enacted and what ones repealed, when we think of the future church and the influence it is to exert over mankind, we turn to the common school system, the pride and glory of this American republic, as our hope. Its practical working is a question of great magnitude and should be one of absorbing interest to all. How are the reformers and enterprising citizens of the land to

reply when asked: What is to be done for the boys, how shall they be kept in the public schools till they are educated, how shall they be induced loyally to attend the Sunday school, and then graduate into the church and devote themselves to its work?

Unless these questions are answered by a speedy reform and with some matter-of-fact work, we are in danger of having a lop-sided civilization in this country in less than twenty-five years; because, as Emerson says, we are now building up our civilization on one side while it is being pulled down on the other. Compulsory education is not solving the problem. The Epworth League and the Society of Christian Endeavor have not given us an answer; the Sunday school does not seem to reach the case, but as an institution it must be helped to save itself.

The churches are growing weaker in boyhood and manhood and stronger in their girlhood and womanhood. Any person who will take the pains to travel from town to town and city to city and visit the week-day schools, the Sunday schools, and the preaching services cannot fail to observe that the foregoing statements are substantially correct and that the crying need of these times is a general awakening on the subject of bringing the boys and the men into closer sympathy with popular education and religious movements. It would be an unfortunate state of things to have our public schools become women's schools, and the churches women's churches, and the reform movements women's movements; because men more than women need education, and they need the beneficent influence of moral reforms and the inspiring effects of the Christian religion.

It will be a sad comment on American character if boys and men cannot be held to these great lines of intellectual and moral improvement. It appears to some wide-awake observers as they look over the field of American life that there is something radically wrong which ought to be made right, and it ought to be done very soon; but it will require great men and great women to handle the problem and give direction to the movement to set things right.

## GENIUS AND SUCCESS.

FORMERLY it was an opinion generally accepted that genius could not exist along with a turn for affairs. To "gnaw a crust in a garret" was looked upon as the natural and fitting thing for a poet to do while spinning the golden cocoon of art. Times have changed and we have changed with them to such a degree that nowadays the muses are expected to endow a genius with the knack of turning a shilling as adroitly as he is expected to turn the stylus or wield the plectrum. Art, and especially literary art, is at this moment of all arts the surest in financial footing; in other words the literary genius is better paid than any other worker in a purely artistic vocation, and yet it is not a hundred years since the days of his starvation.

We hear a good deal about the unreliability of literature as a profession; but the bottom fact in the matter is that the profession is as reliable as any other to those *who can master it as a business*. In the business of letters there is no way of avoiding scrutiny and exposure. All the world is the writer's critic. It is not so with the physician; he can look wise, pour out three drops of sweetened water, feel his patient's pulse, and go his way. Even the lawyer has many a short cut by which he can escape detection when he blunders; but the writer must meet every demand or he must fall. A moment or two of careful thinking will disclose to any mind the element which distinguishes literary and art life from every other field of human experience and aspiration. To succeed in the best sense in any calling you must have genius; but success to-day is measured by money and we may as well for the moment take the best possible view of this criterion, the golden yard-stick. We may take it as a general rule that every person entering upon the profession of literature has in view two things: fame and money, with a heavy balance of preference to the credit of the latter.

In this view of the case can we safely say that genius succeeds better than mere agile and clever talent? Take the successful novels, for example, published during the year and what will be the impression? With one exception the most popular and paying novels of recent issue have been of poor workmanship and have appealed to human sympathy through other channels than art; but they have been written by men and women of

genius who were willing to cater to a vulgar taste for the sake of success. The reader who runs is not apt to make note of this clever, if debasing, trick of the literary profession, nor is it our purpose to analyze it. What we have in mind is to point out why it is that writers have a harder time of it than other professional people.

Some one has said that genius is patience; but the saying will not hold when applied to the irritable, restless, insatiable knights of the pen. The time has passed when the poet, the novelist, or the essayist was content to delve for the applause of posterity. Success must be immediate or some other string must be pulled; fame and money forthwith is the demand; but if fame cannot be had then notoriety and money; money at all events. We called attention in these editorial columns not long ago to the system of literary "booming" which is but a part of the general scheme in which literary effort has involved itself of late. Even genius has been "hustled" into it to such an extent that one regards askance every sudden apparition above the literary horizon.

To set our own opinion in plain words, we seriously doubt whether genius in art is better paid to-day than it was in the time of the garret and the crust, save where it truckles to mere popular demand. The money-making genius watches the weather vane of current taste, as a broker watches the movements of financial weathercocks, and strikes for the lucky lead. He deals in literary margins, he bulls or bears the market, he takes a chance on every change of the wind. Perhaps this is why there are so few genuine creations in literature at present. The poet writes to suit the needs of the magazine editors, so likewise does the prose writer, and in this way journalism is shaping both men and literature. Genius is no longer

"Proud and fond of savage liberty,"

or if it is, the exigencies of a life overpressed with the weight of artificial needs and dazzled by the glare of gold shut out the possibility of entertaining lofty ambitions. The French, the English, and the American authors seem to be in a mad chase after great incomes rather than in search of the muses. Genius succeeds; but at a loss, no matter what are its receipts in bills and checks.

We are apt to say too much, however, when we begin to find fault with this sordid aim in



art. There is a considerable compensation for the loss of the old-time self-consecration to the highest dreams. We no longer see the poet, hirsute and seedy, seeking some one to borrow a dollar of; he rides in his carriage and subscribes liberally to charities; for if he cannot sell his poetry at a round price he turns his genius to mining, railroad building, banking, or mixing patent medicines. He is too proud and independent, in a way, to have the world call him a poor man. The novelist is cut from the same cloth as the poet; he and the dramatist work side by side and they sit side by side in splendid boxes at the theater and the opera. If romance will not pay they turn to realism; if realism begins to drag in the market they seize upon naturalism; genius must succeed. We call this compensation; but after all, while it gives a well-dressed, well-fed, prosperous look to the world of art and relieves us of a set of miserable crust-mumbling, garret-haunting geniuses, it brings the hopeless decadence of all that is lasting and truly valuable in literature. It gives us what is written for gain instead of what is written to relieve the stress of genius filled with the burning spirit of creative thought and moved by the energy of lofty ambition, which would scorn the temptation of money.

Have we drawn the picture too far toward the pessimistic side of the canvas? Doubtless there is somewhere a saving remnant among our men and women of genius; but the "larger fact" of the case is with the view we have sketched. Truly success is something to be desired and genius is a divine gift; still there is a success which draggles the wings of genius in the dust of vile traffic, and it looks as if the whole throng of contemporary *littérateurs* were pouring along the highway of finance, scrambling for the purses hung up to tempt them.

#### THE NEW BROTHERHOOD.

REVOLUTIONIZED charity created by the dawning feeling of brotherhood means giving the capable poor not cash but a chance; not thoughtless money, but moneyless thought; not that which will increase their hopelessness, but a training which will make them self-supporting.

Through the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities the man out of work and hard-up is supplied

the labor he needs. The woman too ignorant to do anything well is trained in its laundry until able to earn her own living. Over five hundred women, otherwise of leisure, in this society, are assigned as "friendly visitors," each to some self-helpless family which she visits frequently, studying its needs, giving counsel and domestic instruction, becoming in fact a valued friend doing lasting good in an ever-expanding circle of the needy.

A Poor Man's Club has been opened by the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, in an overcrowded district of New York City, where men and women may find rest and refreshment of a refining kind, and where a wholesome pail-dinner may be purchased at a small price. This club, to be followed by other similar ones, is another mark of thoughtfulness for the pleasure of toilers.

Philanthropists of the new school are multiplying, who vie with each other in the unfolding of schemes for social leverage. University graduates do not hesitate to take up their living abode amid the densest squalor, for the purpose of extending helpful influences more effectually. Commodious country homes volunteer for a day or a week their hospitality to bevvies of air-starved babies. No keener insight into the human nature of the poor has been shown in these endeavors, than in opening a free loan exhibition of fine arts in the heart of the east side of New York. The love of the beautiful bears a near kinship to morality. It is, however, an attribute generally undervalued in our culture, much more so than among Europeans whose children pronounce "beautiful" among their first words.

The idea of an exhibition of art works for the benefit of New York poor was projected by the University Settlement, which held that such a one would be even more successful than a similar one recently held in Toynbee Hall, London. Artists and generous rich men immediately acted upon the suggestion and the exhibition resulting is now to be a semi-annual treat for the East Side. Discretion was shown in rejecting the old masters and the modern French school, the exhibit comprising stirring war scenes, marine views, and landscapes with local and historic scenes, all of the kind calculated to reach and uplift expected beholders.

Many of the spectators, it is safe to say, are unacquainted with anything more elevating in pictorial art than the lurid chromos and

monstrous ceramics given away with a pound of vile tea. Many of them have beheld only the "art" displayed in saloon windows.

The appealing influence akin to an inspiration reflected from a canvas upon which a master has impressed a pure or uplifting emotion, is to these people a baptism from on high. The gamin, at home only in a street fight, picks out his battle scene and learns of a noble kind of war. The dulled eye accustomed only to the grime of gutter and smoke of sky brightens at clover-scented, blue-skied fields. Mother love almost stifled from hard surroundings revives and warms

at the contemplation of the speaking woe of some lost canvas-child. The preacher is in it all, stronger than surplined sermonizer. Every beholder welcomes the new inner prompting. Lectures aided by stereopticon views are added to this entertainment worth any one's attendance. Treated as well as up-town people, the poor forget for the time their poverty. A glimpse from a higher plane arouses a desire to live upon it. Through social efforts like this, gentle, brotherly, hand to hand, charity becomes for the first time what it has always aspired to be,—"sweet charity."

### EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

IN accordance with President Harrison's repeated recommendations, a bill is now before Congress for the protection of railway employees, somewhat similar to that guaranteed by the government to American seamen. The bill provides the introduction of airbrakes and car couplers, gradually enough not to cripple railroad companies with a sudden burden too heavy to carry, but requires that after '95 every locomotive shall be equipped with a power brake sufficient to control a train, and that after '98 all cars shall be equipped with automatic couplers. The objection of railroad companies to legislation on this subject, on ground of inability to meet so great an expense, is by this means obviated. The further objection that federal interference will dull invention and kill progress in car-coupling, is answered by the provision that the couplers to be adopted shall be the choice of the carriers themselves. Reason for this legislation is found in the fact that out of 182,703 railway employees in the country, 2,451 were killed and 22,390 injured during the past year, of whom 8,211 were killed or injured while coupling cars.

FROM the west comes the increasing demand for the free delivery of mail in the country districts. The people who derive their support from the 4,750,000 farms in the United States, and who pay the same rates of postage as those who live in the towns and cities, believe themselves entitled to postal privileges. In France, England, and Germany the system has long been in successful operation; during the past year the rural free

delivery experiment has been tried in forty-six communities in the United States and with such success, both as to service and receipts, that its practicability is almost assured. Before there can be free delivery of mail in the rural districts, however, it is fair to suppose that Postmaster General Wanamaker's suggestion will be acted upon providing for the extension of the service to towns of less than 10,000 inhabitants. When this is done and the business of the smaller communities facilitated thereby it will be in order to expect some legislative action in satisfaction of the demands of those who live apart from the centers of population.

THE "Note-book" recently advocated the separation of municipal government from national politics. In line with that opinion now comes the formation of the Civic Union of New York City, on a constitution advocating "once for all, the total separation of state and national politics from this city's affairs, until we shall have in fact a government of, by, and for the people." This Union is the natural outcome of the civic reform agitation going on in the city and promises a solution of the problem by a private organization, of which every New Yorker, desiring purity in city government, is asked to become a member. Declaring its purpose to study municipal interests, to seek to better the condition of the people, and to make New York the cleanest, noblest city in the world, it has already taken strong root. Including millionaires, workingmen, Protestants, Catholics, and Jews alike, and recognizing that "eternal

vigilance is the price of liberty," it affords, perhaps, the best means of ridding a city of official corruption. Other large cities of the country, nearly all of which are ring-ridden—and small ones, for that matter—would do well to profit by the example of this private vigilance committee.

THE approaching presidential campaign will be in some respects a peculiar one. Both parties have distinguished their preferences by nominations indicating that it is the people and not the machines who make the candidates. There is every assurance that the only fuel for the fight will be ideas—the American policy of protection vs. "tariff reform." The public is fortunate in the promise of a respite from the tirade of personalities that usually besmirches such a season; both candidates have gone through the searchlight ordeal; no astounding revelations of a private character can be made, to divert the public from the main issue. Both candidates share the advantage of having had one administration, in each of which tariff measures formed the vital feature. Whatever the result, it is probable that it will be reached by a more thoughtful canvass of issues than has been generally prevalent.

THE presidential election of this fall will be the first of its kind in our history regarding one feature. Within the past four years, thirty-five states have adopted the secret ballot, the effect of which the coming election gives the first opportunity to judge. In some of these states the law is imperfectly constructed, but in all there is absolute secrecy of the voter from the moment of securing his ballot until it is deposited. The worst that can now be done is to hire voters to remain away from the polls, the effect of which is only half that of buying votes. There is now no obstacle to a man's expressing his honest convictions, and little chance of success for those who still pay for votes. The step is a long one in remanding party bosses to a back seat, and bidding argument and education to the front.

AN effort is now being made to establish at the World's Fair a separate department for a road-building exhibit, one which is now scattered through five departments, without the coherence and instructiveness it would gain by being compacted in one exhibit. Such a one, showing cross sections of well-built roads, material, machinery, and all the

appliances used to maintain the finest roads of Europe and this country, with pamphlets for free circulating on the art of road-making, would afford a liberal education upon a neglected subject to thousands of visitors, and in all probability be the starting point of a much needed movement for better country roads. Congress is also recognizing this need, by the introduction of a bill providing for a National Highway Commission, to consider the coöperation of national, state, and county authorities to devise a betterment of our road system. The pending appropriation of \$24,000,000 for river and harbor improvement, certainly points to the paramount duty of bestowing a like favor upon land travel. The whole movement, if effected, may in time furnish a check upon the present tendency of the population to collect in cities.

THE appointment of a committee in the Board of Lady Managers of the Chicago Exposition to act upon the subject of the selection of a national flower, promises after a hundred years of national existence, the completion of our emblems. France has her lily and England her rose, but America has not profited by their example. At the reception of a distinguished foreign guest, only our fierce-beaked eagle can smile his welcome. At our proffer of sympathy and aid to neighbor countries in distress he can only extend a generous talon. The beauty of emblemizing our national spirit with an appropriate flower has been unheeded in the hurly-burly of practical things. The committee alluded to has provided for a popular vote, to be taken during the Exposition, naming the preference of the people. No suggestion will probably be made better than that of the golden-rod, hardy, handsome, and widespread. Many small blossoms of this species make one large flower whose shadings blend and enhance each other. No other flower better typifies the Union than this combination.

THE secretary of war in a recent letter stating his reluctance to act on a committee passing judgment upon certain works of art to be erected in Washington, declared that there should be a national commission for this purpose. Thereupon the National Art Association, then in session, passed a resolution instructing its chairman to appoint a committee to consider the best means of bringing about a provision by Congress, for

a National Art Commission. It is not probable this subject will receive speedy attention in the present condition of politics; the fact remains that those countries which have been foremost in fostering art, have proportionately profited by it. The logic which invests the government with authority to foster agriculture by the methods now adopted, to stock rivers with fish, to grant subsidies to railroads and steamer lines, and to do many similar things to promote the welfare of the people, would grant it the power to foster public art education in this way. Our present policy cannot be called "American," since under it we are obliged to import foreign designers. The public monuments and buildings of Washington express a mute but eloquent appeal for a national art commission.

COEDUCATION, and particularly that in its highest form, is surely gaining ground when it is announced that the University of Heidelberg is about to admit women to the Philosophical Faculty and give to them its degree. With Yale, Cornell, and the University of Michigan already admitting women to their doors and giving to them privileges almost equal to those of men; and the new University of Chicago giving to young women the same advantages as to young men for a liberal education, and that without limitation; and finally the hopeful indications that Johns Hopkins University will throw open its doors to women—the progress and success of coeducation, or, what is better, the higher education of women on equal footing with men is beyond reasonable doubt assured. The action of the University of Heidelberg, an institution more than five hundred years old and representing all that is conservative in the ultraconservative German educational methods, has formed a precedent which the higher institutions of learning in other countries may well imitate.

THE return of the Peary Relief Expedition, which by this time has reached Peary's desolate headquarters at McCormick Bay, will be eagerly awaited, as it will bring news of the fortunes of that dauntless party since its departure a year ago for the frozen North. The news may add another terrible chapter to the long history of arctic disasters, it may announce the discovery of the north coast of Greenland, Peary's great ambition, or may tell of the party's retreat southward after

finding its object impossible to accomplish. Mrs. Peary may be found alone with a servant in the camp to which her husband and companions may never return. Every possible effort will be made by the relief party to trace the explorers if disaster have overtaken them on the inland ice-route by which they were to seek the north coast or the pole. Experienced arctic travelers gravely disapproved Peary's plan as hazardous in the extreme. It will be remembered that his headquarters are four hundred miles north of the northernmost Esquimaux settlement. Should perils be successfully met and the object of his novel expedition attained, Peary will step to the front among famous pole hunters.

JUST what proportion of immigrants landing in this country are paupers is a question for which there are many answers. There is a record kept of the amount of money in the possession of every immigrant upon his arrival at Castle Garden which shows the average amount *per capita* of every person over twenty years of age to be as follows: Italians, \$96.51; Hungarians, \$95.91; French, \$78.23; Spaniards, \$76.21; Greeks, \$44.06; Welsh, \$40.91; Swiss, \$37.38; Germans, \$35.66; Armenians, \$32.01; Belgians, \$30.44; Danes, \$29.23; Scotch, \$28.28; English, \$28.20; Russians, \$28.18; Dutch, \$26.67; Turks, \$26.04; Bohemians, \$26.02; Swedes, \$22.32; Norwegians, \$19.28; Austrians, \$18.06; Irish, \$16.52; Poles, \$11.70. How far these figures go in distinguishing the pauper from the real immigrant it is difficult to tell. Sound and strong in life and limb, an intelligent foreigner with an aggregate of but \$96.51 in his possession is on a par with many of our population who hold the title of American citizens, but a large percentage of the half million immigrants who land on American shores during the present year will be less favored: ignorant, and grossly so, of the speech and customs of the land of their adoption, perhaps bringing families which must be supported, and, as in the case of the average Pole, with but \$11.70 for the purchase of immediate necessities.

OF the 450,000 immigrants who came to this country during 1891 the French, Belgians, and Dutch were mostly artisans; the Irish, for a few years decreasing in numbers, were largely young girls; the Scandinavians, rapidly increasing, went to swell the farming classes; the usual large number of Italians



and the always increasing Poles and Arabs, and, lastly, the swarming Jews, many of them assisted to reach this country by Baron Hirsch, were the chief classes which figured in the totals at Castle Garden in New York. Of all nationalities the Jews are said to be the poorest, the average immigrant family numbering eight persons and many containing ten and fifteen children. These are growing the elements which in one sense make America a distinctive nation the world over.

A RECENT bulletin issued by the Census Bureau relating to the assessed valuation of property in the United States shows that the value of all property, save railroads, as assessed, increased from \$16,902,993,543 in 1880 to \$24,651,585,465 in 1890, being an increase of \$7,748,591,922, or nearly fifty per cent. If the same relations existed in 1890 as in 1880 regarding true and assessed valuations, the wealth of the United States may be estimated at \$63,648,000,000. This amount reduced would mean \$1,000 *per capita* in 1890 over and against \$870 in 1880, \$780 in 1870, and \$514 in 1860. It is almost impossible to compare the wealth of the country by states by reason of the way the assessments are made. In some states property is assessed at its full value, in others at a varying fraction of its real value, and in the different states the kinds of property taxed differ widely.

SOME interesting statements have recently been made by the special agent of the census in charge of statistics of religious bodies. There are one hundred and forty denominations in the country, two thirds of which are of entirely American origin, through "splits" or the adoption of new doctrines. In the multiplication of sects, the statistician holds that the main guiding principle has been the tendency toward liberalization. The numerical growth of the Catholic church, which numbers six and a quarter million people, has been during the past decade but fifteen and a half per cent. This is claimed to be too small, the error probably caused by overstatement in 1880. Among Protestant churches the Methodist numbers over two and one fourth million, having increased over thirty per cent during the decade. The Presbyterian, including a little less than one and one fourth million, has increased thirty-nine per cent. Lutherans, numbering about one and one fourth million, have increased over sixty-eight per cent. Congregationalists, now

numbering over a half million, have increased about thirty-three per cent. The figures are not yet tabulated for the Episcopal and Baptist churches. The Jews have outstripped all others, for though now numbering but about 131,000, their increase ratio is one hundred and sixty per cent. These percentages when compared with the increase of the whole population—about twenty-five per cent—afford encouragement to evangelization.

PROF. R. L. GARNER, the indefatigable student of monkey language, deserves the support of popular concurrence with his project of exploring the wilds of Western Africa to study the speech and habits of anthropoid apes. He has long been investigating the facts of simian speech, hampered by the disadvantages of zoological gardens; his success has been such as to arouse confidence in his ability to contribute some addition to science by carrying on his studies in the jungles of nature. The equipment being fitted out at his own expense consists of a steel wire cage made of adjustable panels, a hammock, camp chair, phonograph, kodak, telephones, and electric battery, besides the usual explorer's outfit. In case of danger from attacks the cage can be charged with electricity from which the investigator will be insulated by a rubber matting. Telephones will connect phonographs in the cage, with decoys and baits some distance away, intended to attract gorillas and chimpanzees, whose sounds will be transmitted to the cylinder. A body servant and cook will be Prof. Garner's only companions on this trip, whose result may reveal a new line for philological research.

NEVER has the candor characterizing Gladstone, at his best, shone more conspicuously than during the closing days of the last English Parliament, and in his late election address to the people. Declining to represent any other cause in his old age than Home Rule, for which his life energy has been spent, in face of the loss of votes such an action involves, he says this must surely be the last general election for him, and that in the short time left him he can hope to execute only a small share of the project of Home Rule. Equally clear is his forecast of the proposed Irish Bill, which, providing for an Irish Parliament to manage local Irish affairs, restricts it from interfering with denominational education or from con-

ferring any favors upon the Catholic church. The fear held by northern Protestant counties of Catholic dominance is thus allayed. Ireland is to retain her representation in the Imperial body, effecting "Home Rule sheltered by Imperial supremacy." Whether the coming elections shall retain the Tory government or place Gladstone once more at the head, voters are intelligently informed by his honest declaration as to his exact policy.

A RECENT article by Signor Crispi refutes the general impression that the present financial distress of Italy is caused by the armament required by the Triple Alliance. According to the ex-premier, this alliance has not imposed any extra taxation upon the Italian kingdom, whose straits are brought about by her internal political condition. He states that at the union of Italy thirty years ago, she was lacking in all the requirements

of modern civilization,—roads, ports, railroads, telegraphs, army and navy. Thirty years, consequently, have been obliged to accomplish for her, what other nations have taken a much longer time to bring about. Education was then unknown in many portions of the kingdom, to develop which, together with material requirements, have made hard work for government financiers, who have also been far from faultless in management. Italy is struggling desperately to keep up an armament for defense. Should France and Austria, her northern neighbors, make an attack, she would be unable to meet them. A coast attack would necessitate her owning two fleets, at present beyond her ability. It is therefore difficult for an outsider to realize that it would not be better for her to depend as Switzerland does, upon the protective power of neutrality.

#### THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD.

CHAUTAUQUA, the seat of the Summer Assembly, is a town which in all its appointments rivals the modern American municipality. Not the least, by any means, of its many attractions is the eight-page newspaper which for sixteen years has been published for thirty days during the summer sessions. This newspaper is not for those alone interested in Chautauqua. To be sure, it is the official organ of the Summer Assembly, and as such prints the authorized program of public exercises each day, and reports all C. L. S. C. meetings, Round Tables, and conferences, and from day to day tells of the work being done in the Schools of Sacred Literature, College of Liberal Arts, Teachers' Retreat, School of Physical Education, and special classes. But in addition to these features there is much of interest to those who do not go to Chautauqua or who do not follow the conduct of the program or the development of the educational system.

In the thirty numbers of the new volume there will be more than one hundred lectures by eminent men, stenographically reported, on subjects of wide interest including American history and literature, practical economics, and sociology, and important educational and religious and many popular topics. Experienced newspaper men will write for the *Assembly Herald* over one hundred and twenty terse sketches of prominent personalities. The brief History of the Day and the Drift of the Day departments

will be retained and will give the latest gossip of Chautauqua life. To women the *Assembly Herald* should be especially attractive, for it will contain full accounts of the various Missionary Conferences and accurate reports of the proceedings of the Woman's Club and the Girls' Club, the latter a new institution at Chautauqua. The *Assembly Herald* is of value to those who go to Chautauqua and who are interested in it, and it is also appreciated and desired by those who continually post themselves on men and women of prominence, and who read and think on vital questions of the times.

The first number of Vol. XVII. will be issued on Wednesday morning, July 20, and the last number on Tuesday morning, August 23.

The postal facilities are the best and the paper will be sent each day to all parts of the world. A copy of the advance *Assembly Herald* containing a full program for the season will be sent free to those who subscribe now.

The subscription price is \$1.00, and in clubs of five or more to one post office address, 90 cents each.

To persons subscribing before August 1 the new volume of THE CHAUTAUQUAN from October, 1892, and the seventeenth volume of the *Assembly Daily Herald* will be sent postpaid to one address for \$2.70. After August 1, 1892, this offer will be withdrawn. Address Dr. T. L. Flood, Editor and Proprietor, Meadville, Pa., until July 16, then at Chautauqua, N. Y., until August 23.

## THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882-1895.

### CLASS OF 1892.—"THE COLUMBIA."

"Seek and ye shall obtain."

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CLASS FLOWER—CARNATION.

ONE of the Class of '92 from Michigan has crossed the ocean, going first to Carlsbad and then to other European cities. All '92's will gladly wish her a prosperous journey and renewed health and strength.

DR. F. W. GUNSAULUS of Chicago is to deliver the Recognition Day address at Chautauqua for the Class of '92.

It has been the custom for several years for the C. L. S. C. to request some writer of established reputation to write the class poem. A delightful production has been secured this year from the pen of Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, and the '92's are to be congratulated upon this feature of their Recognition Day exercises.

### CLASS OF 1893.—"THE ATHENIANS."

"Study to be what you wish to seem."

#### OFFICERS.

*President*—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, 337 Summer St., Buffalo, N. Y.

*Vice Presidents*—George W. Driscoll, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Evanston, Ill.; Miss Kate McGillioray, Port Calborne, Province Ontario, Canada; the Rev. M. D. Lichliter, McKeesport, Pa.; the Rev. A. F. Ashton, Ohio; the Rev. D. F. C. Timmons, Tyler, Texas; Mrs. Helen M. Anthony, Ottawa, Ill.; Mrs. A. W. Merwin, Wilton, Conn.

*General Secretary*—Dr. Julia Ford, Milwaukee, Wis.

*Prison Secretary*—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Evanston, Ill.

*District Secretaries*—The Rev. T. H. Paden, New Concord, Ohio; L. E. Welch, Albany, Ga.; Dr. Charles A. Blake; Mrs. Robt. Gentry, Chicago, Ill.

*Treasurer*—Prof. W. H. Scott, Syracuse, N. Y.

*Class Trustee*—George E. Vincent.

*Executive Committee*—Miss Kate Little, Preston, Minn.; Prof. W. H. Scott; Mrs. Anthony.

*Building Committee*—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. H. M. Anthony, Ottawa, Ill.

EMBLEM—THE ACORN.

IN the printed announcement concerning the correction of memoranda made in the "Spring Communication to Members," the regular four-

page paper was included in the same conditions as hold for the seal papers, but a slight modification of the first plan has been made by which one fee of twenty-five cents will entitle a student to the grade and the return of the four-page memoranda for the four years, and a fee of fifty cents will offer the privilege of correction and return of the four four-page papers. This arrangement seems a just and fair one since the four four-page memoranda are reckoned as about equivalent to one seal paper.

NOT many '93's have had the difficulties besetting the one whose letter we quote. It has such a brave ring that we give it in full: "I was more than filled with surprise at my rank of 100 per cent. For years I was one of the Shut-In Band and twice I planned to commence the course of study, but a relapse prevented. Finally, March, 1890, I began and was enrolled as a member of 1893. I opened my first book the 8th of the month and the 20th of April it was closed and I was too ill to study all summer. November I began over again, calling the six weeks in the spring naught, so practically I did the first year's study in the second year, doing two years' work in one, and have written occasionally for several periodicals between study hours. This the third year will be (D. V.) finished on time. I trust the fourth year will be as successful as the past. If I were only strong how much I could do! But the C. L. S. C. will give me the outlook denied me in girlhood's days. The 29th of May brought my 47th anniversary and the 29th since I have not known what it was to be well and strong. Yet at last the college outlook has been granted even me."

ANOTHER '93 puts into words what surely is in the heart of many women: "I consider the readings most helpful and beneficial and the circle work of unusual advantage to one like myself unaccustomed to public literary work, as it cultivates freedom of expression and activity of mind on elevated subjects. I am a 'home keeper,' the mother of three school children, and in poor health, yet I prize my C. L. S. C. more than any other work beyond the sacred precincts of home."

READERS OF THE CHAUTAUQUAN will remember in the class items of a few months ago an interesting letter from India in which the writer

described her village work among the natives and told how she read the Chautauqua books at odd moments by the way. This same Chautauquan again reports progress but states that ill health compels her to give up the work for a time. It is pleasant to see how strong is the class feeling even in India, for the writer says, "I wish my classmates success and cling to the hope that I may come out almost even in the race at the end of '93."

#### CLASS OF 1894.—"THE PHILOMATHEANS."

"*Ubi mel, ibi apes.*"

##### OFFICERS.

*President*—John Habberton, New York City.

*Vice Presidents*—The Rev. A. C. Ellis, Jamestown, N. Y. the Rev. E. D. Ledyard, Steubenville, Ohio; the Rev. L. A. Banks, Boston, Mass.; the Rev. J. A. Cosby, Benkleman, Neb.; the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Helen Campbell, New York City; the Rev. J. W. Lee, D. D., Atlanta, Ga.

*Secretary*—Miss Grace D. Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.

*Treasurer*—Mr. Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.

*Class Trustee*—W. T. Emerson, Union City, Pa.

*Building Committee*—William T. Everson, Union City, Pa.; Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.; Mr. C. Foskey, Shamburg, Pa.; Miss Grace D. Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.

CLASS FLOWER—CLOVER.

A BRIGHT letter from an Ohio '94 tells of her enjoyment of the American year and the pleasure she found in talking it over with her children. She has finished the year's work, sends in her papers, and adds, "I fill in the balance of the year reading around the course and from authors new to me. The work has been easily done, though I am very busy, and I am thankful and happy all the day long for the strength that enables me to do it. You will hear from a friend of mine in New Jersey, a graduate whom I induced, almost against her will, to read the course and who is now as enthusiastic as I am. I hope to be able to read as long as I live and to come to Chautauqua in '94."

#### CLASS OF 1895.—"THE PATHFINDERS."

"*The truth shall make you free.*"

*President*—Dr. H. B. Adams, Baltimore, Md.

*Vice Presidents*—The Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss Grace Dodge, New York; Mrs. Olive A. James, Rimersburg, Pa.; Miss Mary Davenport, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Frank O. Flynn, Belleville, Ont.; the Rev. William M. Hayes, Oxford, Ga.; the Rev. Hervey Wood, Passaic, N. J.; Mrs. E. H. Durgin, Portland, Ore.; Miss Carrie L. Turrentine, Gadsden, Ala.; Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. R. H. I. Goddard, Providence, R. I.; Prof. J. A. Woodburn, Indiana University.

*Corresponding Secretary*—Miss Jane Mead Welch, Buffalo, N. Y.

*Recording Secretary*—Miss Mary E. Miller, Akron, O.

*Treasurer*—Mrs. E. C. Thompson, Litchfield, Ill.

*Trustee of the Building Fund*—The Rev. Fred. L. Thompson, Litchfield, Ill.

HERE is another encouraging word from a

proposed army member. The letter is from Missouri: "I don't know that it is necessary for me to write again, but I feel so interested that I want final information so as to commence as soon as possible. I enlisted in the U. S. cavalry on the 26th of February, am at the training post yet, and expect to be here about two months longer. I wish to take a thorough course but shall be unable to take more than THE CHAUTAUQUAN and one or two books to start with. I think probably after I get to my post that I can form a Chautauqua Circle, at least I should think among so many there must certainly be some who would be glad to get a good education at so moderate a cost."

MISS LANDEAR, our indefatigable secretary for South Africa, has added nearly fifty members to the ranks of the Class of '95 since she returned to her mission work in that country last summer, and a dozen Chautauqua Circles are now to be found in Cape Colony and adjacent regions. After long delays a supply of Chautauqua *Heralds* had just reached her in January and she writes: "I am greatly delighted to get the *Assembly Heralds* at last. I am having great pleasure in going through them, the first I have seen since I was at Chautauqua. I seem to hear the tones of voices that I shall not hear in a long time if ever. I cannot tell you how starved I feel for want of the intellectual food so abundant in the United States."

THE C. L. S. C. has proved its value not only to the native-born American citizen, but to the citizens who come to us from other lands and are anxious to enter into sympathy with American institutions. Such a case is to be found in a prospective member of '95 who is unable to take up the work now, but next year will be able to devote three hours a day to study and intends to do two years' work in one. He writes: "I have gone through a European college, but have no American education and I must obtain it somewhere."

It is pleasant to note that the ranks of '95 are being reinforced by many who joined circles at the beginning of the year as local members. A correspondent in California says, "The young ladies reading with me graduated in Germany and intended taking only this year's course, but they have become so interested that they will continue and graduate." Another writes in some anxiety earnestly seeking admission to the ranks of '95 for some half dozen local members. Of course all are more than welcome. It is a pleasure to all interested in the C. L. S. C. to feel that those who are doing the work are anxious not only for the benefit of the memoranda



but take pleasure also in showing their colors as enrolled Chautauquans.

A LITTLE circle of seven '95's reports from Pachuca, Mexico. Various callings are represented; two captains, a minister, and a physician are among the number. These constitute a substantial addition to the C. L. S. C. membership in Mexico and these new Chautauquans are heartily welcomed into the ranks of the "Pathfinders."

*The Army Chaplain*, published in New York City, gives a half column or more each month to Chautauqua notes with the idea of acquainting army men with the advantages of the C. L. S. C. A hospital steward at a post in the far west has written for full information about Chautauqua work and it is hoped will join the ranks of '96. We shall look for other good results from the seed which is being scattered in this new field.

A CHAUTAUQUAN who has made three attempts to join the C. L. S. C., being thwarted again and again, now stands enrolled as an actual member of the Class of '95 and we may be sure that so persistent a member will prove an honor to the class. She writes, "Even now I can see that my continuous efforts for a 'broader outlook' and the few books that I have read have had an effect upon my children. Three years ago when I first thought of joining, my family and friends ridiculed the plan for a woman of my circumstances. 'But those who came to scoff' remained to read, admire, and praise. You do not know how great a blessing this course of reading is to many a tired, overworked woman who is bound down to a dreary, never-ending round of work."

#### GRADUATE CLASSES.

A MEMBER of the Class of '84 has been active as a leader in C. L. S. C. work for many years; a brief record of her progress will be of interest to others. She writes: "When I commenced reading the C. L. S. C. it was with great fear and trembling, but a determination to persevere, my motive being self-culture for a more useful life. My school days had been few and far in the past—my life saddened by a great bereavement which left me alone with a weak physique, and but for this divinely ordained work my life had been a sad failure. Several of the questions on my first memoranda were left un-

answered because I did not know how to make an attempt at answering. At the end of four years my average was 92 per cent, and this encouraged me to review a part. I took up a post graduate course but have been obliged to give it up in order to take the under-graduate work and keep in sympathy with the local circle which needed my help, and I have been well repaid by this review. None but the Heavenly Father can know the inestimable blessing of the C. L. S. C. to me."

THE grade of the four years' papers for the Class of '91 has been delayed this year on account of the accumulation of graduate papers which resulted from the removal of the office two years ago. For this reason members of '91 will receive their grade in June instead of in February as is usually the case with the graduating class, but arrangements have been made which will so increase the efficiency of the memoranda department that in future it is hoped that undergraduate members will be able to receive a report of their work each year instead of waiting till the end of the four years.

GRADUATE members of the C. L. S. C. will notice that in the current year's announcements the fact is stated that a white seal will be given at graduation to any member who has filled out the four-page memoranda for the four years, one seal for the four papers. The plan adopted with the Classes of '87 to '91 was to consider the four-page paper as part of the work expected of each member though not absolutely required. As many felt that they could not fill out even the four-page paper, it has been decided that some distinction should be made between these readers and those who give more time to the work; the result is the above announcement. Therefore any graduates of the last five years who sent in the four-page memoranda for the four years with a standing of 80 per cent can have the extra seal by applying to the Central Office at Buffalo.

A MICHIGAN teacher writes: "To me, whose educational advantages were very limited, the Chautauqua course is a new lease of intellectual life. I only regret that I did not begin it sooner, but I supposed it too difficult and expensive for me. I have been teaching school in the country since my sixteenth year and I wish the Chautauqua circle could reach all country school teachers who, like myself, wish for good reading and find it difficult to procure."

## SUMMER ASSEMBLIES, FOR 1892.

THE following announcements have been received since the publication of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for July:

**EPWORTH HEIGHTS, OHIO.** The third session of the Epworth Heights Chautauqua Assembly will open on July 1 and continue until July 31.

The following departments of instruction are provided: Sunday school normal, elocution, physical culture, music, oil and water colors, sketching, china decoration, amateur photography, natural science, history and literature, kindergarten, cookery, military tactics. The Superintendent of Instruction is the Rev. W. G. Warner, and the President of the Association is Dr. C. M. Bigney.

Among the leading speakers are, Prof. G. W. Harper, Dr. S. Weeks, the Rev. G. M. Hammell, Dr. Robert Nourse, Dr. Frank Russell, the Rev. C. E. Locke, the Rev. C. W. Rishell.

On Recognition Day, July 30, Dr. Nourse will address the graduating class. Daily Round Tables will be held in the interest of the C. L. S. C.

**KANSAS, TOPEKA, KANSAS.** The eighth session of Kansas Chautauqua Assembly will be held June 21 to July 1, inclusive. The work of instruction has been arranged with reference to the various persons who will be in attendance. For all lovers of literature there will be able literary instruction; for those who take delight in oratory and physical culture, a special department has been organized; for the younger preachers, there is the Itinerants' Club; for all preachers and thinkers among the laity, there is a special work given in metaphysics and history of philosophy; for Epworth Leagues, special time is given. Prof. W. A. Quayle is Superintendent of Instruction. He will have charge of the Normal Class, Epworth League, and deliver the Recognition Day address on June 30. The President of the Assembly is Bishop W. X. Ninde.

On the list of lecturers are the following names: Sam Small, the Rev. J. F. Berry, Prof. T. H. Dinsmore, Dr. W. A. Spencer, Jahu De Witt Miller, Chaplain John H. Lozier, John M. Driver, Dr. Curtis, Gen. W. H. Gibson. At the head of the department of music is Prof. Frank N. Hair. The original Fisk Jubilee Singers will be in attendance for two days, and the Brooks-Robertson Combination will entertain the au-

diences with recitations, and music produced by bells and crystal glasses.

**ROCKY MOUNTAIN, COLORADO.** At the Rocky Mountain Assembly held on the shore of Palmer Lake, the opening exercises of the sixth annual session will be held July 6, and the closing exercises on August 3.

The President of the Association is the Hon. R. H. Gilmore and the Superintendent of Instruction is Dr. A. A. Cameron.

Provisions are made for giving instruction to classes in the following branches: Astronomy, geology, botany, physics, and in Bible study.

The prospects for the C. L. S. C. are reported as encouraging. Arrangements as to platform speakers and the date and exercises for Recognition Day have not yet been completed.

**RIDGEVIEW PARK, PENNSYLVANIA.** FROM Ridgeview Park Assembly comes only the announcement of the dates for the third annual session. They are as follows: Opening Day, July 28; Closing Day, August 9; Recognition Day, August 8.

**UTAH, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.** THE new Assembly to be held at Salt Lake City, as announced in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for July, reports the following program of exercises: The dates of the opening and closing of the session are fixed for August 8 and August 17. Recognition Day will probably occur on August 16.

The departments of instruction expected to be opened are those of Bible study, music, drawing, elocution, and normal methods.

The Rev. F. G. Webster is President, and Dr. T. C. Iliff, Chancellor of the Association.

**WEATHERFORD, TEXAS.** THE second session of the Weatherford Sunday School Encampment is to be held July 30-August 8 inclusive. Leading speakers for the platform are Dr. R. G. Pearson, Dr. M. B. De Witt, Prof. T. H. Dinsmore, Capt. C. H. Smith, W. E. Blackstone, Miss M. A. Wilson, Prof. A. W. Hawks, Dr. G. A. Lofton.

Dr. W. B. Farr is President, and the Rev. R. W. Lewis Superintendent of Instruction.

A Recognition Day is not yet provided as a feature of this Assembly, but it is expected that it and other distinctive Chautauqua exercises will soon be added to the work already established.

## THE LIBRARY TABLE.

### ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow,  
the dove,  
The linnet, and thrush say, "I love, and I love!"  
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so  
strong;  
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud  
song.  
But green leaves and blossoms and sunny warm  
weather  
And singing and loving—all come back together.  
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,  
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,  
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,  
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

### AWFULLY LOVELY PHILOSOPHY.

A FEW years ago a Boston girl who had been attending the School of Philosophy at Concord arrived in Brooklyn on a visit to a seminary chum. After canvassing thoroughly the fun and gum-drops that made up their education in the seat of learning at which their early scholastic efforts were made, the Brooklyn girl began to inquire the nature of the Concord entertainment.

"And so you are taking lessons in philosophy! How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's perfectly lovely! It's about science, you know, and we all just dote on science."

"It must be nice. What is it about?"

"It's about molecules as much as anything else, and molecules are just too awfully nice for anything. If there's anything I really enjoy, it's molecules."

"Tell me about them, my dear! What are molecules?"

"Oh, molecules! They are little wee things, and it takes ever so many of them. They are splendid things. Do you know there ain't anything but what's got molecules in it? And Mr. Cook is just as sweet as he can be, and Mr. Emerson, too. They explain everything so beautifully."

"How I'd like to go there!" said the Brooklyn girl, enviously.

"You'd enjoy it ever so much. They teach protoplasm, too; and if there is one thing perfectly heavenly, it's protoplasm. I really don't know which I like best, protoplasm or molecules."

"Tell me about protoplasm. I know I should adore it."

"Deed you would. It's just too sweet to live. You know it's about how things get started, or something of that kind. You ought to hear Mr. Emerson tell about it. It would stir your very soul. The first time he explained about protoplasm there wasn't a dry eye in the house. We named our hats after him. This is an Emerson hat. You see, the ribbon is drawn over the crown and caught with a buckle and a bunch of flowers. Then you turn up the side with a spray of forget-me nots. Ain't it just too sweet? All the girls in the school have them."

"How exquisitely lovely! Tell me some more science."

"Oh, I almost forgot about differentiation. I am really and truly positively in love with differentiation. It's different from molecules and protoplasm, but it's every bit as nice. And Mr. Cook! You should hear him go on about it. I really believe he's perfectly bound up in it. This scarf is the Cook scarf. All the girls wear them, and we named them after him, just on account of the interest he takes in differentiation."

"What is it, anyway?"

"This is mull, trimmed with Languedoc lace —"

"I don't mean that,—that other."

"Oh, differentiation! Ain't it sweet? It's got something to do with species. It's the way you tell one hat from another, so you'll know which is becoming. And we learn all about ascidians, too. They are the divinest things! I'm absolutely enraptured with ascidians. If I only had an ascidian of my own I wouldn't ask anything else in the world."

"What do they look like, dear? Did you ever see one?" asked the Brooklyn girl, deeply interested.

"Oh, no; nobody ever saw one except Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson; but they are something like an oyster with a reticule hung on its belt. I think they are just heavenly."

"Do you learn anything else besides?"

"Oh, yes. We learn about common philosophy and logic, and those common things like metaphysics; but the girls don't care anything about those. We are just in ecstasies over differentiations and molecules, and Mr. Cook and protoplasm, and ascidians and Mr. Emerson, and I really don't see why they put in those

vulgar branches. If anybody besides Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson had done it, we should have told him to his face that he was too terribly, awfully mean."

And the Brooklyn girl went to bed that night in the dumps, because fortune had not vouchsafed her the advantages enjoyed by her friend.

#### THE SURFACE AND THE DEPTHS.

SOCIETY is a restless and surging sea. The roar of the billows, the dash of the wave, is forever in our ears. Even the angry hoarseness of breakers is not unheard. But there is an understratum of deep, calm sea, which the breath of the wildest tempest can never reach. There is, deep down in the hearts of the American people, a strong and abiding love of our country and its liberty, which no surface storms of passion can ever shake.

That kind of instability which arises from a free movement and interchange of position among the members of society, which brings one drop up to glisten for a time in the crest of the highest wave, and then gives place to another, while it goes down to mingle again with the millions below,—such instability is the surest pledge of permanence. On such instability the eternal fixedness of the universe is based. Each planet, in its circling orbit, returns to the goal of its departure, and on the balance of these wildly rolling spheres God has planted the broad base of His mighty works.

So the hope of our national perpetuity rests upon that perfect individual freedom which shall forever keep up the circuit of perpetual change.  
—James A. Garfield.

#### THE SPIRIT OF DESTRUCTION AND THE SPIRIT OF CONSERVATISM.

How is it the French are such vandals with regard to their country and their institutions, seeing that the love for their family, respect for their parents, and veneration for souvenirs are such marked features in their character? The fact is that France is towed unresistingly by Paris, and that we often have to say "the French," when in reality we mean only "the Parisians."

We are accused of no longer having much respect for anything. Alas! that it should be impossible to deny such an accusation.

A country, just like a family, lives by its traditions, its souvenirs, even by its prejudices. Destroy these souvenirs, some of which serve as examples and others as warnings, destroy these traditions, and you break the chain that binds

the family together, and the past, though never so glorious, has been lived in vain. Is a country less dear to her sons because of her prejudices? Do we not love to find them in a dear old mother?

Do not the very prejudices and weaknesses, the thousand little failings of our friends, often endear them to us?

Then why are we not content with France as she is? Why be always wanting to change her? Is it possible that we Frenchmen, the most home-abiding men in the world, can be attacked by this ridiculous mania for change?

The English, unlike us, cling to their past, and because a custom is old, that is a sufficient reason, in their eyes, for holding it sacred. I feel sure that there is not an Englishman who does not religiously eat his slice of plum pudding on Christmas day, let him be in the Bush, at the Antipodes, on land or on water, and no matter in what latitude.

If the people of Great Britain do not build anything in a day, they have, at any rate, the good habit of not demolishing anything in a day.

The Englishman has an innate love of old walls that recall to him a historical fact, a departed grandeur, a memory of his childhood.

I have been present at many a touching scene that has proved to me how deeply the *religio loci* is rooted in the heart of every true-born Englishman.

Here is one.

An old city school, dating from the fifteenth century, had been transplanted into one of the suburbs of London.

The new building is a palace compared with the old.

Yet it was with profound sadness that old scholars learned of the removal of the school from its time-honored home. If they could have had a voice in the matter, the change would not have taken place. The splendor of the new school was nothing to them; the name was the same, but it was their old school no more. On the day of the farewell ceremony in the city, I saw gray-headed men who had come from distant parts of the country on purpose to bid farewell to the venerable walls, to have one more look at them.

If England, who only dates from the eleventh century, lives on her souvenirs and turns to them for inspiration, with what souvenirs might we inspire ourselves—we who have been a nation for twenty-three centuries?

There was no England when we were the terror of Rome. There was no England when our brave and generous ancestors went to battle to



deliver or avenge an oppressed nation, or welcomed a poor stranger as a friend sent by the gods. There was no England when Vercingetorix made Cæsar tremble, nor was there yet an England when, eight hundred years later, the exploits of Roland were inspiring the poets of the whole of old Europe.

Ah! let us cling to our past, we who have such a glorious one. Where is the nation that can boast such another?—*From Max O'Rell's "English Pharisees and French Crocodiles."*

#### ANECDOTES OF EMINENT AMERICANS.

ONCE on entering a public house during a journey, Benjamin Franklin, half-frozen, found the fireplace so closely packed with loungers that it was impossible to get within thawing distance of the flames. As there was no evidence of any intention to make room, Franklin turned to the hostler and called out, "Hostler, have you any oysters?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well, then, give my horse a peck."

"What! give your horse oysters?"

"Yes, give him a peck."

Decidedly astonished at this odd order, the hostler prepared to obey and was followed on his way to the stable by many of the loungers, curious to see the surprising feat of a horse eating oysters. Franklin helped himself to a choice seat by the fire and awaited developments. Presently the men returned, with a show of disappointment, the hostler exclaiming, "I gave him the oysters, sir, but he would not eat them."

"Oh, well, then, I suppose I shall have to eat them myself; and you can try him with a peck of oats."

Randolph once, traveling through a part of Virginia strange to him, stopped for the night at an inn near the forks of the road. The inn-keeper was a gentleman by birth, and, learning who his distinguished guest was, sought to draw him into conversation during the evening, but failed in every effort. In the morning Mr. Randolph called for and paid his bill. The landlord, still anxious for some conversation, said, "Which way are you traveling, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sir?" rejoined Randolph, surlily.

"I asked, which way are you traveling?"

"Have I paid you my bill?"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No."

"Well, I am going just where I please; do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

Randolph drove off, leaving the landlord somewhat flurried by his ill temper, but in a few moments one of the servants came back to inquire which one of the forks of the road the traveler should take. Randolph was yet within hearing distance, and the landlord shouted to him at the top of his voice, "Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me a cent; just take which road you please."

Rufus Choate, the great Boston lawyer, for once met his match in a witness, in the following instance. His witness, mate of a ship, had been badgered until his temper got the better of him, and he began to answer in accordance with his ruffled feelings.

"How do you know there was a moon?" asked Choate, the witness having said there was, while at the same time declaring that it was "dark as pitch, and raining like seven bells."

"The nautical almanac said so; and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer in the world."

"What was the principal luminary that night, sir?"

"Binnacle lamp, aboard the ship."

"Ah, you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton."

"What have you been grinding me this hour for? to make me dull?"

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me in what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator."

"Oh, you're joking."

"No, sir. I am in earnest and I desire an answer."

"Which is more than I can give."

"Indeed! You are the first mate of a clipper ship, and unable to answer so simple a question?"

"Yes; it's the simplest question I ever had asked me. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew that there ain't no latitude at the equator!"

That shot floored Rufus.

Thaddeus Stevens once lost a case in a country court through a stupid ruling of the judge, and left the court, expressing his opinion in muttered imprecations. The judge straightened himself up to the full height of offended majesty, and asked Stevens if he meant to "express his contempt for this court!" The lawyer turned with an air of great deference and feigned amazement.

"Express my contempt for this court!" he exclaimed. "No, sir; I am doing my best to conceal it."

Andrew Jackson was once making a stump

speech out west, in a small village, but did not succeed in rousing much enthusiasm in his audience.

As he was about concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered,

"Tip 'em a little Latin, General: they won't be satisfied without it."

Jackson hastily mustered in his mind the few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder wound up his speech by exclaiming, "*E pluribus unum! sine qua non! ne plus ultra! multum in parvo!*"

The effect was tremendous, and the Hoosiers' shouts could be heard for a mile.

## TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

"Know thyself" is the one command which above all others the United States as a nation is apparently bent on obeying to-day. In all departments this probing down deep after the basal facts forming the groundwork is the prevalent proceeding. In historical literature this kind of work is being pushed with especial vigor. The revelations made as a result of it, in Mr. Campbell's book on the Puritans,\* show the pressing need for such work. Carelessly examined data, positive assertions made upon taken-for-granted facts, and inability to get at original documents, account in great measure for the erroneous teachings accepted down to the present time as truth regarding the origin and development of Puritanism and its influence in America. Engaged in another line of study, the author incidentally came upon certain clues pointing to other than the commonly received explanation regarding the origin of certain American institutions, which clues, being followed up, led to some remarkable disclosures. The import of them is, that to the Netherlands and not to England is to be traced the source of many of the institutions which give the United States its distinctive character. To wrest from England honors falsely claimed and ignorantly bestowed, and to restore them where they properly belong is the reason for the publication of the book. It shows that Puritanism was born in the Netherlands, the child of the Reformation. The Dutch endured everything for the sake of their religion, but their rapid progress in the principles of self-government and of art proves that it is only the cant of history that has given rise to the impression that religious devotion makes men "joyless, haters of art, and persecutors of their fellows." These defects, which did belong to English Puritanism, were due to the condition of English society. A clear, exhaustive history of the Netherlands is then given, which in its graphic, vigorous, and interesting style re-

minds one of Motley's "Dutch Republic." Then follows a history, developed after the same plan of Puritanism in England; which is succeeded by that of Puritanism in America. The book is a decided departure from the usual lines of history; its points are well maintained; its defense of true Puritanism is such as to make all the descendants of the Puritans proud of their ancestry. The mechanical part is of a high order; fine paper, clear type, neat, substantial covers, a fine table of contents, and full index.

Another Life of Cæsar\* has been added to the many concerning Rome's greatest warrior and ruler, this supplied in the Heroes of the Nations Series. The author shows that up to Cæsar's time Roman civilization was, like the Greek, urban; after that it was European. Before him political matters were the doings of leagues and factions; through him Roman politics became the government of world-wide provinces. The development of Cæsar's character and the study of the forces showing the tendencies of his age are interesting features of the book. The author in a lucid style confirms the view of the Dictator's character which the latter seemed in his commentaries to hold of himself, that of a calm, skillful, indomitable conqueror, whose absolutism was intended for the strengthening of a chaotic government, more than for any private ambition.—In the same series one of the late volumes is "Sir Philip Sidney."† The author has so greatly revised and enlarged a previous memoir as to make of it practically a new work. The life of a leading man in a nation, set against the background of epoch-making events, presents the finest opportunity for studying history; and in this case the author has made the most of the opportunity. In very effective manner the book gives in graphic epitome the history

\*The Puritan in Holland, England, and America. By Douglas Campbell, A.M., LL.B. New York: Harper and Brothers. Two vols.

\*Julius Cæsar and the Foundation of the Roman Imperial System. By W. Warde Fowler, M.A. Price, \$1.50.  
†Sir Philip Sidney. By H. R. Fox Bourne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

of the Elizabethan Age, from the definite standpoint of the life of Sidney, who stands as the type of English chivalry.—In the closing chapters of the story of the slave power in the United States, Charles Sumner is one of the most important characters. A sketch of his life implies a history of the causes and of the issues of the Civil War, and this has been quite creditably given by Mr. Grimke.\* Sumner is studied as a great political force in the slavery conflict. Thoroughly imbued with a feeling of admiration for the subject of his book the author expresses this in terms of unqualified praise. Careful as to the matter of his statements, there is frequently evinced a carelessness regarding the manner; involved sentences distract the mind from the run of the story in the effort required to disentangle them.—Another book in this same series, *American Reformers*, gives the life of Whittier.† The part taken by "the poet of freedom" in the war against slavery is told in full, many incidents connected with it appearing in print for the first time. The story is well and effectively told. An appreciative study of the poet's writings follows. An independent thinker and writer, the author has infused a delightful zest into the pages of his book.—A view from the other side of the times of the Civil War is gained in the able biography of William Gilmore Simms,‡ the southern novelist. It is the story of a man who suffered because of his mistaken notion that wrong was right. He is represented as a type of the system of slavery, and his personal history shows that the system was a greater evil to the master than to the slave. For his material the author searched carefully and without bias the whole history of the great struggle of the century, the numerous books of this now little known writer, and the singular incidents of his personal life.—As interesting as a thrilling novel is the life of Montrose|| written by Mr. Morris, in the series of *English Men of Action*. The strangely checkered career of this man, who was born a Scotch noble, who, fancying himself slighted by the king, joined the Covenanters, and then later deserted the Covenanters for the Royalists; the man who swayed Scotland for awhile, and who was ignominiously executed during the troublous times of Charles

II.'s reign, has usually been a theme for only adverse criticism. But Mr. Morris in his close researches has found strong proof that he was not the base wretch he has been painted. Much of good has been disclosed in his life, and the book awakens a lively sympathy in his sad history.—The remarkably clear outline studies of the characters of Dante\* and Goethe† which were written for the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, have been revised, enlarged, and put into the form of two substantial, attractive, and convenient little volumes, and added to the *Dilettante Library*.—In a little volume called "*The German Emperor*,"‡ Mr. Bigelow plays well the part of champion for that ruler who has evoked so much criticism against himself. The author represents the emperor as a young man ready and able to think for himself, and aiming in all things for those measures which will bring the best results to his people. The book contains also graphic accounts of a trip through the provinces of the Danube and through Russia, and a very instructive chapter on the German army. Such a treatment gives in a measure the outlook from which the emperor forms his plans of governing.—A group of short biographical sketches|| by Mr. Flower possesses a singularly sympathetic interest. A true optimist, he seizes at once on the best and strongest traits in the character of those of whom he writes and draws from them impressive and practical lessons. Among those who form the subjects of these vigorous and stimulating articles are Henry Clay, Edwin Booth, Poe, Whittier, Bryant, the Cary sisters, and Victor Hugo.

**Fiction.** In the "*Adventures of a Fair Rebel*,"¶ Matt Crim touches up with fresh life the worn topic of love between a southern girl and a man of northern affiliations, during the late war. The fair rebel is presumed to relate her own adventures which attend the removal of her family from North Carolina to Atlanta during the conflict, and her career as a singer in behalf of the southern cause. The picturing of the siege of Atlanta and campaign through the state is vivid and, free from sectional coloring, affords an entertaining view from the southern standpoint.

\* *The Life of Charles Sumner*. By Archibald H. Grimke. Price, \$1.25. † *John G. Whittier*. By William Sloane Kennedy. Price, \$1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

‡ *William Gilmore Simms*. By William P. Trent. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, \$1.50.

|| *Montrose*. By Mowbray Morris. New York: Macmillan & Co. Price, 60 cents.

\* *Dante. His Life and writings*. † *Goethe: His Life and Writings*. By Oscar Browning. Price of each, 90 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co.

‡ *The German Emperor*. By Poultney Bigelow. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. Price, 75 cts.

|| *Lessons Learned from Other Lives*. By B. O. Flower. Boston, Mass.: Arena Publishing Co.

¶ *Adventures of a Fair Rebel*. By Matt Crim. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. Price, 80 cents.

A lively succession of events maintains the interest.—“*Miserere*”<sup>\*</sup> is the suggestive title of a charming little story whose theme though slight is novel and daintily defined. The narrator, a man of musical tastes, finds himself locked in a cloister at Verona, in which he sees and hears sing a nun of wonderful voice. The singing makes a deep impression upon him, which is revived by his afterwards attending the opera at Vienna in company with an Italian friend about whom there is a mystery. The appearance of the nun as prima donna, leads to the explanation of the mystery, and to a pathetic sequel, effectively told.—“*Eline Vere*,”<sup>†</sup> translated from the Dutch of Louis Couperus and introduced by Edmund Gosse, is an illustration of the new Dutch school of writing described by the latter. For fifty years the style of writing in Holland has not materially changed until recently a set of young writers inaugurated a realistic tone, now taking the place of the old. This story is one of modern society life in The Hague brightly told and of much originality.—A realistic bit of description coupled with a homely but hearty tale is included in “*Pine Valley*.”<sup>‡</sup> Two sketches picture life in a gold mining camp, in the first of which the blast which uncovers wealth starts an avalanche burying husband and wife, leaving their orphaned baby to the former’s “*pardner*” as foster father. The second, a Christmas sketch, finds the baby the saving influence in the rude life of the camp into which it is adopted. The lonely life of the mountain gorge of untouched nature and wild fastnesses is fairly depicted.—One would look long and far without finding another so queer a conceit under the form of which to present just and forcible opinions concerning the labor question, as that employed by Mr. Beard in “*Moonblight*.”<sup>||</sup> Love of gold has long played the part of an anesthetic, lulling to sleep the consciences of those who are, or who see any opportunity of becoming, speculators or capitalists, and making them cruel taskmasters. In a depressed hour the hero of the story, a capitalist, sought relief in the pages of a quaint old book on dreams and moonblight. A strange influence emanating from its pages dissipated the effect of the love of gold and caused him to

see all things exactly as they are. The strange transformations of character he discovered both in the people of his own class and in those who fill the ranks of labor form the subject of the book.—The progressive interest of “*A Golden Gossip*”<sup>\*</sup> leads one on at a quick pace through the vicissitudes of a bright woman’s experiment to obliterate a neighborhood propensity for gossip. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney has handled the story in her inimitable, breezy way, portraying successfully two contrasting types of New England girlhood, and mercifully permitting their romances to end happily.

Miscellaneous. As offering additional studies in the nature of Carlyle, the publication of the two manuscripts<sup>†</sup> found among his papers after his death are of interest. One, breaking off abruptly, as it was left unfinished, is in the form of fiction and is permeated all through with the depressing philosophy characteristic of much of Carlyle’s writing. The heavy, forced manner in which the story is made to move on, is proof convincing that its author’s genius was not fitted to travel felicitously by the routes of story-telling. The second publication is the account of a journey made to Paris in company with the Brownings, and is in happier vein, bright little incidents of travel enlivening the pages. But save as they reflect some new light on the strange character of their author, these writings contain little of real value or interest. A strong interest, however, does center in the book in the collection of Carlyle’s letters published in it, many of which give wide, clear glimpses into the life and character and opinions of the man.—Volume IX. of Chambers’s *Encyclopædia*<sup>‡</sup> has made its debut and goes to join its sister volumes in this series of valuable books. Beginning with the letters “*Roun*” it completes the work to “*Swan*.” It is conspicuous for its neat dress, clear type, and amplitude of valuable and reliable information.—“*My Lady’s Dressing Room*”<sup>||</sup> is a useful hand-book for every woman. It contains, in brief and direct statements, suggestions and directions for

\* *A Golden Gossip*: Neighborhood Story Number Two. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

† *The Last Words of Thomas Carlyle*. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

‡ *Chambers’s Encyclopædia*: A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. New Edition. Vol. IX. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$3.00.

|| *My Lady’s Dressing Room*. Adapted from the French of the Baronne Staffe, with Introduction and Additions by Harriet Hubbard Ayer. New York: Cassell Publishing Company. Price, \$1.50.

\* *Miserere*. A Musical Story. By Mabel Wagnalls. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price, 75 cts.

† *Eline Vere*. Translated from the Dutch of Louis Couperus. By J. T. Grein. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 75 cents.

‡ *Pine Valley*. By Louis B. France. Denver, Colorado. The Chain & Hardy Company. Price, 75 cts.

|| *Moonblight, and Six Feet of Romance*. By Dan Beard. New York: Charles Webster and Company.



the proper furnishing of rooms, for the care of the body, advice regarding dress, and various recipes and directions. The work is tastefully bound and in itself forms a fine acquisition to any lady's room.—A convenient little book for men and women in everyday business affairs is "Small Talk about Business."\* It formulates in such a manner as to fix in the attention the principles which should underlie all business transactions—the smallest as well as the largest.—A work holding that character can be read from the handwriting, and cleverly teaching how to dissect and analyze it so as to

\* Small Talk About Business. By A. E. Rice. Fremont, O.: Fremont Publishing Co. Price, 60 cts.

read the signs is "Talks on Graphology."\* —"Thrown On Her Own Resources"† is the topic of a series of chapters containing strong and plain advice to those described by the title. The author has seen much of the struggles of girls obliged to overcome obstacles in the way of earning a living, consequently speaks with authority of those trials resulting from wrong ideas clung to by girls themselves. The book does much to tear down false standards of worth and to substitute the true.

\* Talks on Graphology. By H. L. R. and M. L. R. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

† Thrown On Her Own Resources, or What Girls Can Do. By Mrs. J. C. Croly (Jenny June). New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. Price, \$1.00.

#### SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR JUNE, 1892.

HOME NEWS.—June 1. Celebration, at Lexington, of the one hundredth anniversary of the admission of Kentucky into the Union.

June 2. Twenty-five states represented at the Nicaragua Canal convention at St. Louis.—Total loss by flood in the Mississippi Valley estimated at \$50,000,000.

June 3. Commander-in-chief Palmer of the Grand Army of the Republic suspends the junior vice commander of the Department of Mississippi and Louisiana for failing to recognize colored posts as directed by the National Encampment.

June 4. Mr. Blaine resigns his position as secretary of state.

June 5. Heavy snowstorms in Wyoming and South Dakota, at Deadwood the snow being ten inches deep and the temperature below the freezing point.—Great loss of life and property by fire and flood at Titusville and Oil City, Pa.

June 9. Dedication of a new public library, the gift of Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes at Ansonia, Conn.—Death of Wilkin Ruskin during initiation into one of the Yale societies.

June 10. Benjamin Harrison nominated by the Republican National Convention at Minneapolis for president, and Whitelaw Reid, editor of the *New York Tribune*, for vice president.

June 16. The Grant monument in Lincoln Park, Chicago, struck by lightning, three of the fifty people seeking shelter in the corridor killed, and two others injured.

June 18. Death in Chicago of Emmons Blaine, son of ex-Secretary James G. Blaine.

June 22. Grover Cleveland nominated for the presidency by the Democratic National Convention at Chicago.

June 23. Nomination of Adlai E. Stevenson for the Democratic vice presidency.

June 27. The Peary relief party starts on its expedition.

June 28. Extensions of the free list for American goods imported into Cuba and Porto Rico announced.—The new battle-ship *Texas* launched at Norfolk, Va.

FOREIGN.—June 1. Great loss of life by fire in the Birkenberg silver mine in Bohemia.

June 2. Promising crop prospect in Russia.

June 3. Many anti-Christian placards posted in certain Chinese districts.

June 4. Much damage done by storms in Canada.

June 5. The new American minister, T. Jefferson Coolidge, arrives in Paris.

June 7. Emperor William receives the czar of Russia with elaborate ceremonies.

June 8. Failure of the New Oriental Bank in London with liabilities of \$36,000,000.

June 17. Emin Pasha arrives in Bukoba in good health.

June 19. Prince Bismarck enthusiastically welcomed by the people in Vienna.

June 20. Resignation of the Greek cabinet.—The king and queen of Italy arrive in Berlin on a visit to Emperor William.

June 21. Marriage of Count Herbert Bismarck and Countess Margaretha Hoyos in Vienna.

June 23. Revolt in Afghanistan becoming serious.

June 25. Mr. Gladstone struck in the face with a missile while driving in Chester.

